

**This book is with  
tight  
Binding**





917.4

L37s

Laughlin

\$2.50

So you're seeing New

England!

917.4

L37s

## **Keep Your Card in This Pocket**

Books will be issued only on presentation of proper library cards.

Unless labeled otherwise, books may be retained for two weeks. Borrowers finding books marked, defaced or mutilated are expected to report same at library desk; otherwise the last borrower will be held responsible for all imperfections discovered.

The card holder is responsible for all books drawn on this card.

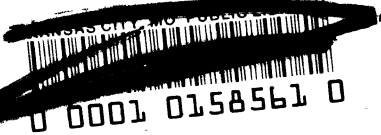
Penalty for over-due books 2c a day ~~plus~~ cost of notices.

Lost cards and change of residence must be reported promptly.



# **Public Library**

## **Kansas City, Mo.**

$$560 + 26 = 586$$


3 50

JUN 25

MAY 10 1951

6-11-61: A.M.

77A-1000

APR 13

100 11-51-63

MAY 31

**East**

**JUN 4 1966**

JUN 12 '56





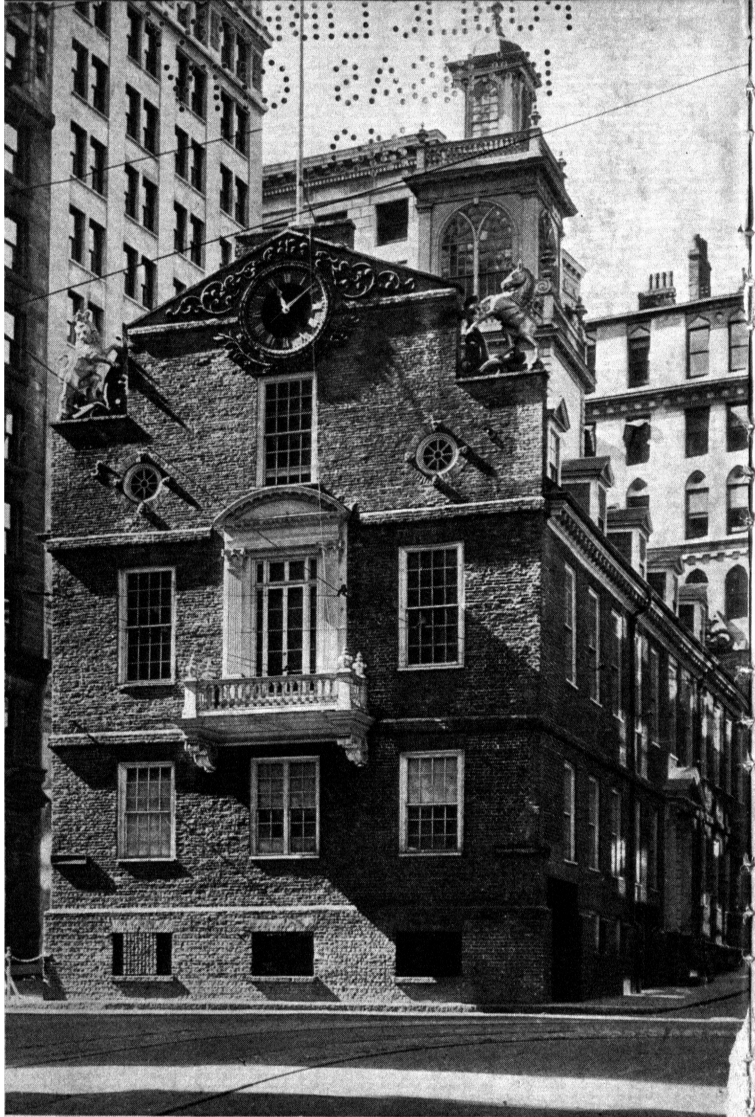


SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!









*Photo by Hanson & Walsh*

THE OLD STATE HOUSE OF BOSTON

# SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

AND IF I WERE GOING WITH YOU,  
THESE ARE SOME OF THE  
PLACES I'D SUGGEST

BY

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

*Author of the "So You're Going . . ." Books*



ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON  
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY  
1940

YTD 100000

COPYRIGHT 1940 BY CLARA E. LAUGHLIN  
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, INCLUDING THE RIGHT  
TO REPRODUCE THIS BOOK OR PORTIONS  
THEREOF IN ANY FORM

FIRST EDITION

*Published May 1940*

100000

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Price 2.50

1911775 MA 13 '40

BINDER 1911775

*To all the Sons and Daughters of New England, those who have stayed at home to keep her what she is, and those who, when called elsewhere, have carried her sturdy principles with them and maintained them in many different environments.*

## TRANSPLANTING

*By E. Harriet Donlevy*

We left New England many years ago,  
And came to live and build on mid-West land;  
I planted lilacs in a hedge below  
The shed; they blossomed purple against sand.  
I brought my braided mats and pewter ware,  
A Pilgrim warming pan, and feather bed,  
My highboy, Sandwich glass, and Winthrop chair;  
My recipe for succotash and bread.  
I had baked beans for supper Saturday,  
And put white shells about the garden walk;  
We never lost our clipped New England way  
Of answering direct to neighbors' talk.  
Here in the sandy country, I remember woods  
Of lady-slippers, sweeter than this sage;  
New England isn't place, or neighborhood—  
It's part of coursing blood, and heritage.

[From *Yankee* magazine, by special permission.]



## CONTENTS

I	Routes from New York; through Connecticut	3
II	Rhode Island	72
III	Through Dedham	106
IV	Boston and Cambridge	110
V	Boston Vicinity	162
VI	Plymouth and Cape Cod	217
VII	Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, New Bedford	272
VIII	West from Boston; the Berkshires	286
IX	Down to Maine	333
X	Maine and Its Coast	344
XI	Aroostook and the Maine Lakes	389
XII	New Hampshire	401
XIII	Vermont	450
	Appendices	485
	I Other Approaches to New England than That from New York	488
	II Rail-Auto Plan	491
	III Maps	492
	IV The Merritt Parkway	495

V	Seasons for Travel in New England	499
VI	Massachusetts Celebrates	502
VII	Boys' or Girls' Camps	504
VIII	Food in New England	505
IX	Booklets You'll Find Helpful	512
X	American Vacations	514
XI	Old New England Houses Open to the Public	515
XII	A Brief Reading List	517
XIII	A Few of New England's Hostelries	523
	Index	539



## ILLUSTRATIONS

The Old State House of Boston	<i>Frontispiece</i>
New Yorkers by the Thousands Live by Preference in Connecticut	14
Schooner <i>Martha L. Downs</i> , of New Haven	26
First Baptist Church, Providence, Founded by Roger Williams	80
Gloucester, America's Most Famous Fishing Port	206
The White Sand Dunes of Barnstable	244
There are Many Interesting Houses (West Harwich, Cape Cod)	264
Deerfield Most Visitors Try to See	308
Mount Desert — Dramatically Beautiful	380
The Maine Lake Region Is Fisherman's Paradise	394
Franconia Notch Has Visitors Summer and Winter	410
Low Clouds in Pinkham Notch	414
Mt. Monadnock near Peterborough	436
Smugglers' Notch, near Stowe	456
Vermont Has Highways	476
And Back Roads	478



**SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!**



## CHAPTER I

### ROUTES FROM NEW YORK; THROUGH CONNECTICUT

FOR SOME years many persons in my very wide circle of readers have urged me to write a book on the United States of America. I've wanted to! I've wanted very much to write such a book, and have kept on gathering material for it, hoping that some day I'd muster the courage necessary to begin.

Finally, I mapped it out. It couldn't cover *all* the United States, I knew full well; but it might touch upon a number of the sections most frequented by tourists.

I began with New England, not because that calls for less courage than other parts (I know no other part so voluminously described, none whose legion lovers are more jealous of what is said about her); but because, it seems to me, that is where any effort to know America most properly begins.

Then, when I had written barely a tithe of what I wanted to say about New England, I saw that it was, properly, no section of a book but a book in itself. Not completely inclusive, by any manner o' means, but a sort of introduction to a great subject. . . . The best thing I can hope for it is that it will help some readers to love New England better than they might without

#### 4 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

its aid, and that it will give them certain suggestions for deepening their understanding of her.

Think of the little book, I beg, as an Introduction to New England, and as that only. Few persons can be more aware than its author of all it cannot be in dealing with a subject so rich, so various.

It has been written for the traveler with a vacation period at disposal for making or extending his acquaintance with New England — perhaps a fortnight, possibly a month, maybe a short summer.

Even in repeated visits he cannot hope to see it all; though in repeated visits he will discover for himself many places of beauty and of interest that are not mentioned here.

There are many kinds of books written about New England. Most of them have charm and insight, and most of them have special knowledge of some one section of it, or some one period of its history.

This one comes to you, to help you, from a woman who spends her life in daily contact with travelers, and has learned from them what are their preferences when they fare forth to extend their acquaintance with this very interesting world.

Not all travelers move at the same pace nor in the same manner; not all care for the same things. But there is "an average." Your author hopes she is herself an "average" traveler, and that her selection of things to see, to do, will be of service to some, at least, of those friendly folk who have been so kind to her books about Europe; and also to a new audience whose time, inclination, means, may not have taken them abroad, and who will when they use this book be new to the "So You're Going" manner.

It is a manner which cannot be other than "touch-and-go"; but it tries to tell, too, how you may linger and learn more — or how, if you cannot linger, you can increase your knowledge after you have got home from your "travels wide."

New England is, of course, approachable from many directions and by many means of transportation. A large proportion of those who visit her travel in their own automobiles. Many others go by bus. Railways offer fine and frequent service. So do the air routes. Within the borders of New England are superb trails and bridle paths for the leisurely traveler (the most fortunate sort, in New England!), and facilities for bicycling. I'll try to indicate them all, and the waterways as well.

However, as the majority of visitors — including many from the South and from the West — approach via New York City, it seems to me that we should take that city as the point of departure likely to be serviceable to the greatest number of readers.

New York to Boston by train takes about five hours, though the Yankee Clipper and Merchants Limited make it in four hours and a half. The main, shore-line route of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad runs via Bridgeport, New Haven, New London and Providence, and has some fourteen trains a day in each direction between New York and Boston. The route which branches off north from New Haven, and goes via Hartford, Springfield, Worcester and Wellesley to Boston in about five hours and a half, has some nine trains a day in each direction. There are overnight trains on both routes.

Various air lines have eight or more flights daily in each direction between New York and Boston. The non-

## 6 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

stop flights take one hour and nineteen minutes; those which stop at Hartford, Springfield and Providence take about thirty-five minutes longer.

The Greyhound Lines' bus services parallel both routes of the New Haven and Hartford Railroad. There are at present twenty-six runs a day from New York to Boston, and eighteen from Boston to New York; the running time is about nine hours. Greyhound has all-expense tours (in summer) of varying lengths, about which your Travel Agent will be glad to give you the details. These tours include sight-seeing en route, and hotel accommodations, with meals.

For those who wish an inclusive-price tour of New England I can heartily recommend one of the Tauck Tours, which can be booked through any travel agency, or direct, at 475 Fifth Avenue, New York. They have one seven-day, thousand-mile tour of New England (which includes a day for Boston and vicinity) that goes up the Hudson to Albany, then visits Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Placid (Adirondacks); Lake Champlain, Vermont; the White Mountains; the Maine Coast; Boston, and back to New York via the Berkshire Hills. This operates in summer only, as does the five-day trip of the same company to Cape Cod and vicinity. They are very well operated, and not expensive.

Besides, the New Haven Railroad has many all-expense tours varying in length from two days to seven, and in price from thirteen-fifty to eighty-five dollars, which are partly conducted and partly independent and will give you very comprehensive sight-seeing and many opportunities for fun. Ask your travel agent about these, or send to the Travel Bureau in the Main Waiting Room of Grand Central Terminal, New York City; or write: *Passenger Traffic Manager, South Station, Boston.*



In good weather you might like to go from New York to Boston by boat, overnight. The Eastern Steamship Line has a boat from the foot of Warren Street, New York, evenings at five-thirty, due in Boston next morning at eight. Other lines offer similar services. Many people find the boat trip a refreshing interlude after a busy day in New York.

Now — *if you are going by private car*. Much depends, of course, on whether you wish to return to New York, or to continue through New England, perhaps up into eastern Canada; or to go West, or South.

I shall make detailed suggestions for the trip to Boston and thence up through New England. As for the other possibilities, I shall merely indicate, now, what may be done: for the return to New York by a very different route, consider the Berkshires to Albany and down either bank of the Hudson River; for return from Boston to Chicago, you may like Route 20, through the Berkshires to Albany, thence via Buffalo, Erie and Cleveland; for the South you may like to return to New York via the Berkshires and Hudson River, or you may prefer to continue west on Route 20 past Albany to the intersection of Route 7, near Schenectady, and follow Route 7 to Binghamton, where you pick up Route 11, one of the main arteries to the South, via Natural Bridge, Virginia, and Chattanooga, Tennessee, to New Orleans. For further east in the South, take Route 1; though it is the principal route we are following from New York to Boston, and would give you no variety for that section of your journey.

There are, of course, dozens of possible combinations of routes, and it is manifestly impossible for me to suggest them all. Get yourself an Official Road Map of the

## 8 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

United States published annually and copyrighted by the American Automobile Association. The variety of services rendered to motorists by the A.A.A. is great indeed, and I can never understand why anyone who drives a car tries to do without membership in this fine organization.

The most direct route, and one of the most attractive and interesting, is by way of New Haven; and as this is practically identical with the main rail route as well, suppose we follow it. If you go by train you have no responsibility but to get on and sit comfortably as you enjoy the shore-line ride; but I assume that many readers will drive, and so need a little help.

The route out of New York City may be any one convenient to you that gets you to the Harlem River and the Bronx. The Bronx, one of the five boroughs of New York, was named for Jonas Bronck, who built, in 1639, the first manor house north of the Harlem River, christening it "Emmaus." The site he chose must have been a lovely one, then — north of the Bronx Kills, which flow between the Harlem River and Long Island Sound, at the northern end of Randall's Island.

### *Old Boston Post Road*

Many motorists want to follow the Old Boston Post Road, which is a continuation of Third Avenue and begins at East 164th Street, running northeast through Bronx Park. This is one of the most historic roads in America — if not *the* most historic. It follows the course of old Indian trails which the early settlers wore into bridle paths. The first mail between New York and Boston was carried over this course in January, 1673. In 1753 the milestones on the Post Road were marked

by Benjamin Franklin, then Postmaster General, who measured miles by the revolutions of his wagon wheels. In 1775, going to Cambridge to take command of the Continental Army, Washington followed this road; and after his inauguration in 1789, he took this route in a coach and four. It originally commenced at the Battery and led through the Bowery and along Third Avenue to Harlem.

Nowadays, most motorists go through Central Park, leaving at 110th Street via Seventh Avenue and continuing on Seventh Avenue to 145th Street. There they turn right and cross Harlem River by Central Bridge; they continue east to Mott Avenue, turn left on it and continue north as it becomes Grand Boulevard and Concourse; then, at Fordham Road, which is 191st Street, they turn east (right) and go through Bronx Park, between the Zoo and the Botanical Gardens—emerging into Pelham Parkway, whence the old Boston Post Road goes on to EASTCHESTER, originally an Indian settlement and one of the oldest villages of Dutch colonizers thereabouts; this is now within New York City limits. St. Paul's Church on the Common is interesting for its Revolutionary associations; its bell, still in use, was cast by the same foundry as the Liberty Bell. Many prominent New York families were pewholders there at the end of the Revolutionary War. The Hutchinson River, which flows through Eastchester and into Eastchester Bay, was named for Anne Hutchinson, who emigrated from England to Boston in 1634, protested vigorously against the absolute authority of the clergy, was tried, banished and excommunicated. She went first to Rhode Island; in 1642, after the death of her husband, she settled on Long Island Sound, near what is now New Rochelle; there she and most of her fam-

ily were massacred by Indians in August, 1643; and those in Massachusetts whom she had opposed were sure the Indians were instruments of divine vengeance.

Part of the old Village Green lies between the church and the highway, and you may like to recall that on that green Colonial troops drilled not only for service in the Revolution but also for the French and Indian War twenty years earlier. The planes to and from Boston, making the journey in less than an hour and a half, pass today over the old Green where the coaches used to halt on their many days' trip between Boston and New York.

At Guion's Tavern on the Green, Washington paid off his troops after the battle at White Plains—October 28, 1776.

Now you go on, towards PELHAM MANOR, a suburban community whose residents enjoy exceptional advantages for sports, and to NEW ROCHELLE, a city of more than 50,000, first settled by Huguenots, some of whom came from La Rochelle after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It is a city of residences, many of them beautiful. The house of Thomas Paine, on the estate given him at New Rochelle by the State of New York, is now a museum and may be visited. Remember that it was a pamphlet of Paine's, published early in January, 1776 (little more than a year after he had arrived in this country from England), from which the open movement to independence dates; Washington said it "worked a powerful change in the minds of many men." Then later when the fight was on, and going against the colonists, it was another pamphlet of Paine's whose opening sentence became a battle cry: "These are the times that try men's souls."

Beyond New Rochelle is the much smaller suburb,

LARCHMONT, on the outskirts of which D. W. Griffith had his movie studios in the days when he filmed "Way Down East" and "Orphans of the Storm."

New Rochelle was the suburban town "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" of George M. Cohan's early play. Augustus Thomas lived there, and Eddie Foy; Frederic Remington, Orson Lowell, and many others whose names are widely known have been residents of New Rochelle.

Some distance from the village of New Rochelle was a farm belonging to Benjamin Faneuil, whose son Peter was adopted by his wealthy uncle in Boston; it was this Peter from New Rochelle who, in 1741, gave Boston her market place and the Hall which became the "Cradle of Liberty."

Just beyond the junction of your Boston Post Road with State Road 126, at Mamaroneck Avenue, is Closet Hall, now a gas station and restaurant, in which (but on another site, overlooking the Sound) James Fenimore Cooper is said to have lived after his marriage to Susan De Lancey of Mamaroneck; there, after reading aloud to Mrs. Cooper an English novel he thought very dull, he said: "I believe I could write a better, myself." So he wrote *Precaution* (in 1820), which was very bad; and then he wrote *The Spy* — which is immortal. The scenes of *The Spy* are almost all between New Rochelle and Stamford. The Disbrow House, in which Harvey Birch of the story is supposed to have been secreted, was at the edge of what is now Larchmont.

Near MAMARONECK, where there are seven yacht clubs, are many estates of well-known people, including Ethel Barrymore, Bob Ripley and James Montgomery Flagg.

When you pass Cross County Parkway, beyond Ma-

## 12 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

maroneck, look left in the direction of Playland, the biggest recreational center in Westchester County.

Now you come to RYE, where the Post Road follows, approximately, an Indian trail from Manhattan to a ford across the Byram River. The Village Hall at Rye was the Haviland Inn, built in 1730, where Widow Haviland entertained Washington, John Adams and Lafayette. John Jay lived at Rye after his retirement from public life; the Jay mansion is on the Post Road at Locust Avenue.

If you are not specially interested in any of the foregoing, and would prefer a beautiful parkway which is somewhat longer, but more scenic and easier going, take the Hutchinson River Parkway out of Eastchester, instead of U. S. 1, and follow it, a little over fifteen miles, to Port Chester, which is just beyond Rye on U. S. 1. From there continue by the Merritt Parkway to Stratford, Connecticut—more details on this, later.

The PORT CHESTER Library and Museum has a collection of Currier and Ives prints for which you may want to pause. The Samuel Brown House there was built in 1660; and the Bush Homestead, built in 1750, was the headquarters of General Israel Putnam in 1777-1778.

"Life Savers," a widely-known hard candy, are made in a factory at Port Chester which may be visited.

### 1. SHORE LINE THROUGH CONNECTICUT

U. S. 1 crosses the state line, between New York and Connecticut, 26.6 miles east of Columbus Circle; the "line" being the Byram River (named Buy Rum by the Indians who traded there). On the Connecticut side

of the stream is the Thomas Lyon House, built in 1670.

And now you're entering Connecticut, than which only two states in the Union are smaller in extent; but oh! what a lot there is to say about her! And what a lot there is to see!

It's only ninety-two miles across her, and sixty-eight miles up or down. But only fifteen states surpass her in the annual output of products used all over the nation and the world; and in addition to her population employed in native industries, Connecticut is the chosen home of a veritable multitude of persons who work in New York.

Strange! that a state should be so outstandingly industrial and yet so full of tranquil loveliness that many people contentedly travel fifty to one hundred miles a day, round-trip, to live there, though their business is in another state.

Partly this is due to the beauty — the varied beauty — of Connecticut; partly it is due to the ways of life she offers; and partly, it is due to her system of government, which is very satisfactory to her citizens.

Connecticut was settled in 1635 by Puritan congregations which trekked, each in a body, through the wilderness from eastern Massachusetts and made new homes at Wethersfield and Hartford and Windsor. That same year another Puritan company built a fort at the west mouth of the Connecticut River (where Old Saybrook now is), to keep the Dutch in Manhattan from doing the same thing.

Three years later New Haven was settled, from Boston.

It has been estimated that Connecticut has probably "contributed more human stock to the nation than any other state, and it was stock of the finest quality." She has supplied other states with twenty-seven governors,

## 14 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

and forty-eight college presidents; besides developing many notably fine ones for her own needs.

Connecticut has always been made up of self-governing towns which usually grew up around the meetinghouse and the village Green — the center of religion, education, government, and the administration of justice. It was of such centers that Thomas Jefferson said: "Townships in New England are the vital principles of their governments and have proved themselves the wisest invention ever devised by the wit of man for the perfect exercise of self-government and for its preservation."

James Bryce called the town meetings of New England "the school as well as the source of democracy."

Someone else has said: "The New England town meeting as a social institution remains unique, its only modern parallel the correspondingly pure democracy of the Swiss Cantons."

Known as "the Land of Steady Habits," Connecticut has not only expressed those characteristics consistently in her architecture, as in her life, but is also indebted to those steady habits for the degree to which she has conserved her dignified old buildings. You will find hundreds of dwellings which have weathered many generations, and give every indication of being good for many more; and, along with them, a multitude of newer buildings of great beauty.

Connecticut churches are specially noted for their architectural beauty and their suitability to their surroundings. Connecticut schools are world-famous and very numerous; youth comes from all over the nation to spend many of its formative years in Connecticut.

A major part of Connecticut's people live on her much-indented shore line along Long Island Sound, and in close touch with ocean pleasures. Many of the others live on





*Photo by Black Star*

NEW YORKERS BY THE THOUSANDS LIVE BY  
PREFERENCE IN CONNECTICUT



one or another of her noted rivers: the Connecticut, the Thames, the Housatonic. There are small rivers, brooks, lakes, waterfalls, at every turn. Connecticut was the first state to introduce scientific forestry, and now owns some 75,000 acres of public forests and parks.

Lucky are those who can see the dogwood and wild cherry in bloom, in mid-May, vying with the apple and peach blossoms of the many orchards; or the mountain laurel in June; or the flaming splendors of late October.

Mountains? Well, maybe "hills" is the better name for them. You're practically never out of sight of them, while in Connecticut; and many people who ought to know, because they've seen hills a-plenty, believe there are none lovelier than the Litchfield Hills, in *any* land.

This is a brief introduction to Connecticut, but I hope it may be of some service.

Your first Connecticut town, going east from New York, is GREENWICH.

Everybody knows of Greenwich as a community of palatial houses, splendid estates, great wealth.

It was founded in 1640 by agents of the New Haven Colony, who purchased the land from the Indians for twenty-five coats, this being as near as the English could then get to the Dutch at New Amsterdam—who promptly served notice that their jurisdiction extended this far. Ten years later the Dutch ceded Greenwich to Connecticut—to the regret of many of the town's citizens, who found Dutch domination more tolerable than Puritan. Nowadays, New Yorkers by the thousands live by preference in Connecticut, because of the more merciful taxation and for other reasons.

Persons interested in education will probably wish

to glimpse Rosemary Hall, famous preparatory school for girls, and Edgewood School, for children from three to twenty, which has made many valuable experiments. Both these schools are north of Putnam Avenue; turn off at Brookside Drive.

Most visitors see the Putnam Cottage, which used to be the Knapp Tavern and is on East Putnam Avenue, between Maple and Park Avenues. It is open, free, from ten to five on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, and is maintained as a museum by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Tradition holds it was from this house that General Israel Putnam made his daring escape from the British in 1779. The story is that he had been to a dance the night before, taking pretty Mistress Bush; he was in his tavern room shaving when he saw, in the mirror, approaching redcoats. Shouting to his Continentals to flee for their lives (because they were unprepared and greatly outnumbered) he leaped on his horse and disappeared over the cliff at just about the spot where the Post Road (or Putnam Avenue) is cut through the rock. The next day he returned and drove out the British.

Many pieces of Early American furniture are in the cottage.

As you continue east, you come to Coscob, which has a name and identity of its own, but is part of the Town of Greenwich. People of less wealth and (in many cases) more distinction live or have lived in Coscob and near by: Ernest Thompson Seton, Irving Bacheller, Julian Street, and many others. Long ago an Indian tribe, the Siwanoy, had a village there, from which they sallied forth to harry the white settlers. On a bitter February night in 1644, Captain John Underhill, leading a band of Dutch, set fire to the village; between 600 and 1,000

Siwanoy men, women and children were burned to death. The bodies were buried in mounds from which have been recovered many tomahawks, arrows and other Indian possessions.

Two miles beyond Coscob is the beautiful Condé Nast Press, where *Vogue* is printed, and *House Beautiful*.

Soon you come to STAMFORD, which also is largely a residential suburb of New York, though it has many industries of its own, including the Yale and Towne Company which manufactures Yale locks. More than one hundred passenger trains a day carry Stamford residents to and from New York, in about fifty minutes.

If you have an interest in Clemenceau, you may like to look at the school, 873 Shippan Avenue, where he was teaching French and philosophy when he married one of his pupils, Mary Plumly. In this case, turn right at Myrtle Avenue and follow it to Elm Street; then left on Elm, one block to Shippan Avenue. The school is many blocks south.

Stamford has many beautiful houses, but probably won't detain you, unless you are an impassioned student of Early American architecture, of which it has several examples.

From NOROTON, three miles farther on your route, an excellent road runs north eight miles to NEW CANAAN, where many writers and artists live in a beautiful community uninvaded by industry.

DARIEN is a town with many residents who work in New York. It boasts that, for its size, it is the wealthiest town in Connecticut. There are many fine estates. Stage folk, writers, musicians live thereabouts, too. Then comes NORWALK, where you'll probably pause to see the site of the Yankee Doodle House on Hendricks Avenue.

(Leave U. S. 1 at East Avenue, turning right; then right from East Avenue on Hendricks Avenue.) This was once the house of Colonel Thomas Fitch, who led certain mounted volunteers to the French and Indian War. His sister, Elizabeth Fitch, was distressed because these men had no uniforms. She ran to the chicken yard and returned with a handful of feathers. "Soldiers should wear plumes," she said; and directed each rider to stick a feather in his cap. When they arrived at Fort Cralo, Rensselaer, New York, a British army surgeon, Dr. Shuckburgh, exclaimed: "Stab my vitals, they're macaronis!" ("Macaroni" being the current slang for a fop or dandy.) Thereupon, one tradition says, he wrote the song about Yankee Doodle, who "came to town, A-riding on a pony, Stuck a feather in his hat And called it macaroni."

Later on I shall describe the very beautiful trip you may take north from Norwalk to the Berkshires, through some of the loveliest country in all New England.

WESTPORT has many charming homes, especially of artists and literary folk. Just east of it is a granite monument marking the site of the Great Swamp Fight in 1637, which ended the settlers' war with the Pequot Indians. Only twenty Pequots were killed, but one hundred and eighty (mostly women and children) were captured and divided between Massachusetts men and Connecticut men as slaves, many being sold in the West Indies.

The Country Theatre at Westport is one of the most famous of New England's summer theaters.

FAIRFIELD has retained many of its Colonial characteristics. The Old Post Road, here a block south of U. S. 1, goes past the Village Green, on which you find The Town House, built in 1794. At its western end

there was formerly a pond, in which women suspected of exercising witchcraft were given "trial by water": if they floated, that proved them guilty; if they sank, that proved them unfortunate.

The Sun Tavern on the southern edge of the Green was built in 1780, and maintained as an inn for nearly forty years. Washington's diary says he spent the night there on October 16, 1789.

The Thaddeus Burr House on Old Post Road, between Beach and Penfield Roads, was built in 1790 to replace the original Burr house where John Hancock and Dorothy Quincy were married on August 8, 1775 — after Dorothy had flirted, during John's absence in Philadelphia, with Aaron Burr, to the great distress of Mr. Hancock. The older house was burned by drunken Hessians during the British invasion, July 7, 1779; it had entertained many distinguished guests. All the glass in the windows of this present house was the gift of John Hancock.

The Rowland House, at 570 Old Post Road, has been much modernized, but was built before 1770, and was saved from the torch, on that July day in '79, by a British officer who had once been a guest there. Make your own romance! And add to it that many important documents and town records were discovered, after the British had gone, in a chest up in the attic.

Fairfield and BRIDGEPORT, the second city in Connecticut, are contiguous. The boundary between them is Ash Creek. Bridgeport is an industrial city with nearly 150,000 inhabitants, only 25 per cent of whom are of full native parentage. Italians, Czechs, Hungarians, and Poles predominate. Almost 500 manufacturing firms turn out vast quantities of electric equipment, ammunition, sewing machines, marine engines, phonograph rec-

ords, toys, plumbing supplies, typewriters, and what not.

As you enter Bridgeport, you will find your U. S. 1 called "Fairfield Avenue." To your right as you cross Ash Creek is the Black Rock district of fine estates — including some of the handsomest in Connecticut, which is noted for its beautiful places. The cliff walk there resembles that at Newport. I think you'll like to turn off (right) at the first street after crossing Ash Creek, and take Black Rock Drive until it becomes Grovers Avenue. Follow Grovers Avenue to Brewster Street, which will take you back to Fairfield Avenue. Now continue on Fairfield Avenue (U. S. 1) to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

On the north of the railway is State Street. Turn left into State Street, for a few feet, and then continue north on Dewey Street, which runs along the eastern border of Mountain Grove Cemetery where P. T. Barnum is buried, and "General" and Mrs. Tom Thumb, and Fanny J. Crosby, the blind hymn-writer who was so closely associated with the revivalists Moody and Sankey. She wrote "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Rescue the Perishing," and scores of other hymns which have been sung by millions and will continue to be sung by millions more. She became blind when only six years old, but lived a life of great usefulness, dying in 1915, at the age of ninety-four.

Phineas T. Barnum is greatly revered in Bridgeport as one of its most useful and benevolent citizens and a mayor. But for his efforts, Bridgeport "might have been little more than a wide place in the road."

Barnum was a Connecticut Yankee of the first order. He was born at Bethel, close to Danbury, July 5, 1810. His father kept an inn and a store, and Phineas worked



with him. When he was nineteen, Phineas started a weekly paper, *The Herald of Freedom*, but he was jailed for his criticisms of what was being done in the world about him. He drifted to New York with a cattle drover, and thence to Philadelphia, where he bought a Negress named Joyce Heth, who said she was 160 years old and had been George Washington's nurse. Joyce was under seventy, but Barnum found that people would flock to see her. She was the principal sideshow of his first company, which he advertised very cleverly. In 1841 Barnum bought Scudder's American Museum in New York, which was housed in the upper story of a building north of the City Hall, where the County Court House now stands.

Then he heard that in 1837 there had been born in Bridgeport a baby boy who weighed nine pounds at birth, but ceased to grow after he was seven months old, and at five years of age was only twenty-eight inches high. His name was Charles S. Stratton, and he lived in an old house, built about 1760, at 1040 North Avenue (to which Dewey Street, beside the cemetery, will lead you).

Barnum went to see little Charlie Stratton, renamed him Tom Thumb ("In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live"). They went to Europe in 1844, and were received by "all the crowned heads." Queen Victoria, it was said, "commissioned" him a General — and Barnum coined money with him.

They came home and continued the furore. It was doubtless "Tom" who made it possible for Phineas to offer Jenny Lind, in 1850, one thousand dollars a night for one hundred and fifty nights, and all expenses.

At 956 North Avenue is what is known as the "Tom Thumb House," built by the senior Stratton in 1855.

## 22 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

To this house young Stratton (Tom Thumb) brought his midget bride, Lavinia Warren of Middleboro, Massachusetts, after their marriage in 1863; and there they lived, when not on tour, in apartments furnished "to scale" for their diminutive bodies.

Barnum has an imposing monument in Mountain Grove Cemetery; directly across from it is the forty-foot shaft of Italian marble surmounted by a life-sized statue of Tom Thumb, inscribed "CHARLES S. STRATTON, DIED JULY 15, 1883, AGED 45 YEARS, 6 MOS., 11 DAYS." Beside him, in an infant's casket, lies his little Lavinia, who survived him for more than thirty years. Her small headstone bears but one word: "WIFE."

If you want to see another tavern in which George Washington is said to have supped, there's the Pixlee House, over at East Main Street and Boston Avenue.

Lincoln spoke in the Bridgeport City Hall on March 10, 1860.

At Number 805 Main Street is the Barnum Institute of Science and History, in which you may see some of the diminutive belongings of Tom Thumb.

Bridgeport is often called "the Park City." You'll realize why, as you drive around. The park you will probably care most to see is Seaside Park at the end of Main Street, on the Sound. Barnum gave part of this beautiful 210-acre tract; and his last residence, "Court Marina," is close by, on the park's northern edge. In the park, near the Perry Memorial Arch, is a statue of Elias Howe, Jr., inventor of the sewing machine, who, during the Civil War, recruited a regiment and bore much of the expense of equipping it, besides fighting in it as a private soldier.

Three miles east of Bridgeport you come to STRATFORD, at the mouth of the Housatonic River. It was settled

in 1639, named for Stratford-on-Avon by settlers who may well have known William Shakespeare, and has magnificent old elms and many old houses. There is located the Sikorski Airplane Plant, where the world's greatest seaplanes are made. From Stratford north into the Berkshires there is a very fine scenic route up along the shores of the Housatonic River. This route I'll outline later on.

The Washington Bridge will give you comfortable passage across the Housatonic, and as you cross you may like to remember that in 1649 a man named Birds-eye, who lived in Milford, east of the river, swam across to Stratford to escape a public lashing to which he had been sentenced for kissing his wife on the Sabbath. He stayed in Stratford, his family joined him, and he became a leading citizen. It would, I think, be a pity to drive across that bridge without thinking of him.

MILFORD is a charming place whose oyster beds have been profitable many years and were well known to the Indians, who left a great heap of shells to testify to their liking for oysters. The long Green, with its elms and its Colonial buildings, and its two beautiful churches, borders U. S. 1 for half a mile, as you enter the town.

There is a tradition that in 1640 the colonists who had just settled the place voted: "That the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; that the earth is given to the Saints; and that *we* are the Saints." Let's hope the tradition is not true. But it is not a gross exaggeration of their sentiments.

The Stockade House on Broad Street (U. S. 1), which you pass soon after entering Milford, was built about the end of the seventeenth century.

If you are very ardently interested in George Washington and inns where he stopped, you may turn left when

you come to High Street, at the end of the Green, and continue on it to Main Street, then right on Main to the Clark Tavern, dating in part from 1660, where Washington ordered bread and milk in 1789 and refused to eat it with a pewter spoon. The landlord had no other, so Washington sent a servant to the minister's to borrow one. In his diary Washington wrote: "From the Housatonic ferry it is about 3 miles to Milford. . . . In this place there is but one Church, or in other words, but one steeple—but there are Grist and Saw Mills, and a handsome Cascade over the Tumbling dam."

The Eels-Stow House at 32 High Street (right, from the end of the Green, whereas for Clark Tavern you turn left) is a seventeenth-century house now owned by the Milford Historical Society, which has some unusual architectural features including the only "dog-legged" stairs in this country. On New Year's Eve, 1777, a British prison ship sent ashore at Milford a boat containing 200 or more Colonials who were sick with smallpox. The residents gave the wretched men shelter that night and next day converted the Town Hall into a hospital. Stephen Stow, who lived in this house, cared for a large number of the sick, forty-six of whom died; and he took the smallpox from them. He, too, died of it and is buried with the others in a common grave in the old graveyard on Prospect Street (in use since 1675), where a monument commemorates them all.

Simon Lake, inventor of the even-keel submersible submarine, lives at Milford, on the north side of the Green. His *Argonaut*, built in 1877, was the first submarine to be successfully operated by an internal combustion engine.

Half a mile offshore is Charles Island, where Captain Kidd is reported to have buried treasure.

Two of the judges who had signed the death warrant of Charles I were refugees in Milford after the Restoration. They were William Goffe and Edward Whalley, both relatives of Cromwell and officers in his army. They fled to Boston, in 1660, and thence — pursued by royal messengers of Charles II — to New Haven. They were hidden in an old mill at Milford for two days, and then taken away from Milford to "Judges' Cave," where they lived for three months. When winter approached, they were taken back to Milford and hidden in a cellar of the Tompkins house.

At Milford you are nine-and-a-half miles from New Haven. As you pass State Road 152, three miles from Milford on your U. S. 1, look left along it to the big Fairlea Farms where acidophilus milk was first developed.

### *New Haven*

If your stay in New Haven must be brief, perhaps it would be well for you to see the Yale Bowl on your way into town. To do so, turn left, on Yale Avenue, and drive along, with West River Memorial Park on your right, till you have crossed Derby Avenue. The Bowl seats about 71,000 and is approached through the Walter Camp Memorial Gateway, for the erection of which the alumni of 593 other colleges and schools in America, besides Yale, subscribed. Around the Bowl are various athletic fields, and adjacent to it is the Charles E. Coxe Memorial Gymnasium.

For a Campus Tour during the summer vacation, apply at the Phelps Gateway, on College Street be-

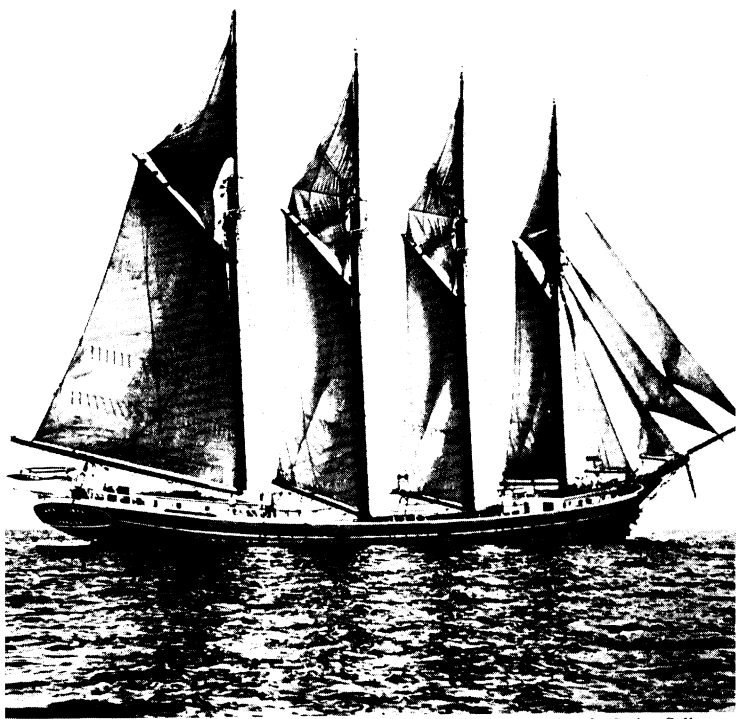
tween Chapel and Elm, at 10:30 A.M., or 1:30 or 3 P.M. (no morning tour on Sundays). Conducted groups are shown the University buildings free of charge, starting at those hours. When the University is in session, apply for a guide at the Bureau of Appointments, 123 Wall Street.

On the conducted tour you will see the principal buildings at the center of the University, the undergraduate colleges and the Library. If you primarily wish to see certain points of interest which are not visited on the regular tour, and have but little time at your disposal, you may engage a special guide (for a small fee) for such a trip.

In case you have to manage without a guide, here are a few general directions:

But first, let us talk a bit about New Haven and about Yale, and then about your route into town after you have seen the Bowl.

Adriaen Block, Dutch navigator, sailing along this shore from New Amsterdam, sighted New Haven in 1614, and named it "Rodeberg"; but it was not settled by white men till April, 1638. In June, 1637, there had arrived in Boston the Reverend John Davenport of London, a Puritan minister, and Theophilus Eaton, wealthy merchant, a member of his congregation, together with some 250 men, women and children whom they had recruited to found a new colony. Soon after their arrival, Colonial troops returned from exterminating Pequots in the Great Swamp near Westport, and reported that there was a good harbor there. Eaton, the merchant, who was interested in commerce, went to this place with a scouting party, and thought well of the site; the following April the new settlement was established, by purchase from the Quinnipiac Indians.



*Photo by Ewing Galloway*

SCHOONER *Martha L. Downs*, OF NEW HAVEN





In 1640, it was named "New Haven" for that Sussex seaport known in modern days for its cross-channel boat to Dieppe.

The colonists intended that their town should have dignity and beauty. They laid it out in nine squares, of which the central one was to be a Common. Theophilus Eaton, who built himself a grand house, with nineteen fireplaces and "Turkey carpets," was the first Governor; but the Reverend John Davenport laid down most of the laws, and they were "Blue" indeed.

In 1686, members of the congregation gathered to present gifts and to furnish the house of their pastor, James Pierpont; and one man, who was too poor to offer any furnishing, planted two elm saplings before the minister's door — thereby introducing to New Haven the elms for which she has long been celebrated.

Trade didn't develop as fast as Eaton had hoped; but in one way and another the community flourished. Not in Eaton's day, but later, many of the townsfolk made a handsome living by smuggling; it was considered a great virtue to defy the customs laws of the British.

The Green has been the heart of New Haven for three hundred years. There was erected the first meeting-house, then the watchhouse and the schoolhouse, the courthouse, the jail, the stocks, the whipping post. There cattle were pastured and markets held. There Elder Malbone publicly flogged his daughter Martha for having gone to a housewarming with a young man she knew.

When you are at the Bowl, you may want to see "Edgewood," on Forest Road, close by; though I'm afraid this generation knows very little of Donald G. Mitchell who lived there, and, under the penname of Ik Marvel, wrote *Reveries of a Bachelor*, *Dream Life*,

and other books much loved by readers of Civil War days, and after.

In any case, return on Yale Avenue to Derby Avenue and continue along the latter, which presently becomes George Street, to College Street. In Monitor Square, where Derby Avenue, Chapel Street and Winthrop Avenue make a triangle, you will see a monument to Cornelius Seranton Bushnell, builder of the *Monitor* that John Ericsson designed — the world's first "ironclad."

As you turn up College Street from George, you pass the "First Settlers' Tablet" marking the site where the Reverend John Davenport, Theophilus Eaton and their fellows stepped ashore from their heavily-laden little ship and kneeled beneath a great oak while John Davenport prayed. The next day being the Sabbath, he preached — at length, doubtless — on "The Temptations in the Wilderness." In those days a small inlet from the harbor penetrated inland this far.

Two blocks up College Street (left, as you're going) you come to the Green and to the Old Campus. To your left, on Chapel Street at 1032, is the site of Roger Sherman's residence from 1761 till 1793. Sherman, who was New Haven's first mayor, was the only man who signed all four of the documents on which our Government is based: the Articles of Association (1774), the Declaration of Independence (1776), the Articles of Confederation (1778), and the Federal Constitution (1787) — all while he was living here.

You may like to think of Sherman here on July 5, 1779, when a British force occupied the town, camped on the Green, and took prisoner the President of Yale, who had led his students and townsmen in resistance to the occupation. The British did not stay long — they left the next day, in fact; but before

they went they forced the President of Yale (Dr. Daggett) to pray for the King. He did — suffering from many bayonet thrusts.

“O Lord, bless thy servant, King George,” he prayed; “and grant him wisdom; for Thou knowest, O Lord, he needs it.”

Now you have on your right the New Haven Green, with its three beautiful churches; and on your left the Old Campus of Yale, which once was perhaps as famous for its now vanished fence as for its buildings.

Southernmost of the churches around the Green is Trinity Episcopal, designed in 1814. Center Church is Congregational, and of about the same date; the same architect designed both: Ithiel Town, who came to New Haven in 1810. Center Church is the fourth edifice of the Congregational Society of New Haven; its design was inspired by St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, London. (See the interior, and the great Tiffany window showing Davenport's first sermon here.) The crypt beneath Center Church encloses part of the old burying ground that was used from 1638 to 1815. Among those buried there is the first Mrs. Benedict Arnold, who died before her husband had become a traitor.

At the back of Center Church is the grave of another of the regicides, John Dixwell, who lived in New Haven for many years under the name of “James Davids.” Tablets on the rear wall of the church commemorate Whalley and Goffe.

United Church, northernmost on the Green, was formerly called “North Church.” It was in this church that Henry Ward Beecher, in 1855, preached to eighty men of Captain Line's antislavery company, who were leaving to join John Brown in Kansas. Beecher's father, Lyman Beecher, was a native of New Haven, descended

## 30 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

from one of the founders of the colony, and lies buried in Grove Street Cemetery, along with Noah Webster, Eli Whitney, Timothy Dwight, Charles Goodyear, and many another sturdy scion of American ideals.

Now turn your attention to Yale.

John Davenport dreamed of a college in New Haven; but Harvard, founded just before Davenport landed in Boston, was adequate for all needs of the New England colonies.

However, in 1701, ten Connecticut clergymen, all of whom were graduates of Harvard, met in the home of the Reverend Samuel Russell in BRANFORD (five-and-a-half miles east, on your Route 1) and donated books "for the founding of a college in this colony." The following year the college was started, with one student, in CLINTON (through which you will soon pass); but in 1716 it was transferred from Old Saybrook to New Haven, which made it large grants of land. About that time it received from Elihu Yale, a wealthy Boston merchant of the East India Company, and Governor of Madras in southern India, a gift of books and merchandise which sold for £562; in gratitude for this munificence, New Haven named its college Yale. Elihu Yale's father was one of the founders of New Haven.

The title "Yale University" was not adopted till 1887. There are now ten professional and graduate schools, in addition to the original Yale College.

In 1933, the college, together with the other undergraduate units of Sheffield Scientific School and the School of Engineering, reorganized its residential system into nine colleges of about 180 students each. This was made possible through a gift of Edward S. Harkness (class of 1897). Yale colleges are merely residential

units under centralized control, without individual endowments. Each has, however, its separate common rooms, library, and dining hall.

Yale's distinguished graduates are legion, and many of them have rendered great service to their country and their fellow men.

The Old Campus, entered through Phelps Gateway on College Street, has been the center of the college since 1716. Connecticut Hall, built in 1752, is all that is left of Old Brick Row, which used to extend from Chapel to Elm Streets. Nathan Hale, class of 1773, roomed in Connecticut Hall; and a statue of him stands in front of the building. Just south of Connecticut Hall stood the first of Yale's buildings, erected in 1717. The second-oldest building still standing is Dwight Hall, on the opposite side of the Campus. It is now the headquarters of the University Y. M. C. A.

I shall not try to name all the halls, as the probability is that most visitors except those in a very great hurry will avail themselves of guide service. This service is desirable, not just for naming the buildings but for explaining many things about the interesting life of the student body. You should know about "Skull and Bones," and "Scroll and Keys," about "Wolf's Head" and the "Book and Snake"; about "Tap Day" (the second Thursday in May) and "Tombs" (which are clubhouses), and Mory's; and many other institutions and traditions peculiar to the place.

Thousands of people see New Haven only on days when it is jammed with strangers. True, a big day at the Bowl is something worth traveling many miles to see; but one ought also to see the town on an ordinary day in term time, preferably visiting the University precincts with a young man who is full of Yale spirit.

In case you can't do that, however, suppose you leave the Old Campus on Elm Street (at its north end), and walk west on Elm Street, then south on High Street, and enter the far-famed Memorial Quadrangle, designed by James Gamble Rogers and built between 1917 and 1921 as a gift of Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness. The Harkness Tower on High Street, built in memory of Charles W. Harkness, class of 1883, is 221 feet high; it suggests St. Botolph's "Stump" in Boston, Lincolnshire, England, and the "Butter Tower" of Rouen Cathedral. The two colleges sharing Memorial Quadrangle are Branford (named for the place where Yale was founded) and Saybrook (named for the place whence it was moved to New Haven); Branford Court is the largest and most beautiful of the seven enclosed by the structure. Above Wrexham Court rises Wrexham Tower, a copy of one in Wrexham, Wales, under which Elihu Yale lies buried.

This is Elihu's epitaph, in that Welsh graveyard:—

UNDER THIS TOMB LYES INTERRED ELIHU YALE, OF PLAS  
GRONOW, ESQ. BORN 5TH OF APRIL 1648, AND DYED 8TH  
OF JULY, 1721, AGED 73 YEARS.

BORN IN AMERICA, IN EUROPE BRED,  
IN AFRICA TRAVEL'D, AND IN ASIA WED,  
WHERE LONG HE LIV'D AND THRIV'D; AT LONDON DEAD.  
MUCH GOOD, SOME ILL HE DID; SO HOPE ALL EVEN,  
AND THAT HIS SOUL THROUGH MERCY'S GONE TO HEAVEN.  
YOU THAT SURVIVE AND READ, TAKE CARE  
FOR THIS MOST CERTAIN EXIT TO PREPARE,  
FOR ONLY THE ACTIONS OF THE JUST  
SMELL SWEET AND BLOSSOM IN THE DUST.

Few men have ever got so much fame with so trifling a gift as Elihu Yale's. He was a mean old skinflint and has been too much honored.

In the court of Jonathan Edwards College, at 70 High Street, is a statue that once belonged to Elihu Yale — of a slave boy holding a sundial.

Beyond, on High Street, is Weir Hall, the home of the Department of Architecture. Next beyond is the windowless, ivy-clad "Tomb" of "Skull and Bones."

Now turn right from High Street into Chapel Street, where you'll find the Gallery of Fine Arts, open daily from two to five. Built above the tomb of John Trumbull, early American artist, it contains the Trumbull Gallery, the first collegiate art gallery in America; the Mabel Brady Garvan Collection of American silver (1650-1825), which is the finest of its kind, the Jarves Collection of Italian primitives, and many other fine things.

Now turn right on leaving the Gallery and continue on Chapel Street to York Street (the next corner). On York Street between Chapel and Elm you will see the Briton Hadden Memorial Building, housing the *Yale Daily News*, of which Briton Hadden was at one time editor. Later he became, with Henry Luce, co-founder of *Time* and *Fortune* magazines.

Beside the Hadden Memorial is the "Tomb" of the "Wolf's Head"; and to the north is University Theatre, gift of Edward S. Harkness and built for the Department of Drama in 1926 when the famous Professor George Pierce Baker came from Harvard to Yale. Visit it if you are interested in the theater and what Baker did for it. (Open during term time.)

You'll certainly want to see the Sterling Memorial Library, farther up on York Street, beyond Elm, and some visitors will not leave without seeing the Payne Whitney Gymnasium, to reach which they must go to the end of York Street and turn left on Tower Parkway, to York Square.

Others will prefer to visit Hewitt Quadrangle, with University Dining Hall, Memorial Hall, Woolsey Hall, and Woodbridge Hall, all erected in 1901 to Commemorate the 200th Anniversary of Yale's founding. For this group, turn right, at the end of York Street, on Grove Street, and continue to College Street.

Then go on, east on Grove, past College, to Hillhouse Avenue, which used sometimes to be called "the most beautiful street in America" and is still stately. Number 4 was the residence built for himself by Ithiel Town, architect of Trinity and Center Churches on the Green, and of many New Haven mansions. Number 24 was for forty years the home of James Dwight Dana, geologist. Number 31 was the home of Noah Porter, one of Yale's presidents. Number 43 is the home of Yale's presidents nowadays — although President Angell, during his term, lived at Number 47.

When you come to Sachem Street, turn right to Whitney Avenue, and there, on the northwest corner, you will find the Peabody Museum, one of the most noted natural history museums in the world; open free, daily, 9 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.

New Haven, you must remember, is not only a university town, but an industrial town of considerable importance. It has a large foreign-born population — one fourth of it Italian — and almost as great a fraction of Irish descent, though some of these families have been American for two or three or four generations. There are nearly 30,000 Jews, in a total population of about 162,000.

New Haven, as Porter E. Sargent reminds us in his admirable handbook on New England, "owes its greatness as much to Eli Whitney as to Elihu Yale; for her



importance as an industrial center dates from Whitney's government contract (1798) for the manufacture of firearms. The use of 'interchangeable parts,' now fundamental in the construction of all kinds of machinery, is due to Whitney. Because of this and his invention of the cotton gin, Barnard says in his *American Industrial History* that Whitney's inventive genius 'changed the industrial history of a nation.' "

Whitney, a farmer's boy of Westboro, Massachusetts, earned most of his expenses at Yale, where he graduated in 1792. While he was visiting near Savannah, Georgia, on the plantation of Mrs. Nathanael Greene, widow of the Revolutionary general, he invented his cotton gin, which he patented in March, 1794. The many infringements of his patent, however, and the money he had to spend fighting them, disgusted him; and he began the manufacture of firearms. The Whitney Arms Company was the forerunner of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company.

Another thing for which Whitney was largely responsible was the system of specialized labor, each worker having but one operation to perform.

The house in which he died is at 275 Orange Street, the first street east of the Green.

Whitney had been dead for twenty years when, in 1834, Chauncey Jerome brought to New Haven his designs for brass-wheeled clocks and developed the manufacture of cheap clocks with standardized parts, thereby becoming "the Henry Ford of the clock-making industry." Brass is a great industry in Connecticut, which manufactures thirty per cent of the country's output.

Rubber overshoes and other rubber goods were first made in New Haven in 1842. The first license to manu-

facture rubber shoes under his new process of vulcanization was granted by Charles Goodyear to Leverett Candee, who enlisted the financial aid of Henry and Lucius Hotchkiss. The public was slow in adopting rubber articles. Goodyear also (who was born in New Haven, in 1800) had, as nearly everybody knows, a bitter fight to protect his patent against infringements.

In 1848 he got a decision upholding his patent and confirming his licensees in their rights. Daniel Webster represented the latter, and was paid \$10,000, which at that time was deemed a colossal fee.

Very much more than this might be said, and should be said, about New Haven; but nothing more in a book of this size and scope—except that William Lyon Phelps lives at 110 Whitney Avenue. There have been few college professors, ever, anywhere, who have exercised a wider influence, made more people eager about good books, good plays, good living.

### *Hartford Detour*

It may be that now you will wish to detour from U. S. 1 to visit Meriden and Hartford, via U. S. 5.

Hartford is thirty-seven miles north of New Haven. If you motored and spent the night in New Haven, you can go up to Hartford the next day and return in time to resume your way via U. S. 1. New York to New Haven is only sixty-six miles, but motoring you probably took a good part of the first day for it, if you stopped to see half the things I indicated. Perhaps you saw New Haven in what was left of that first day. Or you may have gone by air in a few minutes, or by train in a couple of hours; you may thus have seen New Haven in mid-day, and be ready to go on to Hartford before night.

The route from New Haven to Hartford has much of interest on it. At twelve miles and a half you have WALLINGFORD, which for more than a century has been one of the chief silverware manufacturing centers in the United States. There is the famous *Choate School* for boys, founded by Judge William Gardner Choate, who also established Rosemary Hall for girls, which we saw at Greenwich. He was a brother of Joseph H. Choate. Andrew Mellon gave a fine library to the Choate School; the campus is 500 acres in extent.

Wallingford is the center of a great fruit-growing district, beautiful in spring, and is famous for its peaches, pears, apples, cherries, and grapes.

MERIDEN, seven-and-a-half miles nearer Hartford, is "the Silver City." The manufacture of pewter and Britannia ware was begun there, by Samuel Yale, in 1794.

There is an alternative route between New Haven and Hartford which is four miles longer than U. S. 7 direct but goes over an excellent road with less traffic; it goes through DURHAM, one of the best preserved of eighteenth-century villages, unspoiled by the influx of modern industries and foreign labor. Its population now is just about what it was in 1774. It was settled in 1698, named for the cathedral town in England's north country. The town's first minister was Yale's first graduate, the Reverend Nathaniel Chauncey. Durham is the kind of village many people would travel far to see.

Ten miles beyond is MIDDLETOWN, one of New England's most beautiful inland towns. President John Adams called this the most beautiful of all in the Connecticut Valley. Charles Dickens pronounced its High Street the finest rural street he had ever seen. Fronting on it is the campus of Wesleyan University,

which opened its doors in 1831. Henry Clay Work, who wrote "Marching Through Georgia," was a native of Middletown; so was Reginald De Koven.

Towns south of Hartford worth visiting if you are not in a hurry are EAST HADDAM, with its little red school-house where Nathan Hale taught in 1773-1774, and WETHERSFIELD.

On the Green of Wethersfield, now a residential suburb of Hartford, is the largest American elm in existence, perhaps the most magnificent tree east of the Rockies. So Wethersfield people say — Ohio people deny it. It is one hundred and two feet high and forty-one feet in circumference. It was planted about 1758. Wethersfield has some lovely old houses. In the Webb house (at 211 Main Street) Washington, Rochambeau and De Ternay held their historic four-day conference in May, 1781, to plan the Yorktown campaign; Washington's bedroom, upstairs, still has the wallpaper of his stay. The Congregational Church was attended by Washington.

HARTFORD, the State Capital, is both a financial and an industrial city. It has a big foreign-descended population (only twenty-eight per cent of its population by a late census had two American-born parents) and a larger proportion of Jews than other American communities, except New York and Atlantic City.

Fully twenty-two per cent of the total area of the city is in municipal parks or squares.

Hartford has more insurance companies than any other city in the world; it does an important business in tobacco-packing, and it manufactures many and diverse things, including Fuller Brushes, Colt firearms, Royal

and Underwood Typewriters, and airplane engines and propellers. It was the birthplace of J. Pierpont Morgan the elder, and there he is buried. Mark Twain lived there for years; so did Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, William Gillette.

Hartford citizens have shown great pride in the beautifying of their city; and if special interests take you there, you will find much to admire. But in spite of its financial importance and its handsome modern buildings, it is not a place which most travelers touring New England will find as rewarding as many others of the more "characteristic" sort. Students of Revolutionary history like Hartford and its vicinity, however, because so many important episodes happened thereabouts.

One thing not to be missed in Hartford is Trinity College Chapel. Trinity College, incorporated in 1823, has had a noble influence in Connecticut and throughout New England. The chapel, gift of William Gwinn Mather of Cleveland, and built in 1930-1932, is very fine Gothic in the English Perpendicular style, the tower resembling that of Magdalen at Oxford. Not only the majestic beauty of the edifice merits your attention, but also the reverence with which it was built. Remembering the true devotion that flowered in the grand old churches of Europe, the builders of this chapel held weekday services to keep the workmen mindful that they were erecting a house of God; and prizes were offered them for their ideas as to what they'd like to carve for the cloister or the porch or the ends of pews—so that instead of being mere artisans they were artists, creating from their own ideals and their own sense of worship. Even if you are not anxious to see a splendid piece of modern Gothic, you may well be interested to see one created in this spirit. The wood carving, by J. Gregory Wiggins

of Pomfret, is considered by many the finest workmanship in that field in this country.

The chapel is open every day from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., under the care of the vergier, Lewis Wallace, who was the master mason in the building of the chapel. Should you be so fortunate as to talk with Mr. Wallace about the edifice, it would make your visit memorable indeed.

Odell Shepard, sometime of Evanston and Chicago, has been for nearly a quarter of a century Professor of English at Trinity College. He has edited Thoreau, written a biography of Bronson Alcott, and a book about a walking trip in northern Connecticut, called *The Harvest of a Quiet Eye*. A more recent book of his is *Connecticut Past and Present*.

You probably won't leave Hartford without a visit to Forest Street, where William Gillette was born and spent his boyhood and much time in his later years; his home, built in 1830, is numbered 49. At Number 73 was Harriet Beecher Stowe's home during the last twenty-three years of her life.

Near by, at 351 Farmington Avenue, is the twenty-room house where Mark Twain lived from 1874 to 1879. It is now a Mark Twain Memorial Library. This is the house wherein Mark Twain had the kitchen and servants' quarters built in the front so they could look out without running to the windows, and thus "save time, and wear on the rugs."

Some of my friends make a detour or extension, when anywhere reasonably near Simsbury, to enjoy a meal at Pettibone Tavern, Simsbury, ten miles northwest of Hartford on Route 10. This house was built in 1780 and nestles beneath shady elms. The gardens are lovely; the food is famous. Another inn north of Hartford which you should know is The Maples Inn at Somers, on Routes

20 and 83, almost at the Massachusetts Line, twelve miles south of Springfield. Parts of this house date back more than 200 years. The guest rooms are comfortable, the food is excellent, and the rates are reasonable.

If you have good friends in Connecticut, especially if they live in or near Hartford, they'll urge you not by any means to miss AVON and FARMINGTON, both in easy reach from Hartford, to the west. Avon has a preparatory school for boys whose architecture is of outstanding interest and beauty, as its curriculum is an outstanding example of the cultural and practical. There are thirty buildings of red sandstone, quarried on the spot, where much of the oak was grown for the timbering. The whole effect has the unity and charm of an English "public school." See it, if you can.

Farmington is a lovely, dignified old town with a famous "finishing" school for girls, founded in 1844 by Miss Sarah Porter, one of whose brothers (Noah) was president of Yale, while another (Samuel) was eminent in the education of the deaf and dumb. The main building of the school was erected for a hotel, about 1828, when the Farmington Canal was opened. Landslides closed the canal twenty years later, and commerce departed, leaving Farmington to memories and tranquillity. The three Porters who contributed so much to education were all born in Farmington, where their father was pastor of the Congregational Church for sixty years. Their home, built in 1808, is at the southwest corner of Maple and Main Streets. Miss Sarah's school is on both sides of Main Street at Mountain Road. Also on Main Street is the quite unusual Congregational Church, built in 1771, which looks like a stately residence with a tower topped by a Wrenlike spire.

The Old Grist Mill, at the end of Mill Lane, was once owned by the late Winchell Smith, playwright and producer; and a motion picture of "Way Down East" was filmed there. The mill is still grinding corn.

See the Samuel Whitman House, on High Street, one of the oldest in the state. It is open (admission 25 cents) except Mondays, and contains a number of interesting exhibits, including an old "courting lamp" whose flickering out told the suitor it was time to go; but left him, presumably, to say his farewells in the dark!

Cowles is a great name in Farmington; and many of the fine old houses are associated with one Cowles or another. See the Samuel Cowles house, called "Oldgate," at the southwest corner of Main Street and Meadow Road. It was the first house in the state to show the influence of Georgian architecture.

Photographers must not miss the three remaining piers of the old aqueduct which was built to carry the canal across Farmington River. They are about a mile and a half from Farmington, in the direction of Avon.

Alcott-lovers (and they are legion) will not leave the vicinity between New Haven and Hartford without a visit to Wolcott, a short distance northeast of Waterbury, just off Route 69. Bronson Alcott was born there, in 1799. You will be specially keen to see Wolcott if you have read Odell Shepard's recent biography of Bronson Alcott, *Pedlar's Progress*, and have delighted in those phases of the philosopher's life when he was a "pedlar," in Virginia. It's a picturesque and informative occupation—peddling. One of the most brilliant and distinguished men I ever knew—a great editor—cherished the hope of becoming, some day, an itinerant merchant of shining new pots and pans; but he never achieved this



more or less Open Sesame to housewives who dwell by the side of a road. Alcott later was to teach, but not at kitchen doors in the course of making a sale. He was a Connecticut Yankee by birth, but not by nature.

If you go to Hartford, continue  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles north on U. S. 5A, to WINDSOR, one of Connecticut's three earliest settlements, now practically a suburb of Hartford but still noted for the number and variety of its old houses. Most famous among them is "Elmwood," well to the north of the village, at 778 Palisado Avenue. It stands on the lot granted to Josiah Ellsworth in 1665, and was the home of Oliver Ellsworth, one of the framers of the Constitution, who was our Minister to France and the third Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Two of the thirteen elms he planted to commemorate the adoption of the Constitution still stand, near the road.

Washington was a frequent visitor at "Elmwood"; and there is a tradition that he used to dance the children on his crossed knee while he sang them this song: —

The horns upon this ram, sir,  
 They grew up to the moon,  
 A man went up in January  
 And didn't come down till June.  
 And if you don't believe me,  
 And think I tell a lie,  
 Why just go down to Darbytown,  
 And see the same as I.

Edward Rowland Sill was a native of Windsor, loved it devotedly, and declared that "a few of the oldest houses came out of the ark, I know."

*Old Boston Post Road Again*

If you should take U. S. 1 direct from New Haven you would go through BRANFORD, where Yale was founded, to GUILFORD, which has preserved the most varied collection of authentic early houses in New England—more than a hundred of them pre-Revolutionary. Fitz-Greene Halleck was a native of Guilford; his home was where the Hotel Halleck is now. He returned there to spend his last days under his native elms, and is buried there in the Alderbrook Cemetery, where his monument bears a couplet from his “Marco Bozzaris”:

One of the few, the immortal names  
That are not born to die.

Another native of Guilford was the Reverend Samuel Johnson, who became the first president of King's College, New York—now Columbia University. This Samuel Johnson is not infrequently described as “nephew of the great Samuel Johnson”—although he was thirteen when the great Samuel was born, and if the great Samuel's only brother, Nathaniel, who tended their father's bookshop in Lichfield and died when he was twenty-five, ever married, Boswell does not mention it.

Entering GUILFORD by the Boston Post Road (U. S. 1) turn right on Fair Street (the second after you have crossed the little West River) and pass several eighteenth-century houses. Turn left in Broad Street for a few feet to Whitfield Street and drive south on that to Elm. As you cross Water Street you have, to the right, Number 15 Water Street, in which Fitz-Greene Halleck died.

At Whitfield and Elm Streets there is the Whitfield

House, probably the oldest in Connecticut, now maintained by the State as a museum (free—nine to five daily).

At 311 Boston Street there lived, in 1793, a French refugee who painted his house black when he heard of the execution of Louis XVI; and at 161 is what is said to be the most photographed house in Connecticut.

If you continue a very short distance farther on Boston Street you'll find that Union Street curves into it. Follow Union, to your left, and see two of the tiny Sabbath Day Houses which were built, early in the eighteenth century, by persons who lived in far outlying districts and came into town on Saturday for the Sabbath Day services, returning Monday. There's something to see, if you—perchance—have a week-end cottage in the country to which you flee, far from church sessions.

At the end of Union Street is the beautiful Congregational Church, built in 1829.

As you turn there, north in State Street, to rejoin your Boston Post Road, you pass, at 138 State, the Comfort Starr House, built in 1645; and the Pinchbeck Greenhouse, said to be the largest single hothouse in the United States. More than 125,000 square feet of glass cover rosebushes, from which are cut anywhere from 7,000 to 18,000 roses daily. Guilford also has a noted summer theater.

From granite quarries in the vicinity of Guilford have come foundation stones for many monuments, bridges, and breakwaters in New York.

At MADISON, five miles beyond Guilford on U. S. 1, you have a charming Green and many lovely old houses, including the Graves House, east of the Green, built in 1675 and considered the best-preserved seventeenth-century house in Connecticut.

Beyond Madison, two miles, is a road which leads, right, to the largest public beach in Connecticut, five miles long; it is a feature of Hammonasset State Park, of 954 acres, with camping facilities for many visitors. Many restaurants and hotels are thereabouts, with "shore dinners" offered on every hand. But if it is meal-time at Madison, you will probably eat in "The Dolly Madison," on your U. S. 1.

Next comes CLINTON, where Pond's Extract is made, and where you must by all means stop to see the Adam Stanton store, in the ell of the Stanton House — just as Adam kept it "long, long ago." Behind the Stanton House is the old well of the Reverend Abraham Pierson's house, where Yale's first students studied. A monument on the Green reminds you that here Yale had its beginning. It seems to have had one student here and a few others at Saybrook.

Walk, or drive, down Waterside Lane.

More picnic grounds and bathing beaches. . . . Many summer colonies. . . . Then WESTBROOK, the birthplace of David Bushnell, who, in 1775, made the first submarine torpedo boat in the world, the *Turtle*. His uncle's house, built in 1678, is now a museum where you may see parts of that early submarine.

Now you come to OLD SAYBROOK, at the mouth of the Connecticut River, a lovely old waterside village about which a great deal might be written — including the fact that Oliver Cromwell and John Hampden were actually on board a vessel in the Thames, bound for Saybrook, when an Order in Council appeared, by which the ship was prohibited from sailing.

Charles Dickens stopped at Ye Old Saybrook Inn on the Boston Post Road, then kept by Captain Morgan, a famous shipmaster whom Dickens portrayed as "Cap-

tain Jorgen" in *A Message from the Sea*. Lafayette was a guest of Pratt Tavern, on Main Street, in 1824.

North of Saybrook, in Middlesex County, through which the lordly Connecticut flows (cutting all New England in half) is another beautiful section too little known to the tourist: along the west bank of the river from its mouth at Old Saybrook up to Middletown. In places, the river is nearly a mile wide; and the trees along its banks are among the finest in New England. Up here, as one ascends from the Sound, are dense woods, wonderful for strolls, or for riding; picturesque lakes, with good fishing and swimming; mountains to climb, raspberries to pick (in early July).

Here, near DEEP RIVER, is where the actor William Gillette had his "castle" and estate—the latter so extensive that he used a miniature railway to run about it. He is no small part of the richness of my recollections—all the way from "Secret Service" through "Sherlock Holmes," "The Admirable Crichton," and "Dear Brutus." He was a good deal of a recluse, partly because of always frail health and partly, I suspect, from natural inclination. But when he felt in the mood for it, what a raconteur! And of the unforgettable stories I've heard him tell, one at least—it seems to me—should be repeated here.

His father, as you probably know, was at one time United States Senator from Connecticut, and a man of decidedly aristocratic type; also a good bit of a Puritan. Their home was in Hartford, where they were near neighbors of Mark Twain. The elder Gillette held the theater in great disdain, and countenanced no attendance thereat except in the case of a Shakespeare play. William, born of this stern father, nevertheless had the theater in his blood, and manifested it from his earliest years.

Once, when William was a boy, Dion Boucicault, Irish comedian, was coming to Hartford in his own highly successful play "The Colleen Bawn." William asked permission to see it.

"Who wrote it?" demanded the elder Gillette.

"Shakespeare," said William, unhesitatingly.

"Never heard of it," his father replied in a tone that seemed to dismiss the matter, finally.

But William withdrew to the attic, where he had a small outfit for home printing. He carried with him a volume of Shakespeare's plays which had as frontispiece a steel-engraved portrait of the Bard, beneath which was "William Shakespeare" in very delicate, spidery script.

Young Gillette set up, from his small stock of messy little type, an additional line, and printed it in an inky smear under the script — then showed the volume to his august parent.

"Hm!" said the parent, fixing William with a glance whose meaning William never knew — but guessed.

The added line said "Author of 'The Colleen Bawn.'"

Anyhow, William was permitted to see it.

If you belong to a generation that William Gillette thrilled, you'll draw as close as possible to the place where he spent much of the money that rolled in upon him through theater box offices; and you'll chuckle as you recall that in his will Gillette, who had been a childless widower for many years, charged his executors to see that the property, when sold, did not get into the possession of "some blithering saphead who has no conception of where he is or with what surrounded."

Here's another story of that vicinity, but of different sort: Charles Hanson Towne, when he went *Jogging Around New England* in 1938, found on the bank of the

Connecticut River, hereabouts, "a wonderful gentleman who lives on an old government lightship with his charming wife." This man, who had gone to the Arctic in 1931 with Sir Hubert Wilkins' expedition, in a submarine, told Mr. Towne that Napoleon had a submarine built in 1776. (This must be a printer's error for 1796; for in '76 Napoleon was a seven-year-old boy on Corsica.) The submarine went after a British frigate; but Napoleon considered this an unsportsmanlike kind of warfare, and wouldn't countenance it!

This is something to remember, on a shore as much concerned with submarine history as this shore of Connecticut.

Near Deep River is Ivoryton, where there's a famous summer theater.

Linger in or near Old Saybrook as long as you can. But for this "shore-line" journey we must get on, via the 1,800-foot bridge across the river, to Old Lyme — and New London.

IN OLD LYME "a sea captain once lived in every house," and their descendants treasure the lovely things they brought back from the Orient. The population of Old Lyme in a late census was 1,313, much of it made up of artists who find this a paradise for living and for painting. Old Lyme Street, with its stately, arching elms and dignified old houses, is considered one of the most beautiful rural streets in America. See if you think Christopher Wren ever did anything lovelier than the Congregational Church in Old Lyme.

As you leave Old Lyme, your highway passes the "Mile of Roses" planted by Judge Noyes along a stone wall of his estate.

Then comes the Stone Ranch Military Reservation, bordering U. S. 1 for some two miles. Fred Stone, be-

loved comedian, fitted-up this estate as a typical Western ranch. Now, it is owned by the State and used as a CCC camp.

Fifteen miles beyond Old Lyme you come to NEW LONDON, wonderfully situated on hills rising above the mouth of the Thames, with one of the deepest harbors on the Atlantic Coast. New London suffered frightfully in the hurricane of September, 1938; but I am not afraid to promise that by the time you get there the ravages will be effaced by new beauty.

New London ought to have a chapter all its own; its past is so full of romance, and its present holds so much of interest. The Yale-Harvard Boat Races are held there on Friday of Commencement Week each June, and attended by a brilliant multitude. There is also the United States Coast Guard Academy, the "Annapolis" of the Coast Guard Service, covering forty-five acres on the Thames River; and a Coast Guard Base at Fort Trumbull; and at GROTON, six miles away, there's a United States Submarine Base, where 130 officers and 636 seamen of the Navy receive special training for submarine service. You may visit it, and see the tank containing a quarter of a million gallons of sea water where submarine crews are instructed in escaping from disabled submarines by the use of the mechanical "lung" which supplies air as they float up through 100 feet of water to the surface.

If you are ever to visit a Submarine Base, you cannot do so more fittingly than in the state of Connecticut, where David Bushnell made and demonstrated his *Turtle*, and where Simon Lake, the naval architect, lives.

Connecticut College, with its campus of 352 acres, is a women's college of liberal arts and sciences, with a student body of nearly 700. Opposite is the Connecticut



Arboretum, maintained by the college, with some 300 varieties of trees and shrubs native to Connecticut. From it, a path once led into Bolles Wood, an ancient hemlock forest. This had belonged from Colonial days to the Bolles family, who cared for it lovingly after it was deeded to them by the Chief of the Mohegans, and it was given to Connecticut College by Anna Hempstead Branch, the poet. The hemlocks in Bolles Wood were entirely destroyed by the hurricane of 1938.

You enter New London by Bank Street (local name for U. S. 1); you may want to take the first turning to your right, for Ocean Avenue, to visit Gardiner's Cemetery, where the celebrated actor, Richard Mansfield, sleeps. He had an estate here, "The Grange," which you'll wish to see if you are one of those fortunate persons who can remember his superb acting. Then return on Ocean Avenue to Bank Street, and continue along Bank Street till you reach "the Parade" where townsfolk used to assemble to greet their returning whalers. In a tavern that once faced the Parade, Nathan Hale made an impassioned speech when the news came from Lexington. Shortly afterward, he closed his school on the hill, and left to give his "one life" for his country.

On the Parade is a monument to the whalemens of New London. The town had \$2,500,000 invested in whaling ships, back in Civil War days; and the first steam whaler afloat, which left New London in June, 1864, to return in September, 1865, yielded a profit of more than \$150,000. The last whaler to make this port came in in 1909.

Continue on Bank Street beyond the Parade (it's called North Bank Street, now), and turn left at Main Street. At 294 Main Street is the house where Captain Stevens Rogers lived — he who, with his brother Moses, captained

the *Savannah*, the first steamship to cross the Atlantic, in 1819.

If you want to see the Whaling Museum you will find it at 224 State Street. Then return on Main Street, toward the Parade, to State Street, and turn right on State. At the end of State Street turn left into Huntington Street, which almost immediately becomes Jay Street, and follow it to Hempstead Street at Number 11 in which you will find New London's oldest dwelling, which was the home of the poet Anna Hempstead Branch and is open to the public as a museum. In antebellum days, it was a station of the "Underground Railway" for escaping slaves.

Continue on Hempstead Street to Richards Street, and turn, right on Richards, to "Ye Ancientest Burying Ground," laid out in 1645, in a corner of which stands (removed thither from its original site) the little schoolhouse in which Nathan Hale taught.

If, now, you follow Richards Street east to Main Street and turn left in the latter, you will come presently to Mill Street and the old grist mill, established by John Winthrop in 1650, and still running.

If you want to see the Coast Guard Academy and Connecticut College, you must go on, north, beyond Riverside Park, for the Academy; and farther north, on Mohegan Avenue, for the College.

The Sound Steamship Lines have two steamers daily from New London to Block Island, of which we'll speak in our Rhode Island chapter, following this one.

### *Detour to Lebanon*

Lovers of Revolutionary history ought not to miss **LEBANON**. To reach it, take Route 32 north from New

London, along the route of the first Turnpike completed in America. Nine miles north of New London you pass through the Indian village of Mohegan, where "the last of the Mohicans" live. Then, passing the Norwich Inn, a most attractive hostelry with fine grounds and a private golf course, you come (thirteen miles from New London) to NORWICH, an industrial city where many interesting things have happened and many interesting people have lived. Norwich is sometimes called "The Rose of New England" with her crooked old cobbled streets climbing the terraced hillsides, her handsome mansions and her old-fashioned flower gardens, her memories of the Indians and of far-sailing men of the sea. There's a great deal to see in Norwich, and a great deal to think about. And you might go on, up Route 93, to Pomfret, which some of those who know Connecticut best think is a "must-see" town. (Or you might be following U. S. 44 from Hartford east toward Providence, and find yourself at Pomfret a short distance west of the state line.)

Pomfret is a town of fine homes and schools for boys. The Norman Chapel of the Pomfret School is beautiful, and there's a sundial copied from one which has marked many sunny hours at Oxford. (Some motorists like U. S. 44 from Poughkeepsie for Boston, through Canaan and Norfolk and Avon and Hartford. At Pomfret, if they don't want to go on to Providence, they may take Route 12 north to its junction with U. S. 20, and follow the latter into Boston.)

Southwest of Pomfret in a State Park is the den into which Israel Putnam is believed to have crawled and pulled a wolf from its lair.

Less than three miles north of Norwich is the junction with State 87; and just over eight miles northwest on that route is Lebanon — twenty-four miles from New

London. Perhaps you won't make this detour if you are bound for Providence and thereabouts. But you may easily see Lebanon if you happen to be making for Boston by way of Stafford Springs and Route 15.

Lebanon has lovely old houses nestling beneath tall elms, and a mile-long Common which looks much as it did when the citizens met there in April, 1770, and drafted a declaration of rights and liberties that antedated the Philadelphia Declaration by more than six years. The leading spirit in this, as in much else that Lebanon did, was Jonathan Trumbull, the only Colonial governor to espouse the Revolution. Of him, Washington used often to say when confronted by a knotty problem: "Let's see what Brother Jonathan can do." Three successive generations of Trumbulls were Governors of Connecticut.

During the winter of 1780, and to the end of June, 1781, the Duc de Lauzun's celebrated cavalry legion was quartered at Lebanon (Rochambeau, who ordered them there, spelled it Le Banon). Of this town the brilliantly social duke said: "Siberia alone can be compared to Lebanon, which is composed only of some cottages scattered in the midst of a vast forest."

The French officers occupied the home of David Trumbull, Jonathan's son, and they brought with them into this "Siberia" a colorful social gaiety they simply could not live without. In a life of Governor Trumbull it is said that "They made a superb appearance as they rode into town, being young, tall, vivacious men with handsome faces and a noble air, mounted on horses bravely caparisoned." And they entertained as brilliantly as conditions would allow.

Mrs. David Trumbull (who owned the only carpet in Lebanon) was asked by her husband if she would give

up her home to the French officers. "Certainly," she replied, and vacated within an hour, leaving everything in "apple pie" readiness for her guests. She drove to Norwich; and there, some five weeks later, her second child was born.

Donald Mitchell ("Ik Marvel") wrote thus of Lauzun at Lebanon: —

What a contrast it is — this gay nobleman, carved out, as it were, from the dissolute age of Louis XV, who had sauntered under the colonnades of the Trianon, and had kissed the hand of the Pompadour, now strutting among the staid dames of Norwich and Lebanon. How they must have looked after him and his fine troopers from under their knitted hoods!

(Lauzun perished on the guillotine during the Reign of Terror. As the executioner was about to tie his hands behind his back, Lauzun said: "We are both Frenchmen, we shall both do our duty.")

Lebanon in those days was on the direct road from New York to Boston and was in frequent communication with both. There was scarcely a building anywhere which had more important "goings-on" than the one-time store of Jonathan Trumbull's father, which became the Military and Naval Headquarters of the Colony, supplying the Army with more men and money than came from any other colony save Massachusetts, so that Washington declared: "Except for Jonathan Trumbull, the war could not have been carried to a successful termination."

The old War Office, where almost every important man of the day met in one or another of its innumerable conferences, is now a museum; and few buildings in New England are more interesting to lovers of American history.

The Governor Trumbull House, close by, is a historical museum; and though "Redwood," where the French officers lived, is now a private residence, you may look at its exterior and imagine the gay comings and goings of long ago. It was built in 1704, and "Brother Jonathan" was born in it.

The beautiful Congregational Church, built in 1804-5-6 from the design of Jonathan Trumbull's artist son, John, was not the one in which John's mother took off her fine cloak of scarlet cloth that Rochambeau had given her, and donated it to help clothe some shivering American soldier; but the tragedy of the Great Hurricane of 1938 which destroyed this building was great though the church's memories did not go back to those Revolutionary years.

On the Friday preceding that famous disaster, this old church's steeple had just been repainted, the clock hands and numerals gold-leafed, and repairs on the exterior and interior of the church had been finished at a cost of \$1,000; materials had been ordered for further repairs and workmen had been engaged. Only the façade now remains of one of Lebanon's proudest heritages, but the citizens are fortunate in that measurements and data are available for accurate restoration without guesswork. The bulletin of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities for January, 1940, states that the figured cost of such reconstruction will be about \$75,000. Statewide efforts to raise these funds have already started, in spite of the fact that razed homes, barns, orchards have brought distress to this famous community so that the townsfolk cannot do all they would wish.

Go to Lebanon if you can! And help, as you can, with the restoration of that beautiful old church.

*Old Post Road to Rhode Island*

U. S. 1 leaves New London via a steel bridge across the Thames to Groton, where the United States Submarine Base is.

Six miles beyond Groton you come to MYSTIC, where some of the finest and fastest clipper ships were built; a short distance from Mystic, on State Road 169, is a Marine Historical Museum containing one of America's finest collections of clipper ship models, old figureheads, and the like. The view from the top of Lantern Hill in Mystic is superb.

Five miles more, and you are at the north end of STONINGTON, through the main part of which your route does not pass. Unless you are in a great hurry, however, you should not follow U. S. 1 when it turns east at Pearl Street, but continue south on Water Street — looking for one thing in particular, but enjoying everything about the old town which used to be called a "Nursery for Seamen."

That "one thing in particular" which I think most visitors in Stonington will enjoy seeing is Whistler's boyhood home. He was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, but his father was an engineer and the family moved with him to various locations. Their Stonington residence was at the northwest corner of Main and Wall Streets. (Turn, left, off Water Street at Wall Street, and you are almost upon it.) Don't you wonder what "Mother" looked like when she lived there, and whether she had begun to give any hint of the gracious elderly lady whose portrait is loved by so many millions?

Captain Edmund Fanning of Stonington served as a midshipman under John Paul Jones; he was only eighteen when he discovered, on June 15, 1798, the Fanning

Islands, south of the Hawaiian Islands, which are now of great importance on the Pan-American air route to the Orient. Another Fanning lad was maintopman of the *Bonhomme Richard* in its historic fight with the *Serapis*. Nathaniel Palmer, of Stonington, captain at twenty of a whaler in the Antarctic, was only twenty-one when he discovered the Antarctic Continent.

In the war of 1812, Stonington was bombarded by a British fleet under the command of Captain Hardy, to whom the dying Nelson said, as he lay in the cockpit of the *Victory* off Trafalgar, "Kiss me, Hardy." Stonington had only two cannon, manned by the militia, but it repulsed Hardy with such dire results to his fleet that, ever since, Stonington has sung: "It cost the King ten thousand pounds to have a dash at Stonington."

About five miles beyond Stonington, U. S. 1 crosses the Rhode Island Line at the Pawcatuck River.

Now, for another route through Connecticut.

## 2. VARIATIONS — IN CASE THE SHORE LINE DOESN'T SUIT YOUR PURPOSES

Many travelers going into New England from New York will prefer an approach different from that I have described.

You may be familiar with the shore route, and want another. You may want to get as soon as possible into rural New England, to avoid cities and seek sylvan scenes. You may have the Berkshires or Vermont, and not Boston, for your first main objective.

In following U. S. 1 I have had in mind those who may not have been in New England before, and therefore want to see places of which they have heard a great



deal. The main line between New York and Boston of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, as we have said, practically parallels U. S. 1 to the Rhode Island border, and then turns northeastward to Providence; but another line of this road leaves the main line at Norwalk for Danbury and goes on north, through very lovely country, to Canaan, Connecticut, and up to Stockbridge, Lenox and Pittsfield, in the Berkshires. Also, from Bridgeport, Connecticut, there is a line north, to Hawleyville—a few miles east of Danbury—and thence up through idyllic Washington to Litchfield, which it evidently recognizes as the *ne plus ultra*, for there it stops, as if unable to believe that anyone could wish to go farther.

From New Haven, the railroad will take you northeast through Hartford to Springfield. From New London another line of the same road will take you straight up to Worcester (Massachusetts) and on to Fitchburg, Massachusetts, whence there are lines north.

Greyhound buses follow almost every possible route.

If you are motoring, and want to avoid the congested U. S. 1 through thick-clustered shore communities, and if your objective is Western Massachusetts (the Berkshires) or Vermont, anywhere from Bennington to the northern part of Lake Champlain, you'll doubtless take Merritt Parkway, a continuation of Hutchinson River Parkway in New York State, and follow that fine, restricted toll road through Greenwich, Stamford, and New Canaan to Norwalk, whence U. S. 7, the Ethan Allen Highway, will take you north through Danbury and along the route followed in 1775 by the 230 Connecticut men and boys who hastened north to join the Green Mountain Boys, with Ethan Allen, a native of lovely Litchfield, Connecticut. You doubtless remember what

happened at Ticonderoga! Perhaps you will relish the thought of pressing northward in the wake of that dauntless band.

Merritt Parkway goes on through Stratford, whence you can go north over State 8, as I shall presently tell you.

### *On the Ethan Allen Highway*

But now we approach U. S. 7 and are at NORWALK — you and I — and it may be that you are interested in Little Theaters, and will wish to note the famous Studio Playhouse, in the basement of the Norwalk Library, at Mott and Belden Avenues, a short distance southwest of where U. S. 7 begins; and the Theatre in the Woods, near the start of U. S. 7, where Metropolitan Opera stars sometimes sing in operettas during the summer months.

Or you may have artist friends at SILVERMINE. (Turn off U. S. 7 on a macadam road one mile north of Norwalk, and follow that road for a little over two miles.)

Four miles north of Norwalk on U. S. 7 there's a smithy right out of Longfellow.

Fine trees shade the road here, and puppies bark from kennels — begging to be bought, and taken along, and loved. How some of us resist as many puppies as we do, I can't understand — except that we *have* to!

If you were to turn off, right, ten-and-a-half miles north of Norwalk, to take State 53, you wouldn't miss anything of great consequence en route to Danbury, and you'd see "Stormfield," Mark Twain's estate, and Knob Crook Brook, a ravine which he thought one of the loveliest spots in America.

Danbury Fair brings thousands hereabouts in the first week of each October. DANBURY probably won't

detain you long, but you may like to think as you pass through it of "The *Danbury News Man*," James Montgomery Bailey, who in the years after the close of the Civil War was quoted from ocean to ocean; and you may like to know that the felt hats for which Danbury is famous are made from the fur of Australian rabbits. At least, so I'm told. Why not American rabbits? I can't guess.

The White Turkey Inn, on U. S. 7, four miles north of Danbury, is famous, and justly so, for its furnishings, for food, and for hospitality.

North of Danbury, and a little west of U. S. 7, is CANDLEWOOD LAKE, a sprawling man-made body of water, the largest lake in Connecticut. Due to its peculiar formation it has many miles of picturesque shore line, along which summer colonies are developing—only seventy-five miles from New York City. It covers some 6,000 acres, is fifteen miles long, and the water is pumped into it at the rate of more than 100,000 gallons a minute, from the Housatonic River. Until the dam was built, this was quite wild "back country," seldom visited.

Up near the top of the lake, on U. S. 7, is NEW MILFORD on the Housatonic, a delightful town to which Roger Sherman came in 1743, when he was twenty-two years old, and opened a cobbler's shop. (If you haven't read what I wrote about New Haven, you may not remember that Roger was the only man who signed all four of the fundamental documents on which the United States Government is based.) He lived at New Haven from 1761 to his death in 1793.

You might like to leave U. S. 7 at New Milford, and take State 25 for a few miles north, rejoining U. S. 7 again eleven miles farther on. This is a scenic route, with many memories of the Revolution, through country

now largely devoted to dairying; it will take you to Lake Waramaug, a charming body of water quite high above sea level, whereon are many summer homes, hotels, and opportunities for sport. On the west shore of the lake's north end, you'll find a State Park of seventy-five acres, with picnic, camping, fishing and bathing facilities; mountains rise almost sheer from the sides of the lake. If you have brought a luncheon from New York this might be just about where you'd be at lunchtime; and you could have a climb or a swim before eating.

Should Litchfield and its idyllic vicinity be your objective, you'll find it by Route 25; if you want the lake, a junction just south of it, with Route 45, will point the way thither.

Continuing from New Milford on U. S. 7, you go through Bull's Bridge to the junction with State 341, on which, close to your main route, is the famous Kent School (preparatory) for boys, an Episcopal school with an international reputation, which often sends a crew to row at Henley on the Thames.

A mile north of the town of Kent you'll find, on U. S. 7, The Shining Windows, a tearoom in an ancient house. Roast beef and Yorkshire pudding is the specialty—a change from sea food and chicken.

Some four miles farther north, you reach Kent Falls State Park, another grand picnic place. Beautiful cataracts tumble from one rocky terrace to another; if you like a good stiff climb you may have it there, in beautiful surroundings. There are picnic facilities in the Park, and it may be almost too popular.

Beauty spots held in trust for your enjoyment abound along this route. Four miles beyond Kent Falls Park is Housatonic Meadows State Park, with picnic places along the birch-lined bank of the turbulent river. Three

miles farther is the Housatonic State Forest, with more tumbling cascades in a hemlock glen.

Half a mile or so north of these cascades is the village of WEST CORNWALL, with an old covered bridge; and near there (west, one mile and a half on State 112) is the charming hamlet of LIME ROCK, an important artists' colony in a truly idyllic setting. Fine handmade papers produced at Lime Rock are in demand by etchers and engravers all over this country and even abroad. An old blast furnace has been turned into a summer theater; there's a picture exhibit each August; there are miles of lovely woodland trails near by; and it's not far to Twin Lakes, to the Berkshires, to Canaan and Music Mountain and the famous music school under the direction of Jacques Gordon, whose String Quartet gives fine concerts on summer Sunday afternoons. The many apple trees thereabouts are believed to have been planted by the famous Johnny Appleseed. Also, there's Cathedral Pines, half a mile west of Cornwall, a famous forest of white pine—probably the finest in our Eastern States, and a wonderful place to spend an hour or two of sublime silence and reflection.

TWIN LAKES lie a little to the west of U. S. 7 at Canaan, almost at the Massachusetts border and well within the Berkshires. Hundreds of people spend their summers there, in surroundings as delightful as anyone could wish.

At East Canaan, four miles east of Canaan on Route 44, is the Yale Barn, widely renowned for its delicious food and as an antique shop.

This is the part of the world where John Brown was born and spent his earliest years. He was born at Torrington in 1800—of Mayflower stock, it's said. Kansas never saw him till he was fifty-five years old.

Did you know that he was the father of twenty children?

For Litchfield and thereabouts, you could follow U. S. 7 to New Milford, as I have said, and there take State 25; or you could go on, via Merritt Parkway to Stratford and turn north on State 8. This takes you from the mouth of the Housatonic up its splendid valley, the upper reaches of which have made many men lyric. State 8 is one of the most heavily traveled roads in Connecticut, and parallels a line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. The lower stretches of the river are lined with busy factories and other evidences of industry, and probably will not interest you very much. If you want to see a hideous modernistic high school which looks as if it should turn out highly mechanized robots, there's the Ansonia High School at Derby, built in 1937—said to have many practical features, but it will probably make you shudder to think of youth spending four formative years in such stark ugliness.

Twenty-six miles along your route is WATERBURY, center of the brass industry of the United States. Waterbury watches were first made in the 1850's. In 1892 Robert H. Ingersoll contracted for the entire output of the plant, advertised widely, and sold about five million a year for thirty years till he died, in 1922.

I believe you'll prefer to avoid Waterbury and to leave Route 8 (if you've taken it at all) at Derby and follow Route 34 to Sandy Hook, whence you can take U. S. 6 up to its junction with Route 61 which goes to Litchfield and Goshen. But this, if you're coming from New York and not from east of Stratford, is unnecessary mileage to small purpose. U. S. 7 to New Milford and Route 25 from there is much better.

LITCHFIELD, birthplace of Ethan Allen, is one of the

loveliest spots in Connecticut. There are few lovelier in New England. It seems, even more than most beautiful old towns, to belong to a world apart from the fret and strain and hurry of the world most of us live in. Its fine old elms shadow dignified Colonial houses and velvety lawns. And over everything broods an air of serene peace. Early settlers (in 1720 and thereabouts) were not permitted to become residents until their characters had been thoroughly investigated; and today, if "the wrong sort" of person happened upon Litchfield it wouldn't be necessary for the town fathers to ask him to "move on" — he'd do it of his own accord, because he'd realize he didn't "belong." Many of the residents are there in summer only, but more than a few of them live in homes their ancestors built.

Prior to the outbreak of the Revolution Aaron Burr was a law student there; later, Litchfield had the first law school in America; Burr's brother-in-law, Judge Tapping Reeve, was its founder, in 1782. Long and illustrious is the roster of its graduates — including John C. Calhoun.

Henry Ward Beecher and his sister Harriet were born at Litchfield and spent their childhood there, where their father was pastor for sixteen years.

One of the oldest houses still standing is that of Oliver Wolcott (1753) on South Street, opposite the little Law School. In the yard of this house more than 40,000 bullets were molded from the lead statue of George III, torn down by enraged patriots from its pedestal in Bowling Green, New York. The ladies of the Wolcott family and their friends melted the lead and made the bullets. But don't ask me how the statue was brought here from New York. I can't imagine. Oliver Wolcott, Jr., who grew up here, succeeded Alexander

Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury, and was the first president of the Bank of America. He was also Governor of Connecticut for ten years, and lived in the house at the southwest corner of South and Wolcott Streets.

Ethan Allen's birthplace is on High Street, and you'll visit it, of course. Litchfield was still a very young community when he was born, on January 10, 1737.

On North Street, next to the old brick bank building of 1815, is the house once owned and occupied by Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge, one of Washington's aides, Chief of the Intelligence Service and a friend of Nathan Hale. It was he who identified Major André, after his capture.

The first institution in America for the higher education of women was Miss Pierce's Academy, in Litchfield, opened in 1792. And Judge Reeve, of the first American law school, was a pioneer for women's rights.

Litchfield has, you see, much besides her beauty to make her proud.

See Phelps Tavern, on East Street near the lovely Green; and "the Old Curiosity Shop" near by. In fact, see all of Litchfield that you can — if you're the sort of person that old towns like this appeal to. If you're not — hurry through, I pray you.

Southwest of Litchfield is Bantam Lake, with a large summer colony and many school camps.

Another lovely village south of Litchfield is WASHINGTON, center for many summer homes and a boys' preparatory school, Gunnery School. (Not military; named for its founder, Frederick W. Gunn, a remarkable teacher.) Henry van Dyke loved Washington, and near there are some of his "Little Rivers." Tertius van Dyke now lives in Washington, as head of Gunnery School.

North of Litchfield, six miles on Route 61, is GOSHEN,



from which you'd take Route 4 west to the Housatonic to pick up U. S. 7 for the Berkshires. Or you might prefer to continue on Route 25 from Litchfield to Torrington, where John Brown was born, and thence by Route 49 to NORFOLK, where there's an exclusive summer colony and a lively center of winter sports. The famous Norfolk "Music Shed" of 1899, where many of the most eminent living composers (including Sibelius) conducted their own works for invited audiences, was discontinued in 1925 after the death of the founder, Mr. Carl Stoeckel. But the Choral Union, of 700 voices, gives a concert each year, in June. From Norfolk it is only a short distance west to Canaan on U. S. 7, just south of the Massachusetts Line.

Connecticut has so many enchanting old towns that there's scarcely one which shouldn't be called to the attention of her visitors. But few persons can hope to see them all, or to see half of them. And so many roads that lead from beauty to more beauty, from one point of interest to another.

I wish we might follow them every one. Though I doubt if that would do as much for us as a bit of wise loitering in a few.

In a book of this size and scope, I may only "indicate" where the charms lie; I must not loiter, to luxuriate in them. After all—I console myself—what *I* think of them is of small moment; and what *you* think, when you have found them with my aid, is all that really matters.

I'm not impatient—as once I inclined to be—with people who are obliged to hurry, to snatch an eager eye-ful in a fraction of time, and store it for long years of retrospect during which it grows ever-lovelier. We can't all live where the conditions of living most appeal to us;

but we can all dwell there in fancy after once we've glimpsed it, hungrily.

You'll find people in Connecticut who think you can't be getting anything out of their grand old state because you must try to see what you can of it in part of a brief vacation. There are people like that everywhere. Connecticut has no preponderance of them. Don't let them "get you down"! If you see their beautiful state or village too briefly, because you can't command more time for it, console yourself with the reflection that to be wistful, ever after seeing it, about a lovely place is often better spiritual growth than to possess it, daily, and "grow used to it."

See what you yearn to see, in the time you have for seeing. Pause, now and then, if you can, to dream and reflect and yearn. But if you must do all these after you get back to your familiar routine, don't feel culpable. I've known people who lived richly, for years, on the recollection of things but briefly seen, yet deeply enjoyed.

On *The Connecticut Guide*, an admirable volume compiled by Edgar L. Heermance as a project of the State Planning Board and published at Hartford in 1935 by the Emergency Relief Commission, about one thousand persons co-operated, covering 169 towns. What fraction of those towns are touched upon in these pages, I can't say. Not enough, certainly, for all purposes. But persons who need more have it to turn to, in this Guide, and in the Connecticut volume of the American Guide Series; the former contains 320 pages, and the latter nearly 600.

### *Sports and Recreation in Connecticut*

**FISHING.** Connecticut has more than 7,600 miles of rivers and streams, and a thousand lakes and ponds

covering an aggregate area of 43,000 acres. It requires a license of all persons over sixteen who fish, and for nonresidents this costs \$5.35. Write the State Board of Fisheries, State Office Building, Hartford, Conn. The state has 245 miles of shore line on Long Island Sound and the Atlantic, and deep-sea fishing may be enjoyed by anyone, without a license, who can afford to rent a boat for the purpose. The most exciting sport of this region is catching swordfish, which are extraordinary fighters. If you want to try that, ask at Stonington docks (east of New London) for a professional who will take a paying guest.

**HUNTING.** Excellent rabbit hunting — nowhere better in the East; coons and squirrels; pheasants; wild fowl, in autumn on their way south, are shot on shore and up along the Connecticut River. Fox-hunting has, for the most part, to be done on private estates. There are a few hunt clubs: at Watertown, Durham, Norfolk, Fairfield. Deer are protected. For hunting license (\$10.35 for nonresidents) write the State Board of Fisheries and Game (see paragraph above). A combination hunting and fishing license costs nonresidents \$14.35.

**BOATING** is tremendously popular: on the Sound, everything from luxurious yachts to the smallest craft; inland, no yachts, of course — but motorboats can go from the Sound to Massachusetts, up the Connecticut River with only one lock, at Enfield Rapids. Canoeing is done on the Connecticut River, the Housatonic, the Thames. On the Housatonic you may enjoy a short stretch of 17 miles of *falt*-boating (so popular in Europe) beginning at Falls Village, a short distance from U. S. 7, in the Litchfield Hills — just about due east from Rhinebeck, N. Y.

**RIDING** is a bit restricted in Connecticut, but possible

and more than that—wonderfully enjoyable—if one takes the small trouble of selecting a favorable region where there are unfrequented dirt roads through back-country. In a number of such places you will find not only saddle horses but riding togs for rent.

BICYCLING is so popular in certain sections that the New Haven Railroad runs special cycle trains, occasionally, from New York City up to the Canaan Hills of Northern Connecticut. Ask about these at any New Haven station.

HIKING may be delightfully done in Connecticut. There are many districts in which it is the ideal method of getting about. The Appalachian Trail crosses the state from Bear Mountain, Massachusetts, in the southernmost Berkshires, to Mt. Schaghticoke at the New York State Line, where the Schaghticoke Indian reservation is. More than one hundred warriors of that tribe were soldiers in the American Revolution, acting as a liaison unit, relaying messages from Stockbridge, Massachusetts, to Long Island Sound. The Reservation is close to the famous Kent School for boys in the lovely Housatonic Valley—about due east of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The Mattatuck Trail connects the Appalachian Trail with the Quinnipiac and Tunxis Trails, running past Bantam Lake and other lovely lakes, in the direction of Woodbury. The Quinnipiac Trail follows a series of trap rock cliffs to Mt. Carmel, seven miles north of New Haven. The Tunxis Trail continues the Quinnipiac north to Massachusetts through wild country with unusually extensive views. The Mattabesett Trail follows the palisaded hills east of Meriden, with an extension to the Connecticut River. The Metacomet Trail continues the Mattabesett from Meriden to the Massachusetts Line.

You may hike more than 400 miles in Connecticut,

following trails marked with light blue paint and laid out as a series of round-trip walks. Feeders every few miles connect with the main highways and transportation lines. For particulars write *New England Trail Conference, 60 Fearing Street, Amherst, Mass.* Send ten cents for a general folder on New England trails, or twenty-five cents for guide sheets and maps of Connecticut Trails.

GOLF and TENNIS are available practically everywhere in Connecticut.

WINTER SPORTS are best in Litchfield County, whose hills are practically continuous with the Berkshires. Norfolk is an excellent ski center. Ask the New Haven Railroad about snow trains.

SUMMER THEATERS. Connecticut has a number of very good ones, most of which have been mentioned in our main text.

BATHING and SWIMMING are to be had in innumerable places.

CABINS and CAMPS, see *Cabin Trails* (furnished free by *Ray A. Walker, Haverhill, Mass.*).

## CHAPTER II

### RHODE ISLAND

No ONE needs to be reminded that Rhode Island is the smallest state in the Union; and that Texas—our largest state—is more than 200 times its size. Forty-eight miles from bottom to top, and thirty-eight miles across, nearly twenty per cent of its small area is occupied by Narragansett Bay, which extends twenty-eight miles inland. And yet there is much to say about our smallest state, which was the first of the Thirteen Colonies to declare independence of Great Britain, and the last to ratify the Federal Constitution. It is now the most highly industrialized state in the Union, and the *per capita* wealth produced by manufacturing is more than twice the average for the country at large.

#### *Introduction to Our Smallest State*

Rhode Island is small in area but great in many things—in none greater than in her record of tolerance. From her beginnings she has welcomed and protected men and women of many religious beliefs. Today, with a population of industrial workers assembled from a great number and variety of other lands, she is doing a notable job of assimilation, nationalization—in the spirit of Roger Williams.

It may be of things like these you are thinking as you approach Rhode Island; or you may be thinking of Rhode Island clambakes and "jonnycake," which others spell johnnycake.

The Rhode Island clam has a soft shell, and is different in shape and flavor from the hard-shelled variety known elsewhere. Rhode Island admits tomatoes to its chowder, which elsewhere in New England (except Connecticut) is rank heresy — so much so, that a Maine politician has denounced it as "the work of Reds who seek to undermine our most hallowed traditions."

I'm of the no-tomato school for chowder. But of course I believe that one should eat it in Rhode Island as it comes there; then have it on Cape Cod, and everywhere else along the New England shores, especially Maine, that specializes in it. (Have Rhode Island quahog chowder, too, which is made without milk or tomatoes.)

Jonnycake used to be called "journey cake," because the Pilgrim Fathers when they went on journeys carried it with them. In Rhode Island it's spelled "jonnycake," which probably supports the story that its name was changed in honor of Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, George Washington's staunch friend whom the latter always called "Brother Jonathan."

Jonnycake in Rhode Island is made of one cup of fine-ground white cornmeal (water-ground) not bolted, one cup of boiling water, a teaspoon of salt, and about half a cup of milk. The batter should be a little stiffer than for ordinary pancakes, and makes — when baked with great care on a lightly greased skillet — cakes about  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch thick. Yet I know people who don't distinguish between jonnycake and cornbread! Cornbread has yellow cornmeal, eggs, sugar, shortening, and flour, with much baking powder. It's a totally different product. I'm

stressing this, so you may not "lose caste" in Rhode Island by not knowing the difference.

In these few pages, we can do little more than follow U. S. 1 through the state on its way through Narragansett and Providence to Boston, telling you how you may get to Newport en route.

U. S. 1 is not the shortest route between New London and Providence. State Road 3 is eleven miles shorter, but much less traveled. Take it if you are in a hurry. Otherwise, follow U. S. 1.

In either case you have WESTERLY, at the Rhode Island end of the Pawcatuck Bridge. Westerly has twelve miles of safe, sandy beaches. But what I think you'll like better than lingering there is to turn off U. S. 1 at Elm Street, by Christ Church, and to go via Avondale to WATCH HILL (five miles and a half) where there is an elegant summer colony with charming homes. The Ocean House has been in operation for seventy-five years and has a fine, faithful clientele.

Return to Westerly by the same road.

Ten miles beyond Westerly is a junction with an unpaved road marked "Kimball Bird Sanctuary." This latter belongs to the Audubon Society of Rhode Island, is open at all times, and is 1.3 miles along the unpaved road, to your left.

A mile beyond this junction, on your right, is the King Tom Farm, on which is Coronation Rock where, until 1770, the Narragansett Indians crowned their chiefs.

Some six miles farther, there is a junction with another dirt road marked "Matunuck Point" and leading to Matunuck Beach, with many fine homes and hotels and a theater in which, during the summer months, an excellent stock company plays.



All this "South County," where Matunuck lies, is — says Porter Sargent — "a region of marked individuality and charm. Facing the warm ocean and the Gulf Stream it has a more equable climate than any other portion of New England, and here, among pines and scrub oak, wild rhododendron and holly bloom, and the luxuriant flora, is very suggestive of the South. Perhaps it was natural that here in Colonial days the life and customs should more closely resemble that of the Virginia plantations than the Puritan farms. The land was owned by a comparatively small number of families who lived in almost feudal manner. Estates of five, six, and even ten miles square existed, with great flocks and herds, and producing great crops for export — cultivated by slave labor, Indian and Negro. The planters had great wealth and spacious mansions and lived luxuriously — lordly gentlemen in velvet coats."

Two miles farther is another junction with a dirt lane that leads to the Oliver Hazard Perry House, with its memories of Commodore Perry, who was in command of the American inland fleet on Lake Erie, and his brother Matthew who opened the ports of Japan to the world.

Just beyond, a paved road branching off to your left has on it Ye Old Tavern, believed to be about 200 years old.

Soon you come to WAKEFIELD, with many fine homes and a big mill for woolen cloth. From there it is two miles and a half to NARRAGANSETT. The once-famous Pier is gone; but the beaches continue to attract thousands during the summer months.

If you have time, you may like to take Ocean Road, south from Narragansett, to Point Judith (5.7 miles) — one of the most dangerous spots along the Atlantic

Coast to mariners — and one of the most uncomfortable for voyagers who pass. Along Ocean Road are many fine estates.

If you want to know about *Old Narragansett*, get the book of that name by Alice Morse Earle.

Northward from Narragansett, U. S. 1 follows the west shore of Narragansett Bay to Saunderstown and Wickford.

The long island in the middle of Narragansett Bay is Conanicut Island, to which a fine new bridge from Saunderstown to Jamestown (on the island) has just been opened; and from Jamestown you ferry to Newport, in about twenty minutes. Ferries leave Jamestown for Newport hourly, on the hour; returning, they leave Newport on the half-hour. The trip is rather expensive, as the average cost for cars, calculated on wheelbase, is ninety cents on the ferry; and fifteen cents must be paid for each extra passenger.

On the other hand, if you want to see Newport (and most people do!) you must either reach it this way or go to it from Providence, on State Route 114, which is a round trip of fifty miles; and even if you go that way, you have a toll to pay of sixty cents one way or one dollar round trip on the Mount Hope Bridge.

For Newport, we must remember, is at the southern end of an island, Rhode Island island, and there is no way to reach it save by bridge or ferry.

A third way to get to it is from Fall River, Massachusetts, a run of fourteen miles and a half.

For travelers wishing to see the "high lights of New England" on a tour they may not soon repeat, I recommend leaving U. S. 1 at Saunderstown, crossing to Newport, and continuing by State 114 from Newport to Providence.

If you continue on U. S. 1 to Providence, you come, just past Saunderstown, to the junction with a dirt road on which you may want to turn, left, for a mile to see the birthplace of the distinguished painter, Gilbert Stuart, whose father was a Scottish snuff-grinder. Stuart painted portraits of many notables — kings, presidents, famous artists, and others — but said that George Washington was the only one of them all in whose presence he found himself embarrassed.

Four miles north of this junction is WICKFORD, which prides itself on having more well-preserved eighteenth-century houses than any other village of its size in New England. The first of them was erected probably in 1711; but the oldest still standing is believed to have been built in 1728.

You might like to make a detour of half a mile from Main Street to the State Lobster Hatchery which usually has on hand about 10,000 baby lobsters and which releases about a million and a half lobsters in a year. When they leave Wickford Hatchery the youngsters are old enough to seek the bottom of the sea, and there they grow until they are large enough to protect themselves.

A half-mile or so north of the junction with State 102, you have on your left the Palmer Northrup House, parts of which appear to date from about 1650; and in front of it, on the edge of the highway, is a stone marker stating that there was the Roger Williams Trading Post, established in 1637. Just beyond it is the Richard Smith House, built about 1680 on the site of an earlier house where Smith built, in 1639, his first trading post in the Narragansett Indian territory.

Five miles farther, you come to the junction of Forge Road, at the end of which, to your right, about a mile

distant, is the birthplace of General Nathanael Greene, considered the most brilliant military strategist of the Revolution. Nine generations of the Greene family have lived there.

On Ives Street, which runs north from Forge Road, is Goddard Memorial Park, given to the State in 1927 by Robert H. Ives Goddard, wealthy textile manufacturer, of Providence, and his sister, the Marquise D'Andigne, of Paris. It contains 470 acres, with many rare species of trees. It has sport and picnic facilities, and some structures built in 1936 to illustrate the village life of the Narragansett Indians.

Next you come, on U. S. 1, to EAST GREENWICH, built on the side of a long hill and containing many early American houses, the most interesting of which is the Governor William Greene homestead on Division Street, in possession of the Greene family since 1718. It was there that Nathanael Greene met and married Catherine Littlefield, in 1774, when he was thirty-two—the year that this son of Rhode Island Quakers joined the local militia and was expelled from the Society of Friends. After the Revolution, which he had served so brilliantly, General Greene was voted liberal grants of land and money by the States of South Carolina and Georgia, and settled on an estate fourteen miles north of Savannah, where he died of sunstroke in 1786, when he was not quite 44.

On Pierce Street near the First Baptist Church is the General Varnum House of 1733, where Washington, Lafayette, and Thomas Paine were guests.

Now your route continues past the new State Airport to the boundary line between Warwick and Cranston. Warwick is composed of more than a dozen villages

separated by large tracts of woodlands and open fields in an area of forty-two square miles.

About nine miles south of Providence U. S. 1 runs for a mile or so through the eastern outskirts of Cranston, an industrial city with many wire and textile mills. And as you near Providence, you pass (on your right) Roger Williams Park, noted for its flower gardens and for the beauty of its setting.

### *Providence*

PROVIDENCE is a delightful city, second in size in New England, with a population of more than a quarter of a million, many of them foreign-born or second-generation. Italians predominate, with over 50,000, who are estimated to have some twenty million dollars in Providence banks; there are also many Swedish (thrifty folk and excellent citizens, as they are everywhere) and large colonies of French-Canadians and of Portuguese.

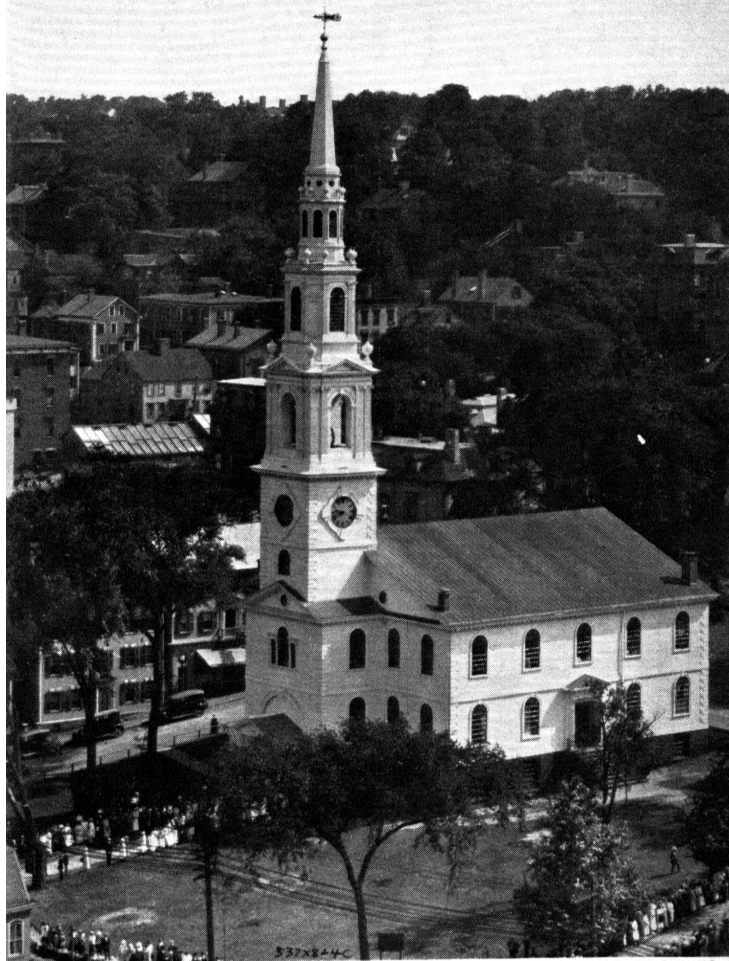
It is not, however, the cosmopolitanism of Providence that makes it so interesting to me. What I love there is the feeling of being in what I call "America." In some of the small, old communities through which we have passed on this trip, one has the feeling of being in America as it used to be — and can never be again. I admit that often I am wistful to live for at least part of each remaining year in a community like that; but probably I'd have a guilty conscience if I indulged that wistfulness beyond a certain point. We must do the main part of our active living and serving (if we can!) in conditions that are typical of the America of *Today* (and that perhaps foreshadow the America of *Tomorrow*). We shall not help the latter to be what it

should be by too much withdrawing into an atmosphere which maintains the best of what America used to be and disdains the tasks of conceding, assimilating, adapting. I think one reason why Providence appeals strongly to me is because it conserves so much that was best in our yesteryears and at the same time does such a fine, public-spirited job of living in the world of Today and preparing for the world of Tomorrow.

Providence has been called "both midwestern and feudal." I daresay that is why I like it so well. I'm used to the midwestern spirit, and conscious of its fitness for the world we live in. But I love the feudal, too; I'd like to live where there's a "house on the hill" in which "grand folks" live whom I do not envy nor emulate—grand folks imbued with a grand spirit of *noblesse oblige*. Providence is rich in citizens of that sort; people who do a fine job of continuing the best traditions of other days and meeting with courage and vision the conditions of *these* days.

Everybody knows that Providence was the first settlement in Rhode Island, and that it was founded by Roger Williams fleeing from tyranny in Massachusetts. But not everybody remembers how soon after the landing on Plymouth Rock of persons fleeing religious tyranny in England, their colony in the New World became intolerant to anyone who differed from them.

Williams, the son of a merchant tailor in London, was born there about the time Queen Elizabeth died. He seems to have been educated at Charterhouse, and at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he received his degree in 1627. He devoted himself to theology, and became chaplain to Sir William Masham, who was married to a cousin of Oliver Cromwell's. Perhaps through that connection, perhaps otherwise, he became a dissenter



*Photo by Underwood & Underwood*

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, PROVIDENCE, FOUNDED BY  
ROGER WILLIAMS





from the Anglican Church, and deemed it best to leave England. He and his young wife landed in Boston early in February, 1631. Shortly after, he became a teacher for the church at Salem.

But he simply could not bow to the Puritan leaders of Massachusetts. He denied the right of civil magistrates to inflict punishment for breaches of religious discipline; he declared that the King of England could not give away lands belonging to the Indians; and he refused to take the oaths required of Massachusetts inhabitants. For the expression of these opinions he was formally tried — in July, 1635 — and sentenced to banishment. Warned that he was about to be seized and shipped to England, he fled, alone; and in June, 1636, after some wandering, he and four companions who had joined him founded this place which, in remembrance of God's merciful providence to him in his distress, he called Providence.

He immediately established friendly relations with the Indians in the vicinity, whose language he had learned, and it was through their implicit faith in him that he was able to induce the Narragansetts to ally themselves with the Massachusetts colonists in the war against the Pequots.

Williams and his companions founded their new settlement on the basis of complete religious tolerance and with the ideal of making it "a shelter for persons distressed for conscience."

Roger Williams himself became a "Seeker" — one who sought the good to be found in all sects. Early in 1657 Rhode Island received as settlers a number of Quakers, fleeing from persecution in Massachusetts and Connecticut. In 1672 they were visited by George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends.

Providence was first an agricultural community, then a noted shipbuilding and ship-sailing community; by 1790 it had begun to be an industrial town.

Between 1708 and 1774 fortunes were made by Providence shipowners in the slave-and-rum trade. Ships went to Africa to fetch slaves, many of whom were sent to the West Indies and exchanged for sugar and molasses; the molasses was made into rum. And with the money that rum brought, another voyage after slaves was financed. Later, the Brown brothers developed a different type of commerce. In 1787, John Brown became the first Rhode Island merchant to undertake direct trade with the Orient. In December of that year the *General Washington*, built in Brown's shipyards, cleared from Providence for Canton, China, reaching there ten months later. She returned in July, 1789, — when *General Washington* had become *President Washington* — after a voyage of more than 32,000 miles, with a cargo valued at nearly \$100,000. Another ship built by John Brown was the first craft to fly the American flag in Turkish waters. Sometimes the value of the cargo on a returning ship was a quarter of a million dollars, or more. The industrial era began about 1790, with textiles.

England was so anxious to keep for herself Arkwright's process for the power spinning-frame that she passed laws making divulgence of this process almost as grave a crime as treason. But young Samuel Slater, master mechanic of Nottingham, with full knowledge of the spinning-frame stowed away in his head, came to America about the time of Washington's inauguration, and after some discouraging experiences in New York, heard of Moses Brown of Providence and went to see him. Brown financed him. When we get to Pawtucket,

now almost a part of Providence, we shall say more of Slater.

In 1796, Seril Dodge had a little shop on North Main Street, Providence, where he specialized in making silver shoebuckles. His brother Nehemiah in 1794 opened a shop near by, where he worked as a silversmith, goldsmith and watch-repairer. At that time only persons of means were able to afford jewelry. Nehemiah conceived the idea of "washing" a baser metal with gold and making jewelry that many people could buy. One of his apprentices, Jabez Gorham, made silver spoons that he sold from house to house. The Gorham Company today manufactures more sterling silverware than any other plant in the world, and has the largest foundry for the casting of bronze statues, memorial tablets, and metal doors. Now, Rhode Island ranks first in the Union as a jewelry-manufacturing state, and employs thirty-seven per cent of all the jewelry workers in this country.

We may not say much more about the industries of Providence; but a great one among them is its building of machinery and the manufacture of tools and supplies.

So, Providence has wealth, much of it in the hands of her older families who have been builders of the city, and not a little of it in the hands of their thriftier workers. And she has fine traditions, to which many of her best citizens cling tenaciously. And she has culture, in rather exceptional degree. She has her problems of assimilation, too; she meets them with the broad-mindedness of her founders.

I think there are not many cities in America where one can study more effectually the cardinal principles of American life.

You cannot see the "sights" of Providence in a brief stop, much less feel its pulse. Not many will try to see

all the sights; but there are some things that it would be a pity to miss.

Suppose we begin with the Old Market House in the center of Market Square, which was begun in 1773 and has seen a great many developments in Providence history. Number 20 Market Square is the site of the Jabez Bowen House from whose balcony the accession of George III was proclaimed and, later, the Declaration of Independence was read. On the east side of Market Square, but entered from 14 College Street, is the Rhode Island School of Design, which has high recognition throughout the world for its instruction in art and art crafts. The School's Museum, at 224 Benefit Street, has forty-one galleries. Many beautiful things are to be seen there, notable among which are some examples of the work of John Goddard, Rhode Island's famous ebonist, who flourished at Newport in the middle of the eighteenth century and did work of such superlative quality that today a desk done by him brings \$30,000 to \$40,000 if it comes up for sale. Also on display are articles of superb silversmith craft.

North Main Street begins at the northeast corner of Market Square, and near its beginning is a bronze tablet marking the spot where Roger Williams frequently stood to address his fellow settlers.

The First Baptist Meetinghouse on North Main between Waterman and Thomas Streets is one of the architectural gems of New England. Don't miss the thrill of its lovely spire.

Turning right from North Main Street on Thomas Street you have, at Number 7 Thomas Street, the picturesque Fleur de Lys Building, occupied by studios. Next door, at Number 9, is a fine old house, now the headquarters for the Community School of Music. And

Number 11, built by Seril Dodge in 1787, and Number 13, built by him in 1793, are now the Providence Art Club. There the Dodge brothers began the great jewelry and silverware industry of Rhode Island.

Return to North Main Street and continue to Meeting Street. Turn right to 21 Meeting Street, where you will find the "Shakespeare's Head" House, built in 1763 and the printing shop for the first Providence newspaper, whose second editor had served his apprenticeship under Benjamin Franklin; Franklin appointed this man, John Carter, postmaster of Providence. Carter used this house as the post office, and also sold books and stationery. So it is small wonder that this was a favorite meetingplace.

The Old State House overlooks North Main Street between North and South Court Streets. From its opening in 1762 until the New State House was dedicated in 1900, it was used for the meetings of the General Assembly. There, on May 4, 1776, two months before the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia, Rhode Island declared herself free from English dominion.

At the rear of 235 North Main Street is the site of the Roger Williams House.

If you turn right from North Main Street beyond the Pro-Cathedral, on Benefit Street, you will see at Number 88 the home of Sarah Helen Whitman, whom Edgar Allan Poe courted in 1845—and for whom he wrote "To Helen" and "Annabel Lee."

Behind 109 Benefit Street is Roger Williams' original grave. Recently his remains have been placed beneath a great memorial arch on Prospect Terrace which will, it is hoped, become the central feature of a fine park plaza. At 159 Benefit Street is the Golden Ball Inn, built in

1784, where many famous people have been entertained.

The Providence Athenaeum, at the southeast corner of Benefit and College Streets, is where Poe did much of his courting of Sarah Helen Whitman.

A block farther along College Street, at the corner of Prospect Street, is the John Hay Library, the main library of Brown University from which John Hay graduated in 1858. It has more than half a million volumes including some notable "Collections" from the fine private libraries for which Providence has long been famous. Most appropriately for a John Hay Library, the Lincoln Collection is the most complete in the world and contains over 700 of the President's manuscripts. Hay studied law in Springfield, Illinois, in the office of Abraham Lincoln, and soon after Lincoln's first inauguration was made the President's assistant private secretary. Hay was then only twenty-three.

Brown University, which was Rhode Island College from its founding in 1764 to 1804 when its name was changed in recognition of a gift from Nicholas Brown, has about 1,250 men undergraduates and 460 women, also nearly 300 graduate students. Its John Carter Brown Library contains the world's most famous collection of Americana.

The Joseph Nightingale House, at 357 Benefit Street, built in 1792, is one of the largest frame Colonial houses in existence. While living in it, John Carter Brown gathered the famous collection of Americana now housed in the University library bearing his name. Benefit Street, I'm told, was so named because it was originally a lane cut through for the benefit of servants whose masters had homes along the water front, now Main Street.

The John Brown House, just off Benefit Street at 52 Power Street, was described by John Quincy Adams

in 1789 as the most elegant mansion he had seen in this country.

The house at 314 Benefit Street, built by Nicholas Brown about 1850, was at one time the home of General Ambrose E. Burnside, early commander of the Army of the Potomac. Burnside was the only New England officer of the first rank in the Civil War; and he was a native not of New England but of Indiana. After the war, Burnside was Governor of Rhode Island, and for the last six years of his life he was United States Senator from Rhode Island.

The house wherein Axel Fersen, the young Swedish nobleman who loved Marie Antoinette and tried to rescue her, was billeted during the stay of the French troops in Providence, while he was aide-de-camp to Rochambeau, is at 312 South Main Street.

Providence has many other memories of the French in the American Revolution. If you would like a detailed account of them you will find it in the second volume of *France and New England*, prepared, in 1927, under the direction of Allan Forbes, President of the State Street Trust Company, Boston.

University Hall of Brown University, splendidly restored and now the Administration Building, was used as a hospital by the French soldiers for almost two years, until May 27, 1782. Eighteen or so of those soldiers, who died there or in camp, are commemorated by a handsome monument in the North Burying Ground where they were buried. Maréchal Foch visited it when he came to America.

The stay of the gallant Frenchmen in Providence of course also left many romantic traces.

Providence is very proud, and justly, of her Providence County Courthouse, dedicated in 1933. It covers an en-

tire city block on a steep hillside, and its design is not only beautiful and appropriate but ingenious. (The entrance on Benefit Street is at the fifth floor level.) Mr. Ellis Jackson, of Jackson, Robertson and Adams, Providence architects responsible for the building, is credited, by some at least of his fellow townsmen, with the basic idea of the design, which has outlines suggesting the old houses that used to mount the hill and had to give way to the new courthouse. One of these was 50 South Main Street which had been the address of Brown and Ives for so many years and was so well-known throughout the business world that when the firm had to change its location it was permitted to keep the famous address.

When you leave Providence, going north, U. S. 1 takes you direct to Pawtucket. The boundary line between the two cities is two-and-a-half miles from the center of Providence. North Main Street, Providence, becomes Main Street, Pawtucket, with no apparent break in continuity. On your right beyond the boundary line, is the Old Pidge Tavern at 586 Pawtucket Avenue, which may be the oldest house in the state. Lafayette occupied two rooms on the second floor while the French troops were quartered near by, and stopped there again when revisiting America in 1824. The building contains many Colonial relics.

For many years, Pawtucket was a small community of forges supplying Providence with farm utensils and then with keel plates, anchors, and so on for her sailing ships. Being on the Boston Post Road it was a favorite stopping place for travelers, all of its taverns being favorite meeting places for the gay French officers quartered in Providence.

In 1790 it became "the cradle of the American textile industry," when Moses Brown chose it as the



site for the first mill operated by Samuel Slater. Of the present population, exceeding 77,000, seventy per cent is either foreign-born or of foreign-born parentage—about half of British stock. Twenty per cent is French-Canadian.

I think you will like to see the Old Slater Mill, on the Blackstone River, corner of Roosevelt and Slater Avenues. And you may wish to visit the Daggett House in Slater Park, which is kept up by the Daughters of the American Revolution. The Little Red Hen, at 742 East Avenue, on the border between Providence and Pawtucket, is an attractive place to eat good food, and very popular.

A mile and a half beyond Pawtucket, U. S. 1 crosses the Massachusetts Line, sixty miles beyond the bridge where it crossed from Connecticut into Rhode Island.

### *Newport*

Now, back to Saunderstown, in case you are going thence to Newport.

Conanicut Island is about nine miles long and from one to two miles broad. Its early settlers were mostly English Quakers. At present, nearly a third of the population is of Portuguese origin. For sixty years or more it has been a popular summer resort. You may want to make a circuit of the island (twenty miles) but such a trip has nothing of outstanding interest to offer.

Your route across the island (State 138) follows the course taken by Washington in March, 1781, when he went to Newport to confer with Rochambeau and to make those plans which resulted in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

The ferry from Jamestown takes you to Market Square, Newport. Don't be disappointed if you see no marble palaces looming ahead of you. Newport lies between Narragansett Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, and the fashionable part of it is along the ocean.

There are three separate and distinct colonies at Newport — each of which is said to ignore both the others, although this is not quite true except in a social sense, for the old Center lives very largely on its trade both with the Army and Navy and with the summer residents. The population is normally about 28,000; but much more in summer.

There is the old town, parts of which are but little changed from their aspect two hundred years ago. And there is the military and naval Newport, which lives on its own reservations. And there is the millionaire section.

In the spring of 1638, two years after Roger Williams fled the Massachusetts Colony, sundry others were ordered to leave because of their sympathy with Anne Hutchinson; among these were John Clarke, a physician, and William Coddington, a man of wealth. They went by boat to Providence, consulted Roger Williams, and secured from the Indians a deed to the island of Aquidneck, which they later named Rhode Island, between Narragansett Bay and the ocean. The island is a rocky, wooded ledge about fifteen miles long and of varying breadth.

About the first of April, 1638, this group took possession of the north end of their island, and soon they were joined by the exiled Anne Hutchinson and a number of her followers. "Differences" developed, in which Anne had more support than Coddington; so he and

his followers left, in May, 1639; moved south, and founded Newport.

Less than twenty years later, Coddington was shipping horses to Barbados; and soon the island farms, which have the best soil in the state, were furnishing exports for the middle and Southern colonies, for the West Indies and for Europe.

Benedict Arnold, great-grandfather of the traitor, moved from Providence to Newport in 1653, and became the first Governor of Rhode Island. (It is not known how the island which the Indians called Aquidneck came to be called "Rhode" Island — perhaps after the island of Rhodes; perhaps not.)

As time went on, Newport waxed rich on the slave trade. Fifty or sixty vessels were engaged in it. Before the Revolution, the foreign trade of Newport was greater than that of New York; and the families of her wealthy traders lived in luxury and with some pomp.

In 1729 the famous Dean Berkeley from Ireland (to whom Swift's "Vanessa" left half of her property, though she had met him only once at dinner) landed at Newport instead of Bermuda, whither he was bound to train pastors for Colonial churches and to work among the Indians. His ship had lost its course, and he came to Newport instead. Nothing loath, he purchased property a little north of Newport, enlarged the seventeenth-century farmhouse and called the place "Whitehall," in memory of the palace in London. He remained in America for three years; then, finding that the English Government was not sending its expected support for his project, he went back, leaving his library of 880 volumes to Yale College, and also giving Yale his "Whitehall," the rent from which provided a scholarship known as "The Dean's Bounty." The mother of Gilbert Stuart lived there when

a girl and her father kept a public house at "Whitehall."

During his brief residence, Dean Berkeley (who gave us, among other things, the oft-quoted line "Westward the course of empire takes its way") inaugurated what is called "the Golden Age of Newport."

He was followed by architects like Richard Munday (Trinity Church and Old Colony House) and Peter Harrison (who designed King's Chapel, Boston); by painters like John Smibert (who himself came with Dean Berkeley) and Robert Feke, rated by some as second only to Copley, and by Gilbert Stuart.

In those "golden" years there were at Newport patrons of art and learning like Abraham Redwood; a number of eminent physicians and theologians, like William Hunter and Ezra Stiles, and a brilliant group of Portuguese Jews headed by Isaac Touro for whom Peter Harrison built the synagogue on Touro Street.

During the Revolution the British held the island for three years, during which time nearly a thousand buildings were destroyed, and trade was ruined beyond repair. A Frenchman, writing of Newport in 1788, said: "Houses falling to ruin; miserable shops; grass growing in the public square in front of the Court of Justice; rags stuffed in the windows or hung upon hideous women and lean, unquiet children."

It must have been quite wretched when Washington was there, seven years earlier, although the French under Rochambeau did a good deal to revive its spirits, if not its resources; in August, 1780, Rochambeau had entertained very sumptuously nineteen Iroquois Indians, to **shake** their loyalty to the British; and for Washington's **visit** there were brilliant festivities.

About 1830, Newport began to find favor as a summer resort, especially with people from Cuba and from

our Southern states. And soon thereafter some far-sighted men realized that it could become a great watering place. Industry did not flourish there, and commerce had died; but "visitors" might bring profits.

By 1852, twelve new summer residences had been built; and there was more business activity in Newport than there had been for two generations. Land values trebled, and over sixty houses were built. In August, 1859, Newport held a grand fête to which it invited a great number of people from all over the country. Hundreds who came were so delighted that they returned the next year.

Then came the Civil War, and the Southern visitors dropped off; but wealthy Northern families came in great and greater numbers.

The first train to Newport ran in 1864.

After that, Newport developed rapidly as a summer resort of luxurious homes. Its most sumptuous years were between 1890 and the outbreak of the World War. After that war, many who broke in upon Newport were new-rich, stock-market millionaires, whom the crash of 1929 dispersed. Nowadays, Newport is elegant but not spectacular; and it caters also to summer visitors who are not of the Four Hundred, and to year-round residents.

Since 1918 the great expansion in the United States Naval Base has more than counteracted the decline in the very wealthy summer trade.

St. George's School is a well-known boarding school for boys here.

However, if you are in Newport for a few hours only, I believe you will be satisfied with a glimpse of the Old City Hall, facing Washington Square from Thames Street; the Old Colony House, close by; the

Champlin-Mason House, at 274 Thames Street; the Vernon House, at 46 Clarke Street; and then a motor drive to see "the seats of the mighty"—and to get an impression of Newport as a naval base; in the course of this latter, you will see the old houses on Washington Street.

No special interest attaches to the Old City Hall, except that it was built in 1761 and has seen many phases of Newport history. The Old Colony House is older—1739—and many memorable things happened there. The Champlin-Mason House, built prior to 1760, had some years later a charming mistress who had been George Washington's dancing partner at the ball Rochambeau gave for him in March, 1781: Miss Peggy Champlin. She married a Dr. Mason, and their daughter became the wife of Oliver Hazard Perry, who was greeted here on his triumphant return from the Battle of Lake Erie. The Vernon House, built in 1756, was Rochambeau's headquarters when Washington visited him; on Rochambeau's staff was young Count Fersen, who so chivalrously loved Marie Antoinette. .

The Old Stone Mill, about which everyone has heard, is in Touro Park, just off Bellevue Avenue. People used to think it had been built by the Vikings; it is now believed to be the ruin of a windmill built by the first Benedict Arnold, about 1666. He mentioned it in his will.

When you have seen the Mill, continue south on Bellevue Avenue (past the famous Newport Casino and, opposite, the Stone Villa built for James Gordon Bennett before 1880) to Narragansett Avenue. Then turn, right, at Ochre Point Avenue, and pass the Ogden Goelet estate, and "The Breakers," built by the late Cornelius Vanderbilt in "the gay nineties" at a cost of three mil-

lion dollars, and now owned by his daughter, Countess Szechenyi.

At the end of Ochre Point Avenue is Ruggles Avenue. Turn, right, on that, and regain Bellevue Avenue. Then south (left) on Bellevue, past the Marble Palace of Frederick Prince built by the late W. K. Vanderbilt at a cost of \$1,500,000, whose furnishings alone are said to be worth more than a million dollars. When you have passed it (and, I hope, thanked God that you don't have to live in it, or in any of the others like it) turn, right, into Ledge Road, at the end of which there is a spot from which the view of the sea is notably fine. Near there is the south end of the famous Cliff Walk, a footpath about three miles long, following the ocean shore past sumptuous estates. It leads to Bath Road, near the Casino. If you want to see the Cliff Walk, you must do it on foot.

If you are driving, retrace your way on Ledge Road to Bellevue Avenue. Turn left on Bellevue and into Ocean Avenue. Pass Bailey's Beach (very exclusive) and come, on your right, to Crossways, built by Stuyvesant Fish in 1898 and made widely known by his sprightly wife, who was one of the most-talked-about hostesses of the nineties and the turn of this century.

Continuing along Ocean Avenue for nearly two miles, you come to the United States Coast Guard Station at Price's Neck. And if you follow Ocean Avenue till it becomes Ridge Road, and Ridge Road till it runs into Harrison Avenue, turning left on Harrison Avenue, you will soon be at the entrance to Fort Adams, dedicated on July 4, 1799. About 400 men are quartered there. You may visit the fort (8 A.M.-4:30 P.M.) if you wish.

A mile and a half from the entrance to Fort Adams is Halidon Avenue. If you turn left on it, and then right

on Wellington Avenue, you will see, offshore, the Ida Lewis Lighthouse which was for fifty-two years the home of Ida Lewis, "the Grace Darling of America," who was the keeper of the light for thirty-two years after her father's death, and saved more than twenty-five lives.

Wellington Avenue leads you back to Thames Street and to Washington Square. This drive is eleven miles long. I haven't tried to indicate "which is whose" among the innumerable mansions, except in three or four cases. If it matters to you, pick up a local guide, or take a local sight-seeing tour.

Another drive you may like to take (three miles and a half) is west from Thames Street on Long Wharf, right from Long Wharf on Washington Street to the United States Naval Training Station, the birthplace of the naval training system in this country — training for seamen, not for officers, that is. It has also a Naval War College, giving postgraduate courses to commissioned officers. The Station may be visited, but no cameras are permitted. On Thursdays at 2:15 P.M. there is a drill on the parade ground.

The *U. S. S. Constellation*, attached to the Station, was built in 1794, and has seen much historic service.

Many visitors to Newport like to make the trip of two-and-a-quarter hours to Block Island, a twenty-five-mile voyage. The boat leaves Perry Wharf, Newport, at 11:30 A.M., daily, and reaches Block Island at 1:45 P.M. Round-trip fare, seventy-five cents.

Block Island is named for Adriaen Block, the first European known to have explored it, although Giovanni Verrazano skirted its shores in 1524 and, in his report of that voyage prepared for Francis I, compared this island to the Island of Rhodes — thus giving, perhaps,



our smallest state its name. Block came in 1614, ninety years later, and found friendly Indians; but the first Englishman who attempted to settle on the island, in 1636, was killed by the Indians.

Block Island, where Captain Kidd is believed to have buried some of his loot, has a good deal of stirring history which I can't detail here. There are numerous hotels and boarding houses; the air is always cool in summer. The fishing, deep-sea and pond, is excellent. There are 365 fresh-water ponds on the island, and one Great Salt Pond of almost 100 acres.

From Newport to FALL RIVER, MASS., is just under twenty miles. (For more about FALL RIVER, site of The Skeleton in Armor and The Lizzie Borden Mystery, see Chapter VII.)

From Newport to WRENTHAM, MASS., via East Providence, it is 43.2 miles; thence from Wrentham to Boston, via Dedham, it is thirty-seven miles; this is the route we next describe.

Take State 138 out of Newport, via Broadway, passing many interesting old houses and some big nurseries for trees and shrubs. Three miles out of Newport take the left fork of the road (State 114) up through Middletown. Five-and-a-half miles from Newport you pass, on your right, the plain yellow frame house, built about 1710, which was headquarters of General Richard Prescott, commander of the British forces in Rhode Island during the Revolution. On July 9, 1778, he was captured there by Colonel William Barton with forty men and carried off in his nightclothes. Later he was exchanged for the American Major-General Charles Lee.

A little over three miles farther you have the junction

with an unpaved lane, half a mile, left, on which is the School of St. Gregory the Great, belonging to the priory of the same name, a daughter house of the Benedictine Abbey of Fort Augustus in Scotland.

Twelve-and-a-half miles from Newport, you reach the Mount Hope Bridge (auto toll sixty cents one way) with a span of 1,200 feet. It cost about \$4,000,000. On your right, as you cross, you have Mount Hope Bay, and that easternmost part of Rhode Island which adjoins Massachusetts and extends from North Tiverton to Sakonnet Point (thirteen miles), where there's another summer colony. On the Common of LITTLE COMPTON, nine miles south of North Tiverton, is a memorial to Elizabeth Alden Pabodie, daughter of John and Priscilla Alden, who was the first white girl-child born in New England. She married Walter Pabodie, first town clerk of Little Compton; and a house they built about 1680 is still standing, a mile or so farther south on a dirt lane leading (left) off Sakonnet Point Road.

Looking left from Mount Hope Bridge you see Hog Island, in Narragansett Bay, and beyond it Prudence Island, with a few permanent residences and many summer cottages.

Beyond the bridge you soon reach BRISTOL, once the fourth-busiest seaport in this country, but now a somnolent place beneath its lovely elms, though its several industries have brought it a very considerable influx of Italian and Portuguese laborers. Bristol is extraordinarily rich in beautiful Colonial houses.

Some students believe that the Norsemen touched there, soon after 1000 A.D. In any case, we know that the Indians called it Montaup, and that it was the headquarters of Philip, son of Massasoit — who, thirteen years after his father's death, began King Philip's War;

the following year he was killed, in a swamp at the foot of Mount Hope (in what is now the township of Bristol) by a traitorous Sakonnet Indian. His head was sent to Plymouth and set on a pole in a public place, where it remained till after a new century had dawned. His wife and nine-year-old daughter were sold as slaves and sent to Bermuda. King Philip instigated the death of 500 white settlers, one out of every ten in Massachusetts; and he burned or otherwise destroyed fifty-two towns, of a total that was only ninety.

As early as 1686 Bristol was shipping horses to British Guiana. She was in the slave trade almost as soon as it began. Of all the slaves brought to British America, Rhode Island vessels carried over a fifth, Bristol bringing the largest number.

The town had its full share in the Revolution and in the War of 1812. During the latter, a little brigantine of Bristol, owned by James D'Wolf (now spelled DeWolf or DeWolfe), who had suffered heavy losses from the harassing of his merchantmen by English warships, retaliated — and, in less than three years' service as a privateer, captured British property amounting to about a million pounds sterling. Once, when one of his ships brought in a lot of gold, "Captain Jim" lay down in it, saying: "I have always meant to roll in wealth."

Bristol once had its whaling fleet; but when the gold rush came, the whaling ships took cargoes of argonauts around the Horn — and never came back. Now, the famous Herreshoff yacht-building yards are at Bristol.

There were seven brothers in the Herreshoff family, three of whom became blind, for some unaccountable reason, in early life. John, one of the greatest of them, though totally blind, collaborated with his brother "Nat" in designing many of the best boats ever built in this

country — or any other! Colonel S. P. Colt, who created the United States Rubber Company, also was a resident of Bristol and a great benefactor of that town.

If you do no more in Bristol than drive up Hope Street, I think you will feel that it was worth coming a very long way to see. Many of the beautiful old homes that line Hope Street belong to members of families that have made Bristol history for two centuries or thereabouts; and stories galore might be told about them — but not here. I'm sure, however, that you will want to know, when looking at "Linden Place," the De Wolf-Colt Mansion at the corner of Hope and Wardwell Streets, that a daughter of that house, Rosalie De Wolf, eloped with a Quaker sweetheart named John Hopper — and became the mother of the late De Wolf Hopper, noted comedian.

The Bosworth House, 814 Hope Street, was built in 1680. The Reynolds House, 956 Hope Street, was built in 1698 for Joseph Reynolds. In September, 1778, the Mrs. Reynolds of that generation was notified that General Lafayette desired to make his headquarters in her house. She gladly made suitable preparations. More than an hour before the General and his staff were expected, a young Frenchman rode up and tied his horse. Mrs. Reynolds, supposing him to be an advance courier, had him conducted to a room that seemed appropriate to his rank. He asked if he might have something to eat, and Mrs. Reynolds was surprised that he couldn't wait till his commander had arrived. But he was served, ate heartily, and was in so little haste to finish that Mrs. Reynolds at last had to tell him she was expecting General Lafayette.

"I am General Lafayette," he said.

If you tarry in Bristol long enough, go out to Mount

Hope Farm, where King Philip lived and where there is a museum containing some 75,000 Indian relics. There you will also see the house of William Bradford, whose daughter Nancy married the Captain James D'Wolf who "rolled in wealth." "The Mount," his own more stately mansion, was destroyed by fire some years ago.

And if, on your way north, you leave Hope Street at Colt Drive, you will come to the Bristol Poor Farm, with its great stone tower, built under the direction of that same James D'Wolf. When one of his friends protested that Bristol would never have enough poor to need such an establishment, the old gentleman (who had, or thought he had, an extravagant son) replied with a smile:

"Oh, my grandchildren will be coming to live on that farm yet, and they are accustomed to plenty of room."

Mark Antony De Wolfe Howe is descended from James D'Wolf's sister Abigail. He was born in Bristol, but he gave no evidence when I last saw him of heading for the Bristol Poor Farm, nor yet of rolling in privateer's gold. He is a distinguished biographer, a resident of Louisburg Square in Boston. The Right Reverend James De Wolf Perry of Rhode Island and Charles Dana Gibson are direct descendants of James D'Wolf.

Seven miles north of Bristol you find WARREN, a town of 8,000 inhabitants with many old houses (mostly on Main Street and Water Street) and a tavern at the corner of Main and Washington Streets where Washington stayed in March, 1781.

You cross the Warren River (bridge) and then, almost immediately, the Barrington River. The township

of which Barrington is the center was originally a part of Swansea, Massachusetts; and, like Warren and Bristol, was occupied by the Indians whose chief was Massasoit.

Five miles farther north is East Providence. If you have not been to Providence, you will cross by the Washington Bridge to Providence. Otherwise, you may continue on State 114 to Pawtucket, where you pick up again your U. S. 1.

### *The Massachusetts Line*

Beyond Pawtucket, and scarcely distinguishable from it, so closely do they border one on t'other, is CENTRAL FALLS, with about 26,000 people of whom seventy-eight per cent are either foreign-born or of foreign-born parents. But U. S. 1 crosses the Massachusetts Line rather to the east of Central Falls, and runs northeast towards North Attleboro, which, like Attleboro, is largely given over to the manufacture of jewelry and sterling silver.

Just beyond North Attleboro is WRENTHAM, a quiet village with a lovely Green, in the midst of a region whose beautiful ponds were favorite resorts of the Indians ruled by Massasoit and King Philip.

For many years Helen Keller and her wonderful teacher, Miss Sullivan (later Mrs. John Macy) made their home in Wrentham in a simple village house.

In 1783, Mrs. Naomi Whipple of Wrentham unbraided some European hats and learned how to make straw braid, thereby giving Wrentham a new industry and a certain fame.

The Weber Duck Inn specializes in delicious roast duck and chicken sandwiches made from birds raised

on the place; and here you may like to stop, before going on to Boston.

### *Sports and Recreation in Rhode Island*

**FISHING.** Sea fishing, of course, is free to all, save those who fish for lobster or other shellfish. Women and children may do freshwater fishing without a license; males over eighteen must apply to a city or town clerk for license and pay the same fee they would pay in their own State, but not less than \$2.50. Black bass, white, yellow, or striped perch, pickerel and trout are caught in places like Beach Pond, Exeter; Waterman Reservoir, Gloster; Worden Pond, South Kingstown; Coventry Center Pond and Lake Tiogue, Coventry; Stafford Pond, Tiverton; Oak Swamp Reservoir, Johnston; Spring Lake, Burrillville. Small boats may be hired at all these ponds. Rhode Island has 246 miles of coastline, including Narragansett Bay. Boats may be hired in many places along this coast to fish for swordfish, tuna, blue fish, striped bass, cod, haddock. If you want to fish from shore, try the rocks at Beaver Tail in Jamestown, or the breakwater at Point Judith.

**HUNTING.** Small game and wild fowl are found in a few places, but most of these places are privately owned and may not be hunted without permission. Hunting licenses cost the nonresident \$10.25. Small game means pheasants, ruffed grouse, woodcock, quail, ducks, geese, rabbit, hare, fox, squirrel, coon, muskrat, mink, otter, etc. There are tracts of woodlands where you may hunt, but if you want to enjoy Rhode Island with dog and gun, you'd better write the Department of Agriculture and Conservation, State House, Providence.

**BATHING.** The public has free access to the tidal

shores of the state below high-water line, except in cases where owner's riparian rights are exercised. Fine beaches are to be found at Block Island, Jamestown, Newport, Narragansett Pier, Point Judith, Little Compton. Public beaches are many.

BOATING is greatly enjoyed, and almost any visitor may participate in one form of it or another, according to his taste and his purse.

PICNICKING is excellent in Lincoln Woods Reservation, a short distance north of Providence, where there is Olney Pond, 110 acres in extent, surrounded by wooded hills through which wind ten miles of improved road and ten miles of bridle paths. There are more than fifty fireplaces for the use of picnickers, several camp sites, and a large recreation field. Goddard Memorial Park, south of Providence, in Warwick (Route 117) is another fine place.

GOLF. There are thirty public and private golf courses, at least twelve of which are open to the public at nominal fees.

AMUSEMENT PARKS are to be found at Westerly, Newport, Warwick, East Providence and Portsmouth.

WINTER SPORTS are not notable, but there are some: ice-boating, skating, a little tobogganning. But people who want genuine winter sports go farther north for them.

HIKING is pretty good in Rhode Island. There is a Narragansett Chapter of the Appalachian Mountain Club, with headquarters at Worden's Pond, which laid out the Narragansett Trail from Worden's Pond, South Kingston, to Greenfalls Pond, Connecticut, through a region noted for its laurel and rhododendron. This is the only Trail, but there are miles of forest paths in the State Reservations and parks.



**TOURIST CABINS.** There are two sets of good cabins on U. S. 1 east of Westerly, and two near Newport. Fifteen miles west of Providence, at Lake Tiogue, there are "Beauty Rest Cabins," with dining room. And ten miles south of Providence on U. S. 1 at East Greenwich there are twenty-eight well-equipped cabins overlooking Cowesett Bay.

## CHAPTER III

### THROUGH DEDHAM

WE are in Massachusetts, now. No great commonwealth can be summarized in a few introductory paragraphs — least of all the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It stands for so many things! For zeal in religion; for education; for foundations of good government; for literature; for all the arts; for varied natural beauty, and architectural riches more than enough to make any state proud; for sea sagas that thrill; for a long, long list of men and women who have laid the nation and the world in their debt.

I'm sure you're thrilled as you know yourself to be traveling through its border, as I'm thrilled (and awed!) to think of myself guiding you through it.

Your way into Boston leads through DEDHAM, where the famous Dedham pottery is made and where the Fairbanks House is, built in 1636 and maintained as shrine for 6,000 Fairbanks families descended from the builder, Jonathan Fairbanks. Dedham was founded on the same day as Concord, Massachusetts, in September, 1635. It has a fine Historical Society.

It was at Dedham that the world-rocking Sacco and Vanzetti trial took place, dragging along through more than six years. You may like to visit the Norfolk County Courthouse, where the trial was held, before Judge

Webster Thayer; and note the Thayer House, at 618 High Street, where four generations of Thayers have lived and died.

The pay-roll holdup and resulting murder for which Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested, tried, and executed, took place in Braintree, some miles from Dedham, on April 15, 1920. Two men were killed: the paymaster and his guard. On May 5, Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested, and more than a year later they were brought to trial. The trial lasted from May 31 to July 14, when both men were found guilty. More than six years later, on August 23, 1927, they were executed, after the most widespread and violent protests against their conviction, not only in this country but abroad.

Dedham was settled by a group of men who were not zealots and who wished only to live comfortably and pleasantly. They named their new town "Contentment" — why it was changed to Dedham, I don't know. They announced that theirs was to be "a loving and comfortable society" — which must have scandalized many of their neighbors.

On the Norfolk County Registry, across from the Courthouse, is a tablet telling that in Woodward Tavern, which used to occupy that site, was held the Suffolk Convention whose "Resolves" made history: "They lighted the match that kindled the mighty conflagration of the American Revolution."

And a tablet in front of the Unitarian Church on Church Green marks the site of the first free public school in America supported by general taxation; it was built in 1649. Appropriately enough Horace Mann, who did so much for public education, was a resident of Dedham for seven years, and while living there began his active interest in public affairs.

The Dexter House, at 699 High Street, was built about 1762 by Samuel Dexter,—who became, twelve years later, a member of the Provincial Congress; it is one of the finest Colonial houses in the vicinity of Boston. Washington spent there the night of April 4, 1776, on his way to New York after the evacuation of Boston. That evacuation, by the way, took place on March 17; the entire British Army and many Tory citizens sailed away to Nova Scotia, and for the remainder of the war Massachusetts was free of hostile troops. (March 17 is celebrated as "Evacuation Day" in South Boston.)

On your way out of Dedham, via U. S. 1, you cross Mother Brook, believed to be the first canal in America, dug "before 1640" to provide water power for the mills. This seems to have been the first utilization of water power in New England.

The highway over which you have come from Providence was, Porter Sargent reminds us, "part of the Post Road from Portsmouth, N. H., to the Virginias, over which the Dedham authorities claim that mail service was never suspended from May 1, 1693, when the first letters were carried through, until the railroad took over the service."

The Dedham Polo and Country Club was one of the earliest polo clubs in this country and numbered among its early members President Lowell of Harvard, his brother, Percival, celebrated astronomer, William Cameron Forbes, Governor General of the Philippines, his cousin Allan Forbes, and many others of like eminence.

Dedham is ten miles from Boston.

Notice, on your way-in to that famous place, that you pass the famous Arnold Arboretum, partly maintained by Harvard University. This institution gleans the

choicest trees and plants from all over the world, tests them for their adaptability to new environments, studies the ills from which they suffer and learns how to combat them; then gives out its knowledge, freely, all over the world. It was established by James Arnold, a merchant of New Bedford, who died in 1869, leaving \$100,000 "for the promotion of horticultural interests." The city of Boston leased the land (250 acres of it) to Harvard for a dollar a year, and the lease is for a thousand years, with privilege of renewal "forever" at the same rate. It is one of the loveliest things about Boston, and is open daily from sunrise to sunset. Charles Sprague Sargent, its first director, who worked for it for fifty-five years, left it \$10,000 "to be accumulated for 200 years, the income thereafter to be devoted to the Arboretum." This will be a princely sum, two centuries hence. But Sargent's greatest gift to the Arboretum was not in money, but in himself.

On you go, skirting Jamaica Pond, a beautiful sixty-five-acre expanse of fresh water, and following the boulevard called Jamaicaway; and now you've come to BOSTON!

## CHAPTER IV

### BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE

BOSTON is a venerable and historic city, full of beauty and of exceedingly interesting traditions; also it is "a state of mind." Of the latter, I am not at all sure what a visitor may realize; but I think he can guess at it, if he is good at that sort of thing, and if he has read many of the fine American novels of the past fifty years which have Boston as their principal setting. Boston has "been in my blood" since I was very young. I grew up on its history, its literary traditions; and, literally, on its bean and its cod. I have never actually lived there, save in spirit; but for many years I was an annual visitor there, and a worshipful one — seeking out all its shrines with a zest which many residents might feel but few would have time to indulge. Its environs were as the very breath of life to me. I can't see how anyone can be a quite complete American who doesn't know it a little.

Boston, today, is composite of many nationalities and many varieties of interests; but the thing about her that most attracts and impresses the majority of her visitors is what she conserves of the Puritan Fathers and their descendants, and of the men and women who won world-wide respect for American literature.

An interesting booklet telling what Boston means to

some of her enthusiastic citizens was prepared in 1939 for presentation to Boston's guests. It is called *Boston Yesterday and Today*, and among its contributors are Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, writing "Why I Live in Boston"; M. A. De Wolfe Howe telling about "Music in Massachusetts"; Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, writing on "Harvard and Massachusetts, What They Mean to Each Other"; Wallace Nutting, antiquarian, on "Old Things in New England." Joseph C. Lincoln, Ben Ames Williams and Eleanor Early are other contributors.

After you have made acquaintance with Boston as it used to be, you will naturally wish to realize something of what Boston has grown into. However, I think most visitors prefer to begin with "Once upon a time . . ."

So, once upon a time, there was a hermitlike person named William Blackstone (or Blaxton), a graduate of Cambridge University and a clergyman of the Church of England, who had difficulty, first, in getting on with bishops, and then in getting on with laymen. He emigrated to Massachusetts in 1623, and soon took up his residence on the site of what was presently to become Boston, building himself a hut on the western slope of what is now Beacon Hill, planting an orchard where Boston Common was to be, and riding his bull down below the sand shores (now Charles Street). There he read his books, farmed for his simple needs, tended his apple trees, traded a bit with the Indians—and saw no white men, except Thomas Walford in Charlestown, and Samuel Maverick in what is now East Boston. He seems to have been quite content. For further particulars on the "Boston" of his day, I commend you to *Boston Common*, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

Then, in June, 1630, John Winthrop (likewise a Cambridge University man) with a large company, arrived in Salem on the *Arbella*; and, not liking Salem, they proceeded to Charlestown, where the water supply was found to be bad and they were, for other reasons than that, very miserable. Blackstone went to see them, took pity on their plight, and invited them to come across to his peninsula.

They accepted, gratefully, and soon called their new home "Boston," after the Lincolnshire town in the region from which many of them had come.

A fascinating old town, that Boston in the fens of Lincolnshire on England's east coast. Botolf, a Saxon monk, founded a monastery there in 654; and in the course of centuries the town that grew around the monastery came to be called "Botolfston," or "Botolf's Town"; this was corrupted into "Boston."

Lincolnshire, England, is a great sheep country, and when John was England's King, Old Boston as a port rivaled even London. St. Botolph's old church, and everything else that the Saint knew, was destroyed by the Danes in King Alfred's day. Building of the very beautiful church that we see in Old Boston now, the one that the Pilgrim Fathers knew, was not commenced till 1309, when Edward II was king. Tradition says that the superb new edifice, with its lofty and lovely tower that can be seen forty miles out at sea, was built on woolpacks to give it a firm foundation. Certainly wool is the foundation for much else that's substantial in Old Boston; at the great Sheep Fair held there each year in May tens of thousands of sheep are sold to buyers from all over the world, and a single ram sometimes brings \$5,000.

The Pilgrim Fathers knew those Sheep Fairs. They



also doubtless knew a place, eight miles from that Old Boston, called "Bunker's Hill."

There's a beautiful stone window tracery from St. Botolph's Church in Boston, England, incorporated in the cloister of Trinity Church, Boston, Massachusetts. (Once, when the Reverend Phillips Brooks preached in old St. Botolph's on the Lincolnshire coast, all the other churches in town were closed, so that their congregations might hear him.)

Another memorial of Old Boston that the younger Boston now cherishes is a section of wooden railing from the dock in the fifteenth-century Guildhall at which some of the Pilgrim Fathers were tried in 1607. It stands in new Boston's Public Library, now, on the Huntington Avenue side of the delivery room; a gift of the "mother city," made in 1919.

John Cotton, for nearly twenty years "teacher" of the First Church of Boston, Massachusetts, had for twenty-one years been vicar of St. Botolph's in Lincolnshire where, in 1632, action against him was taken—not by his parishioners, but by church authorities—for his Puritanism, his lapses from the prescribed ritual. He resigned without appearing before the Court, and fled in disguise, reaching the newer Boston in September, 1633. He is buried in the graveyard of King's Chapel, on Tremont Street, and a handsome memorial to him, in the form of a Gothic canopied tomb, is in the present edifice of the First Church in Boston, at Berkeley and Marlborough Streets; the pedestal on which the recumbent statue lies is decorated, on its front, with an old stone pendant from the east portal of St. Botolph's Church in England, where Cotton was vicar.

The lantern in old St. Botolph's was a beacon to

## 114 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

mariners far at sea, as well as to people on land. And 'twas said it

. . . ceased to burn

When from the portals of that church he came  
To be a burning and a shining light  
Here in the wilderness.

Boston, Massachusetts, has a St. Botolph Club, whose members used to have a luncheon on June 17th each year, to celebrate the birthday of Boston's patron saint. And in 1928, in this newer Boston, a committee organized by Mr. Allan Forbes raised over \$56,000 to make the necessary repairs to Old Boston's St. Botolph's tower, to save it from destruction by the Death Watch beetle.

So much, then, for the elder Boston, and the ties with her daughter which both mother and daughter cherish.

And now, back to John Winthrop and his Colony.

The first year, more than 200 died of starvation and exposure, before spring came and with it a ship laden with provisions from England.

Then crops yielded well, fisheries were established, the Colony began to prosper. Within four years, more than four thousand Englishmen had emigrated to Boston and its vicinity, and a Puritan Commonwealth was founded.

After some five years, Boston got "too thick" for Blackstone, and he moved to what is now Rhode Island, whither he preceded by some months Roger Williams; but Blackstone doesn't rate as a "founder," because he did nothing to colonize—he just built himself a home, called "Study Hall," in what is now the village of

Lonsdale near Providence, and he planted Rhode Island's first orchard, and sometimes rode about the countryside on a cream-colored bull, distributing apples to children; and the Blackstone River was named for him. (He died in May, 1675, just before "Study Hall" was laid in ashes by King Philip's braves.)

Cromwell and John Hampden thought of settling in Massachusetts, but presently found plenty in England for Puritans to do. A great many other Puritans, however, preferred to leave; and by 1640 the population of Massachusetts was increased to about 16,000. Moreover, for some thirty years, from 1630 to 1660, England was too absorbed in troubles at home to pay much attention to what her infant colonies were doing; so they had a chance to develop pretty much as they saw fit. And impressive indeed is the story of that development, as men who had fled tyranny in England became, in short order, themselves so tyrannical that their fellows fled from them, each group of refugees carrying farther into the wilderness a determination to be free, to worship in their own way, to govern themselves with as much independence as expediency allowed and England would permit.

There were certain differences at first between the Pilgrims, who came to Plymouth in the *Mayflower*, and the Puritans who came with John Winthrop, or, later, to join him. One was their attitude toward the Church of England. The Pilgrims held that each congregation of worshipers should be entirely independent of all other congregations; they were the original Congregationalists. John Winthrop's group hoped to establish in Massachusetts a purified Anglican Church; they said: "We esteem it our honour to call the Church of England our dear mother." But it was not long before they, too, left

"Mother," and adopted the Congregationalist form of church government.

### 1. YOUR FIRST DAY

Unquestionably, the place to begin seeing Boston is Boston Common, where William Blackstone's orchard was, and where John Winthrop set aside nearly fifty acres as a cow pasture and training field.

Park Street runs between Tremont Street and Beacon Street at the eastern end of the Common; and Charles Street is at the Common's western end, separating it from the Public Garden. There may be better places to start "seeing Boston" than the corner of Park and Tremont Streets. But I don't know them.

And the best object to begin with is the tablet near the corner of Tremont and Park Streets, which reads: —

In or about  
the year of our Lord  
One thousand six hundred  
thirty and four  
the then present inhabitants  
of s<sup>d</sup> Town of Boston of whom  
the Hon<sup>ble</sup> John Winthrop Esq<sup>r</sup>  
Gov<sup>r</sup> of the Colony was chiefe  
did treate and agree with  
Mr. William Blackstone  
for the purchase of his  
Estate and rights in any  
neck of Land called  
Boston  
after which purchase the  
Town laid out a plan for  
a trayning field which ever  
since and now is used for  
that purpose and for  
the feeding of cattell.

Henry James called Park Street Church "the most interesting mass of brick and mortar in America," and described its architecture as "perfectly felicitous." "Its spire," he said, "recalls Wren's bold London examples, like the comparatively thin echo of a far-away song."

Where it stands once stood the town Granary, where the poor bought grain at cost, in times of famine. The Granary was torn down in 1809, and the ground was bought by the trustees of the Park Street Church, descended in due course from the First Church and Old South. The dedicatory sermon was preached September 2, 1810. When the War of 1812 was on, brimstone for making powder was stored in the church; and ever since, because of its appropriateness to the old fiery sermons, this has been called "Brimstone Corner."

On July 4, 1829, William Lloyd Garrison, then only in his twenty-fourth year, delivered here his famous first public address against slavery. In those days Boston was a great cotton mart; and a young man who wanted to set free the slave labor of the South had difficulty in getting a place to expound his revolutionary ideas.

"America" (or "My Country 'Tis of Thee") was first sung in Park Street Church. And the new song "John Brown's Body" was first sung in Boston by the troops of the Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment, commanded by Daniel Webster's only surviving son, Fletcher, as they marched from the Common to State Street on the evening of July 18, 1861. They sang it again, on Broadway in New York, and "sang it into the war."

On Tremont Street just east of the church is the Old Granary Burying Ground, where John Hancock lies, and Paul Revere; and Peter Faneuil, and the parents of Benjamin Franklin; likewise "Mother Goose," and many another worthy. "Mother" Goose's Christian

name was "Elizabeth," and her husband was Isaac Ver-goose. She lived to be a hundred. The jingles which immortalize her she used to sing to her grandchildren; her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet, who was a printer, made a book of her rhymes and published it. Anne Pollard is there in Old Granary, too; she came over with Governor Winthrop, and was the first woman of his party to land (she *jumped* off, onto the beach!), lived to be 105, and was attended at her grave by 135 descendants. Anne kept an inn at the corner of Beacon and Charles Streets.

I'd have a look at Old Granary before proceeding up Park Street, but I don't think I'd let myself be tempted — yet — farther along Tremont Street to King's Chapel. It *would* be a temptation; but I believe I'd resist it and first walk up Park Street to Beacon Street, looking over at the Common — meanwhile trying to imagine how it appeared long ago when the community's cows pastured there and the boys and girls who were sent to fetch them, or to milk them, must not have minded the chore at all; because on the Common they could see people standing in the pillory or sitting in the stocks or being otherwise punished — flogged, maybe — for horrible crimes, like kissing their wives or children on Sunday; and old women being ducked in the pond for gossiping. Maybe a pirate hanging high . . . Or a Quaker! Or Margaret Jones, America's first woman doctor, whose remedies effected such wonderful results that she was found guilty of being a witch and swung from the Common's biggest elm.

At Number 2 Park Street are the offices of Houghton Mifflin, publishers of many famous American authors, notably the New England group: Holmes, Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Whittier, Lowell and Longfellow.

When I began going there, years ago, the *Atlantic Monthly* belonged to Houghton Mifflin and was edited in offices that looked out into Old Granary. While Walter Page was editor, his office was on the Park Street front, overlooking the Common. I thought then, and I still think, that no other publishing house has so romantic a situation. My English publishers are on the site of Essex House, where Elizabeth's favorite lived, and but a stone's throw from The Temple Gardens; but there is nothing there now to indicate that thrilling proximity. Whereas in Boston, there's Old Granary behind, and the Common "before," and Beacon Hill at the top of the street, and the Athenæum around the corner.

Number 2 Park Street was John Lothrop Motley's last Boston home before he went as United States Minister to England, where he died in 1877; but that home was in a building earlier than the present one. In the present building, the Christian Science faith had its inception.

Number 4, where Houghton Mifflin has some of their offices, was at one time the home of Josiah Quincy the younger, who was mayor of Boston from 1845 to 1849. His father, who lived next door at Number 5, was mayor from 1823 to 1829, when he resigned to become president of Harvard. Number 8 is the Union Club, founded in 1863, which has numbered among its members many of the most distinguished names in the annals of Boston. Number 9 (where Lafayette stayed in 1824) was for years the home of George Ticknor, who there wrote his *History of Spanish Literature*.

Much fascinating detail of Lafayette's various journeyings in New England, and especially of his triumphal visit in 1824 when he came to dedicate the Bunker Hill Monument, is collected in the first volume of *France*

and *New England*, published by the State Street Trust Company, Boston, in 1925.

On that 1824 visit Lafayette followed from Providence to Boston the old road over which the army had marched nearly fifty years before. When Maréchal Foch visited New England it was suggested that he follow this same route to Boston; but this was found impracticable. However, as he passed the Ticknor house he raised his hat in salute to the memory of Lafayette.

In 1824, a triumphal arch raised in honor of Lafayette's visit had on it these lines, composed by Charles Sprague, a Boston banker with a penchant for writing verse: —

We bow not the head  
And we bend not the knee,  
But our hearts, Lafayette,  
We surrender to thee.

Around the corner from Park Street, at 10½ Beacon Street, with back windows overlooking Old Granary, is the famous Boston Athenæum, one of the greatest private libraries in the country. George Washington's library is treasured in a special case in the Directors' Room. One secures membership in this library by the purchase of shares; and Athenæum members, when they wish, may have tea in an alcove that looks down on John Hancock's tomb, paying but three cents for the book-lovers' brew that Boston so valiantly denied itself in Hancock's day. Guests are admitted by card obtained at the desk. And I think they also are permitted, at times, to take tea.

Look across Beacon Street to Number 23 where the Bellevue Hotel now stands. In 1875 a Mrs. Rand's elegant boarding-house was there, and to it came, one autumn day, a youth of eighteen whose mother, Erminia



Rudersdorff Mansfield, was a noted teacher of singing; she lived at Hotel Boylston (where Hotel Touraine now is) and for her studio had an entire floor in a house on Boylston Street, a few doors away; among her pupils were Teresa Carreño and Emma Thursby; among her guests were all the musical celebrities of the day who came to America. Her English husband was long-since dead, and she was supporting her son and daughter. But her fiery temper made her roof-tree intolerable for her temperamental son; so he took a modest room on the top floor, five flights up, at Mrs. Rand's on Beacon Street. There he was busy writing dramatic and musical criticisms for an unimportant and moribund daily called the *News*.

Hans von Buelow, the greatest musical lion of the day, came to Boston to give a concert at Music Hall; he was to play Beethoven's Fifth Concerto for the pianoforte; he was a guest at Mrs. Rand's.

Richard Mansfield knew a great deal about music, — he had lived and breathed it all his days, — but he was appalled at the idea of writing about that performance; so he knocked at the great pianist's door, and pleaded inefficiency.

"Won't you please tell me something of the concerto and of your interpretation?"

Delighted, Von Buelow asked him in, sat down at the piano, played and explained the concerto, and answered innumerable eager questions.

"Young man," he said after an hour or more, "you know more about music than you pretend."

"I am the son of Madame Rudersdorff."

"Take me to her instantly," commanded Von Buelow. Together they set off up Beacon Street toward Park Street.

Paul Wilstach tells the story, in his *Richard Mansfield, The Man and the Actor*; I've been fond of it, these many years. For I, too, when I was eighteen, wrote "criticisms" (about books, not about music or drama); and I like to believe that, with much more reason for humility than Richard Mansfield had, I had a similar disposition toward it. And I know with what bitterness Mansfield, at times in his brilliant career when he was assailed by so many critics who all too obviously knew little though they assumed to know much, used to comment that no young Smart Alec ever knocked at *his* door to say: "Won't you please tell me something of this play and of your interpretation?"

I suggested Beacon Hill as your first objective in Boston not only because the history of Boston begins there, with William Blackstone (who lived close to what is now Beacon and Spruce Streets) and Winthrop's Colony, and the Beacon, but also because that section of the city retains, more than any other, the atmosphere, the characteristics, of the Boston that profoundly influenced the nation, and the world, a century ago. One feels, there, very little effect of the "foreign invasion," whereas in the North End one is engulfed by it; and one feels very little of the Twentieth Century, which characterizes most of what we find west of Arlington Street, and which is a "different" Boston from that on Beacon Hill.

"Tremont" Street reminds us that Boston once had "three mounts": Beacon Hill, Copp's Hill (whither you'll soon be bound; it's up in the North End), and Fort Hill, which is now razed. None of them was very high, but on top of the highest the early settlers set up a tall pole with footsticks nailed across at intervals; and high up on it they kept a skillet filled with pine wood and

pitch. In case of danger a man climbed up and lighted the Beacon, to warn the people. There's an old picture showing Boston Common in 1768, with the pole-and-skillet beacon still topping the little eminence behind the Hancock House — from which John Hancock, who became the first Federal Governor of Massachusetts, went for a little walk one Sunday morning, and was arrested for breaking the Sabbath.

A tablet on the State House lawn now marks the site of the Hancock mansion. And a monument stands where pole and skillet used to be — still the highest point in Boston.

As you reach the top of Park Street you have, on your left, the Shaw Memorial, in which Augustus Saint-Gaudens paid magnificent tribute to young Robert Gould Shaw, the chivalrous, blue-eyed young Boston aristocrat who was put in command of the first all-Negro regiment raised in the North, and was killed leading them in the attack on Fort Wagner, at Charleston.

Charles Bulfinch, who designed the State House, was the first architect of note in the Republic. He was a young gentleman of taste and culture, Boston-born and Harvard-bred, who had traveled abroad, paying special attention to architecture. When he came home, he designed houses for his friends. Perhaps he didn't attend very closely to his personal affairs; for in 1796 he became bankrupt — which may have been uncomfortable for him, but was fortunate for American architecture. His design for a new State House was greatly admired when the structure was built, in 1799, and Paul Revere laid the cornerstone. The success of this building led to Bulfinch's being employed, years later, to complete the Capitol at Washington. But his original Beacon Hill edifice has had to be hemmed in by wings (to provide

greater space for administrative offices), so that it is a bit difficult, today, to realize just how it looked when it stood alone.

Bulfinch was chairman of the board of selectmen of Boston from 1799 to 1818, an office equivalent to being mayor, and it was he who had much to do with turning the Common from a meadow into a park. He provided for new systems of drainage and street lighting, for straightening and widening many streets, for reorganizing the Police and Fire Departments.

As a young man of twenty-four, he had been one of the promoters of the voyage on which the ship *Columbia* carried the American flag round the world for the first time. (Do you know that the first unfurling of the Stars and Stripes over a warship was by John Paul Jones when he took command of the *Ranger* in November, 1777? And that the flag first went into battle in September of that year, at Brandywine?)

Bulfinch enlarged Faneuil Hall, in 1805; he built three successive houses for Harrison Gray Otis; he designed the Bulfinch Building of the Massachusetts General Hospital; Bulfinch Hall at Phillips Academy, Andover; University Hall at Harvard; and many other structures which profoundly influenced American architecture.

You will probably visit the State House. Before you go in, note the statue of Anne Hutchinson, who was (you'll remember) hounded forth, in 1636, as "unfit for good society," and went to Rhode Island, and thence to near what is now New Rochelle, New York, where she and her household were massacred by Indians.

There are many things to see, in the State House. There's the charter that John Winthrop brought over; and there's the *History of Plimouth Plantation* which Governor Bradford wrote; and there are interesting

historical murals. There's the Hall of Flags. And so on. . . .

### *Beacon Hill*

I believe I'd walk along Beacon Street, next, looking over at the Common, till you get to Charles Street.

At Number 34 Beacon Street, corner of Joy Street, in what was once the residence of those quintessential Bostonians the Cabots, are the offices of Little, Brown and Company, who in 1937 celebrated their centenary as publishers.

The story of those hundred years is so full of interest to all booklovers that I wish it might be told here in detail. We will merely mention that in 1859 a new partner came into the firm: John Bartlett, author and publisher of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*, which was thenceforth published by Little, Brown and Company; that the first edition of Fannie Merritt Farmer's *Boston Cooking-School Cook Book* was published in 1896; and that in 1898, Little, Brown and Company bought the publishing business of Roberts Brothers, which brought to their list the works of Louisa M. Alcott, Helen Hunt Jackson, Edward Everett Hale, Laura E. Richards, Emily Dickinson, and many others.

The house at the lower corner of Beacon and Walnut Streets, now the Judge Baker Guidance Center, was the first brick house built on Beacon Street. In it, Wendell Phillips was born and there he lived for many years. His father, a man of wealth and influence and a Harvard graduate, was the first mayor of Boston. Do you know that after his great services, as orator and organizer, in the cause of Abolition, he became a pleader for prohibition and for woman suffrage?

The Women's City Club, at Number 40, is believed

to be a Bulfinch house, built in 1818. Number 45, built in 1807, is the third house that Bulfinch built for Harrison Gray Otis, who was a great "swell," and Mayor of Boston, and gave the swankiest parties in America. (The first of the three houses Bulfinch built for him, in 1795, when he built the State House, is at 141 Cambridge Street, parallel to Beacon behind the State House; since 1916 it has been the headquarters of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities. The second is at 85 Mt. Vernon Street — which is the first street back of the main part of the State House parallel to Beacon.)

Number 55 Beacon Street was the home of William H. Prescott from 1845 to his death in 1859. There he wrote his *History of the Conquest of Peru* and his *History of the Reign of Philip II*. He is buried beneath St. Paul's Church, on Tremont Street.

Now, if you're afoot (as you most certainly *should* be, here!) turn right at Charles Street, or even a block before at Spruce Street, to Chestnut Street. At 50 Chestnut Street is the house which for many years was the home of that gallant soul and distinguished historian, Francis Parkman. He was, as you doubtless know, a sickly lad, though he graduated from Harvard with high honors when he was twenty-one. Three years before his graduation, he determined to write "the history of the American forest" and its conquest by white men. He and his friend and classmate, Quincy Shaw, lived for months with a band of Sioux Indians. Francis became a dead-shot with the rifle, an adept in woodcraft, a horseman of great daring and spectacular ability. But outdoor life did not improve his health. He was twenty-five when he began to write *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, and intense nervousness affected his eyes so much that he could keep them open only in a dark room. He in-

vented a machine wherewith he could write legibly, in long hand, with closed eyes. Books and documents were read aloud to him till he had mastered their contents. He could work no more than half an hour at a time; and sometimes he achieved no more than six lines of writing in a day. But he went indomitably on, completing volume after volume of history which is as remarkable for its ability to entertain as it is for its accuracy and its impartiality.

Not for a very great deal would I fail, when on Beacon Hill, to stand before 50 Chestnut Street, and pay my grateful tribute to Francis Parkman—not only for what he wrote, but for what he *was*.

(Another great American historian who also struggled with near-blindness was William H. Prescott, of Salem, who worked in a darkened study, with a “noctograph” before him. He had published his *Conquest of Mexico* and begun his *Conquest of Peru*, at 55 Beacon Street, around the corner, when Parkman graduated, as Prescott had done, from Harvard.)

Ralph Adams Cram, eminent architect and authority on Gothic, once lived at Number 52 Chestnut. Many modern artists and writers make their homes on the Hill.

Farther east (towards the State House) on Chestnut Street, and numbered 29A, is a house said to have been occupied, once upon a time, by Edwin Booth; but I cannot find out *when*; certainly it was not for long. It is a distinctive sort of dwelling, and retains a few of the original lilac window panes that came over from England about 1820. This now famous glass seemed quite the ordinary sort when it came, and for years afterwards; but gradually it took on a lavender hue through which the light shone so exquisitely, subduing

everything so exactly as it should be on Beacon Hill, that everyone who didn't live behind purple panes envied everyone who *did*. The houses still possessing the original lilac glass are this one, and 70B Chestnut Street; also those at 39, 40, 63 and 64 Beacon Street. Others have imitations.

Number 13 Chestnut Street was once the home of Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; and, later, of John Singer Sargent, eminent painter.

If you turn north, in Walnut Street, out of Chestnut, you will see at Number 14 Walnut Street the gray-walled home of Ellery Sedgwick, for many years editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It was built in 1805.

Number 7 Walnut Street (below Chestnut toward Beacon) was the childhood home of John Lothrop Motley, and in its garret he and Wendell Phillips and Thomas G. Appleton used to play when they were boys. Tom Appleton became Longfellow's brother-in-law and was the outstanding wit of Boston in his day — a brilliant man who might have made himself a name in letters had he been less absorbed by social affairs.

Francis Parkman lived at Number 8 for eight years, before going to Chestnut Street.

A very few steps uphill on Walnut Street will take you to Mt. Vernon Street, to Number 57 in which Henry Adams, grandson of John Quincy Adams, lived as a young man. He was, I'm sure I do not need to remind you, author of *The Education of Henry Adams*, and of that classic, *Mont Saint Michel and Chartres*. Number 59 was the home of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, one-time editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and author of many things besides his immortal *The Story of a Bad Boy*.



I used to go rather frequently to Mt. Vernon Street when I was a very young pilgrim to Boston; and I always felt as if I had ascended not merely Beacon Hill but the very slopes of Parnassus. But I mustn't indulge, here, in reminiscence, else we shall never "get along." At Number 63, Whittier used to stay on his visits to Boston.

Walk west in Mt. Vernon Street till you come to Louisburg Square, one of the most reposeful spots imaginable, with twenty-two houses around a pretty little "park," and a statue of Aristides the Just at one end of it and a statue of Columbus at the other end. Many famous people have lived there. Louisa M. Alcott and her dear, impractical old father Bronson Alcott (of whom we shall hear more when we go to Concord) lived at Number 10, where he died while she lay mortally ill at Roxbury; she died while he was being buried. Jenny Lind was married at Number 20, to her accompanist, Otto Goldschmidt; the house was then the home of Samuel Ward, who was the Boston representative of Jenny's London bankers.

There's a tradition that the spring of excellent water which induced William Blackstone to settle here, and which he shared with Winthrop and his colonists, bubbled in the center of the iron-railed enclosure of today.

In any case, whether in loyalty to Blackstone's hospitality or not, the residents of Louisburg Square (you must call it "Lewisburg") have most charming ways of expressing their belief that anyone who has the felicity to live in that Square should share his happiness, whenever possible, with others not so blessed. On Christmas Eve they omit to draw their shades and curtains, so everyone may look in and see their Christmas trees

## 130 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

and decorations. When blossomtime comes around again, they make their windows gay with flowers.

A snowy Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill is one of the loveliest things anyone can add to his book of memories: candles burning everywhere, and carolers singing, and people who love sweet, old-fashioned homes jostling one another in the streets, everybody's eyes glowing with kindliness, and many a cheek glistening with tears of proud, happy recollection.

Louisburg Square runs from Mt. Vernon Street to Pinckney Street.

Some people think Pinckney Street the most interesting thoroughfare in Boston. It has been said that to Pinckney Street has been given neither poverty nor riches; but that it maintains an air of entire self-respect and even complacency, for here have lived people who have given it dignity and made its quaint individuality yet more memorable.

At Number 4, Jacob Abbott lived for a brief while. He was author of the Rollo books. People laugh at them now; but they helped to form the ideals of many a boy who became a fine, sturdy citizen. Louise Imogen Guiney lived at Number 16. The Alcotts lived for several years at Number 20; and, later, at Number 81.

However, perhaps you are ready, by now, for a change from Literary Backgrounds. So you may, when you leave Louisburg Square, content yourself with a glance up along Pinckney Street and then turn in it, left, to Charles Street, where — if it's lunchtime — you may feel like lunching at the Colonial Kitchen. (There is also one on Mt. Vernon Street, called "The Colonial on the Hill.") Many antique shops line Charles Street.

At 148 Charles (where now is the large Charles Street Garage) was once a house where lived for many years James T. Fields and his brilliant wife, Annie Fields, whose salon was the most notable America ever knew — or ever will know!

Read about that famous house in Henry James's *American Scene*. In the old days its garden extended to the waters of Back Bay; part of it survives in Charles River Square, a block of houses built in 1910 around an open square, one side of which backs on the Fields garden. Mrs. Fields took a great interest in this development, and on being asked to name it gave it the name it bears. In her will she left the garden to the owners of the houses in the square backing on it, until the youngest child then living should have reached maturity.

It was Captain John Smith who named the Charles River. He made a map of Massachusetts Bay, showing the river, and wrote of it afterwards: "the fairest reach in this bay was a river, whereupon I called it Charles River." He then sailed across the Bay, made a sketch of Cape Cod, and returned to England. That was in 1614. The name Charles, a new one in English history, was doubtless a tribute to the new Prince of Wales, later to become Charles I; his brilliantly gifted elder brother Henry had died of consumption in November, 1612 — else Boston's river would almost certainly have been named the Henry River; King James's name having been bestowed, seven years before, on an important river in Virginia.

It was Captain Smith who gave its name to "New England" also. His map, drawn in 1614, has the name Boston on it (also Plymouth); but the location so called is near where Portsmouth, New Hampshire, now is.

"The countrie of the Massachusits," he wrote, "is the paradise of all those parts," and added: "Of all the parts of the world I have yet seen not inhabited, I would rather live here than anywhere."

On a voyage in 1615 to fulfill this desire, he was captured by a French cruiser; and it was during his captivity that he wrote the narrative of his visit to New England. This narrative was published in London in 1616; and about 3,000 of the pamphlets were distributed by him to stir interest in colonizing New England. But in spite of this, it was not to New England that the *Mayflower* was bound — but to Virginia.

Until 1785 there was no bridge over the Charles River to connect Boston with Charlestown. Previous to that year there was a ferry, privately run at first, no doubt, but regularly authorized in November, 1630, shortly after Governor Winthrop and his colonists reached Charlestown. Edward Converse was the first ferryman, and he was authorized to charge a penny for each person ferried and a penny for each hundredweight of "goods."

Ten years later the General Court ordered that the ferry privilege between Boston and Charlestown be granted to Harvard College "for the financial benefit of the institution." For 145 years Harvard received the ferry tolls; and when John Hancock and others were granted the right to build a bridge, it was stipulated that they were to pay Harvard College 200 pounds a year for forty years, at the end of which period the bridge was to become the property of the State "saving to the said college a reasonable and annual compensation for the annual income of the ferry, which they might have received, had not said bridge been erected."

*Tremont Street*

If you haven't lunched at the Colonial Kitchen, you may now like the idea of taking a taxi and driving down Charles Street between the Common and the Public Garden to Tremont Street; then east along Tremont to the famous Parker House, to eat in the Dickens Room where he was banqueted while he was giving readings in Boston.

On Tremont Street, as you ride along it to the Parker House, you have the Cathedral Church of Saint Paul, where Daniel Webster was a pewholder; and farther along Tremont Temple (Baptist), where a large congregation worships and famous preachers are heard.

The famous Tremont House, "the pioneer first-class hotel in America," stood from 1829 to 1894 on Tremont Street where Beacon Street joins it—the location, now, of the Home Savings Bank. Long was the roster of the Tremont's eminent guests. (Edward Everett Hale could remember the consternation when Boston learned that its new "inn" would have no stables, and no sign-board swinging in the wind.)

After luncheon (which will be a *good* one!), cross School Street to King's Chapel, built in 1754 around an earlier structure which was then demolished. It was the first Episcopal Church in New England, and became the first Unitarian Church in America. Next to it is the burial ground, consecrated to that purpose in 1630, the year in which John Winthrop and his colonists arrived. More than 200 of them died that first year, you'll remember. Winthrop lies there; he lived till 1649 and was still Governor of the Colony (for the twelfth time) when he died, at the age of only 61. John Cotton is buried there, and John Endicott, who was local Governor of

the Massachusetts Bay Colony at Salem before Winthrop arrived with his charter; he was elected Governor after Winthrop's death, serving until his own death, in 1665. A lineal descendant of his married, in 1888, Joseph Chamberlain, English statesman, and became stepmother to a young man of 19, Neville Chamberlain, destined to be his country's Prime Minister in an exceedingly trying time. Also buried there is Elizabeth Pain, said to be the original of "Hester Prynne" in Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. Some Bostonians believe that Captain Kidd is buried in King's Chapel Burial Ground; but they offer no explanation of how he got there after being hanged in London.

The Home Savings Bank of Boston, on Tremont Street opposite King's Chapel, issues for free distribution a most interesting little pamphlet on King's Chapel and the difficulties it encountered in its founding. It says: —

For fifty years the Puritans in New England tried their experiment in theocracy unmolested. Charles II, feeling himself secure on the throne, annulled the charter of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and determined to establish the Church of England in Boston.

On May 15, 1686, there entered Boston Harbor a vessel "freighted heavily with wo," part of that "woe" being the Reverend Mr. Ratcliffe, the first minister of the Church of England who had ever come commissioned to officiate on this soil, where the Puritans looked upon the foundation of an Episcopal church in Boston much as residents of Beacon Hill today would look upon the prospect of a pesthouse in their midst. (There must be some confusion as to facts; for Charles II had died very early in 1685 — and died a Catholic.) However, the King's Chapel was organized a month after the

"woe" arrived; but for two years no one would sell a foot of land, at any price, for the erection of a church edifice. Massachusetts, though, had a Royal Governor now, and he ordered the Council to set apart a corner of the burying ground for the building. There a wooden chapel was erected, and dedicated on June 30, 1689 — William and Mary having been crowned shortly before, in England. The Royal Governor (Andros), who had ordered the site given, and many of the congregation were now thrown into Fort Hill prison, Boston, and the Reverend Mr. Ratcliffe returned to England. The new chapel was repeatedly stoned and its windows were broken.

The present edifice was begun sixty years later. The pulpit and communion table were brought from the older chapel.

I think you'll like to recall, as you visit King's Chapel, the scene there on a Sunday prior to 1775, when the Viceregal Court was in attendance, and officers of the British Army and Navy. On the walls and pillars hung royal and noble banners and escutcheons. In the gallery on the south side sat the dusky slaves; and near the entrance was a long narrow pew where condemned prisoners sat, heavily chained, on the last Sunday before they were to be executed.

General Joseph Warren, killed at Bunker Hill, was buried from the chapel — not then called "King's." When reorganized, the church called James Freeman as pastor; he made it the first Unitarian church in America.

### *Washington Street*

Now, walk down School Street (which is actually a continuation of the east end of Beacon Street, bending down toward Tremont Street) to Washington Street, and

there you have, at School and Washington, the original Old Corner Bookstore Building; and, close by on Milk and Washington, the Old South Meeting House.

The former, dating from 1712, is the oldest brick building in Boston; it stands on the site where Anne Hutchinson held those meetings which caused her to be brought to trial and expelled from the Colony. Beginning with 1828, the front of the street floor was used as a bookshop, and subsequently by publishing firms who also owned the bookshop. There Ticknor and Fields flourished, and from them Houghton Mifflin evolved — moving from there to Park Street in 1880. Through its door passed every noted New Englander of those days, and every noted visitor to Boston. (The Old Corner Bookstore is now located at 50 Bromfield Street, one block west of School Street.)

The Old South Meeting House, built in 1729, is where much of the most impassioned oratory against "taxation without representation" was heard. There began the line of march to Griffin's Wharf, at the foot of Pearl Street, where the Boston Tea Party took place, December 16, 1773. The building has not been used as a church since 1876, when the women of Massachusetts bought it to save it from destruction. The congregation which formerly worshiped there (founded in 1669) now worships at the "new" Old South Church (Third), built in 1875 in Copley Square. But the old "Old South" is still used for public meetings called to protest against one thing and another.

### *State Street*

Retrace, now, the few steps to School Street and continue, on Washington, down "Newspaper Row" to the



Old State House, at Washington and State Streets, built in 1713 on the site of its predecessor. (And, by the way, Boston's Washington Street is said to be the first in the country to be so named, in 1789, when Washington was President-elect but had not yet been inaugurated.) What is State Street on your right as you go along Washington Street in the direction of the Old State House, is called Court Street after it crosses Washington. At Number 17 Court Street, long ago, was the press of James Franklin, a printer, who taught his trade to his young half-brother, Benjamin, but was so harsh that Ben ran away to Philadelphia. That was when the State House was *new*—from 1718 to 1723—and during that time James established what has been called "the first sensational newspaper of America," for which young Benjamin wrote articles besides being "the printer's devil." (The site of Franklin's birthplace is on Milk Street almost opposite the Old South.)

The Old State House is probably Boston's most venerated survival. But it came near being my neighbor in Chicago, more or less in my view as I write these pages; because, when it was threatened with demolition, years ago,—the land it occupies having become so valuable,—Chicago offered to buy it, take it carefully down, and reassemble it in Lincoln Park—which my library windows overlook. But Boston couldn't endure such a shame and sacrilege; so the City Fathers agreed to let it stand. It houses a good collection of historical relics, and you will almost certainly enjoy visiting it. The exterior looks very much as it must have when young Ben Franklin ran away, in 1723.

While you are on State Street, be sure you take good note of the State Street Trust Company at State and Congress Streets. A visit to it will richly reward you;

for though the handsome structure is new, few buildings in Boston conserve more memorials of the city's past.

The State Street Trust Company was chartered in 1891; but in the course of fifty years absorbed older banks, so that it is heir to many fine traditions, besides having a remarkable record of its own.

Few Bostonians have ever been greater zealots for New England history than Mr. Allan Forbes, who has been President of the State Street Trust Company for many years. Under his direction the bank has issued a notable series of publications, which have brought to the attention of New Englanders a great many facts too little known by the majority. My indebtedness to Mr. Forbes and his books and pamphlets is of long standing; but in the preparation of this book it has been so greatly increased as to be incalculable.

The officers and directors of the bank have sought to make their handsome building as typical of Old Boston as it could well be, from the swinging signboard on the corner of the edifice to the smallest detail of the banking rooms, which are patterned (but on a much larger scale) after the old counting-rooms of Boston merchants in the early eighteenth century.

In the vestibule you'll see a flagstone from the floor of the Guildhall in Boston, England.

The lanterns in the bank are reproductions of historic old ones; the tables and chairs are imitations of old tavern furniture. The forty-odd pewter inkwells came from old English countinghouses and are all originals. The brass candlesticks on the officers' desks are real antiques. The President's room is a copy of a very old State Street business office of the latter part of the

seventeenth century; everything in it is actually of the period and was selected with the greatest care.

There's a great collection of old ship models, and another of paintings and prints. These are only some of the things to be seen. Don't miss it! Even greater than the intrinsic interest of the collections is the impression one brings away from an institution with this spirit.

Every inch of ground in the bank's vicinity is saturated with history. Governor John Winthrop's house was, approximately, where 53 State Street now stands. In those days the thoroughfare was sometimes called the "Great Street to the Sea." Later it was "King Street"; then "State Street." Much of the business of those days was transacted here; and the best inns and taverns were, inevitably, in this vicinity.

The Boston Massacre took place on King Street, in the shadow of the Old State House, before the Customs House.

The Governor had complained to King George that Boston was a disorderly town and that it was difficult to enforce the laws. Whereupon His Majesty sent troops; and instead of being lodged in Castle William down the harbor they were quartered here, in the heart of everything. On Monday, March 5, 1770, a few minutes after 9 P.M. some boys and young men threw snowballs at the sentry standing guard before the Customs House; and eight or nine soldiers came to the sentry's assistance. A crowd collected; the Captain commanded the soldiers to fire, which they did—killing three men and mortally wounding several others. Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson was sent for, and promised the crowd that justice should be done. One of the five men killed was a mulatto, Crispus Attucks; some say he was the leader

of the snowball attack. At any rate, he has been considerably honored for his part in the affair, and has a monument on Boston Common.

If Crispus had been able to hurl snowballs at George III for ordering soldiers to Boston, I'd be a bit more willing to applaud his great deed. But to attack an unoffending redcoat because he was standing guard, under orders, doesn't seem to me an act to rate a monument. My admiration in this episode goes to John Adams and Josiah Quincy, Jr., who courageously defended the British Captain Preston, and secured his acquittal. Adams' fellow citizens approved his action, too, and the next year elected him to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, by an overwhelming majority.

Now you come to Number 175 Washington Street, where Paul Revere's goldsmith shop was. Paul learned the trade of silversmith and goldsmith from his father, and developed it into an art; but much of his best work in this line was not done till after the war, when he was a mature man of fifty or so. It was as grand master in the Masonic fraternity that he laid the cornerstone of the new State House, upon Beacon Hill, in 1795. His own house, at North Street, we shall visit shortly.

You turn, right, from Washington Street into Dock Square — which is a long way from any present docks, but is where the waterfront used to be when Peter Faneuil, wealthy merchant, in 1742 gave his townsfolk a market and, above it, a town hall. So perfectly adapted to its uses was this building that when the original structure was destroyed by fire in 1761, it was promptly rebuilt on the same plan. In 1805, Bulfinch added a story and doubled the width, but retained the original style.

The Faneuils (whom Bostonians called Fan'ls) were

from La Rochelle, France, of a family that dated back probably to the Crusades. They were staunch Huguenots, and after Louis XIV in 1685 revoked the Edict of Nantes — whereby his grandfather, Henry IV, in 1598 had granted the Huguenots political rights and a measure of religious freedom — two sons of the house of Faneuil fled to Holland and thence to the New World. One settled at New Rochelle, New York, and the other in Boston. Peter, the donor of Faneuil Hall, was eldest of eleven children born to the brother in New Rochelle, Benjamin; on the death of Benjamin, André Faneuil in Boston, who was exceeding prosperous and had no heirs, adopted two sons and a daughter of Benjamin. One of these sons made a marriage displeasing to his uncle and had to leave home. Peter then became sole heir to his uncle, who was the richest man in Boston and had a very fine stone mansion with a garden of seven acres, on the west side of Tremont Street just north of its junction with Beacon Street. André died in 1738 and it was reported that “his funeral was as generous and expensive as any that has been known here, above 1100 persons of all Ranks following the Corpse.”

Do you know that expensive funerals were considered a social obligation upon the survivors of a person of means? Regular invitations were sent out, usually in the form of gloves to be worn at the ceremony; and often a man in making his will would name the quality of gloves to be provided his funeral guests. Relatives and important acquaintances were also given rings, usually of gold with black enamel. (You'll see a collection of these mourning rings at Salem, in the Essex Institute.) A good deal of wine was drunk and food consumed, so that “funeral baked meats” were no figure of speech.

But André's family surpassed all expectations in the

matter of funeral; and then Peter, who was a bachelor nearing forty, was the head of the house.

He owned an imported chariot and coach for state occasions, and two chaises "for every day." He had five Negroes and fourteen hundred ounces of plate. His cellar was bursting with good cheer. He was the most conspicuous figure in the business and social life of Boston, and his charities were commensurate with his wealth.

In 1740 he offered to build a market for Boston. The first idea was for a ground floor only. But Boston needed a public hall, so he gave orders to add another story; and his grateful fellow citizens voted to give his name to the hall and to place his portrait there.

He died, March 3, 1743, a few days before the first town meeting was scheduled to take place in "Faneuil Hall." So the first use to which the new Hall was put was for an oration on the late donor, delivered by the Master of the Boston Public Latin School, where the Huguenot Church held its first meetings.

He lies in Old Granary Burial Ground, not far from where he had his palatial home.

(Many of New England's finest citizens came from France, and not a few from La Rochelle, that great stronghold of Protestantism. Notable among these latter were the Bowdoin family, descended from Pierre Baudouin, who claimed derivation from Baldwin who was King of Jerusalem in 1143.)

You'll want to see the famous Hall which has echoed the ringing tones of so many impassioned orators; and you'll want to see, above it, the quarters of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, founded in 1638. It is the oldest military body in the New World, whose original members had once belonged to the Honourable

Artillery Company of London, probably the oldest regiment in the Old World and one which has done distinguished service for many centuries.

Across from Faneuil Hall at 30 North Market Street is the Durgin-Park restaurant, where famous and not-so-famous personages have breakfasted, lunched and dined robustly and well for more than sixty years; prices very modest, and quantity august.

For another eating place when you leave Faneuil (pronounced Fan'l) Hall, have a look at Union Street, or walk up it, to Number 41, where the Union Oyster House has been doing business since 1826, in a building now at least 200 years old. On the lower floor are very old "booths," and a bar at which Daniel Webster used to take a toddy now and then. Upstairs, on the second floor, Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, is said to have lived during his exile in America (1796-1800), and taught French. I can't vouch for this, because his principal residence in this country was in Philadelphia, but it may be true. He was born in the Palais Royal, Paris; and not until 1830, when he was fifty-seven, did he become King of France.

Farther north in that block of Union Street you'll come to Hanover Street, which seems to have escaped having its name changed when Hanovers were very unpopular. Many fine folk of Lang Syne lived on it, including wealthy sea captains; but now it is the main thoroughfare of the Italian North End.

### *Revere's House and Old North Church*

You'll want to see Paul Revere's house, of course; because it was his, because it's the oldest in Boston,

and because it's interesting. To reach it, follow Hanover Street (right) to Prince Street, and then turn right on Prince Street for a very short distance to North Square. Revere's house is Number 19; it is open daily from ten to four, and admission is twenty-five cents. It was about a century old when Paul took up his residence there and is now the only seventeenth-century structure standing in downtown Boston. There are only four rooms and an attic; yet Paul had sixteen children, so the little house must have seemed pretty full at times. He outlived most of them, and died (in a later home, near by) when he was eighty-three. The house contains many memorials of him, and of his days. He was a versatile genius: he was an engraver, and 'twas he who engraved and printed our first paper money; he cast fine bells, of which seventy-five are said to be still in use; he had a mill for rolling copper; he made gunpowder; he printed a newspaper; he carved frames for Copley's pictures; he pulled teeth, at times, and made false ones. All these things besides his really notable work as a silversmith, and his unremitting public services.

Each year on April 19, horsemen garbed like Paul Revere and his companions, Dawes and Prescott, re-enact the famous ride from Boston to Lexington and Concord.

Paul Revere was the son of a Huguenot, Apollos Rivoire, born in the vicinity of Bordeaux in 1702. Apollos became a gold- and silversmith, and emigrated to Boston where, just before his marriage in 1729 to Deborah Hitchcock, he changed his name to Paul Revere "on account the Bumpkins should pronounce it easier." The third child of Paul and Deborah, born January, 1734, was named Paul for his father, and made their Anglicized name famous. Do you know Helen F. More's



poem about that euphonious name? It is William Dawes who speaks: —

When the lights from Old North Church flashed out,  
Paul Revere was waiting about,  
But I was already on my way;  
The shadows of night fell cold and gray  
As I rode, with never a break or pause.  
But what was the use, when my names was Dawes?

History rings with his silvery name;  
Closed to me are the portals of fame.  
Had he been Dawes and I Revere  
No one had heard of him, I fear.  
No one had heard of me because  
He was Revere and I was Dawes.

'Tis all very well for the children to hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere;  
But why should my name be quite forgot  
Who rode as boldly and well, God wot!  
Why should I ask? The reason is clear;  
My name was Dawes and his Revere.

But imagine the plight of Longfellow had he tried to celebrate the Midnight Ride of Apollos Rivoire!

Paul was forty when he made that ride to Lexington. Long before that he had married young; and in the years of increasing bitterness that preceded the Revolution, he made a very tidy sum engraving what we would today call "political cartoons."

In 1770 he was able to buy this house, in one of the best residential districts of Boston. His first wife died here, in May, 1773, and in October he brought home his second bride.

In those days Paul belonged to a club of about thirty

men who had constituted themselves a volunteer committee to watch the British and learn what they were "up to." Paul was, in fact, the head of these vigilantes, who met at the Green Dragon Tavern in Union Street, near by, where they swore upon the Bible, each time they held a meeting, not to disclose anything they learned except to "Messrs. Hancock, Adams, Drs. Warren, Church and one or two more."

There are many different stories as to how this club or committee learned of the British plan to go to Lexington to arrest John Hancock and Samuel Adams; but the one that seems as probable as any—and makes the best story—is that a thirteen-year-old lad named Sam Ballard, who was wont to hang about inn doors to pick up a few coins by holding horses while their owners went in to drink, overheard from two British officers scraps of talk which young Ballard was quick-witted enough to know indicated a plan to capture Hancock and Adams. He told this to the landlord of the Green Dragon, who notified the Committee of Safety. They appointed a spy to hide in the rooms where the British officers held their councils. After the spy reported to them what was afoot, the Committee met and planned the ride that was to warn Hancock and Adams and to rouse the patriots. But the British must have known about the Committee; for on the night of April 18 the members became aware that they were being watched, and they dared not go to Revere's house according to plan. So they sent Sam Ballard to tell Revere, who went at once (it was about 10 P.M.) to Dr. Warren's house, learned that William Dawes had already started to the river side, and immediately set out on his own errand.

Revere's first stop was at the house of his close friend,

Major John Pulling, who lived near North Church, of which he was a vestryman. Pulling went to the home of the sexton, on Salem Street, demanded the church keys, let himself in, and climbed to the steeple where he hung out the two lanterns which told those on the other side of the river that "the British were going by water."

Pulling had then to make his escape, disguised as a laborer, on board a friendly vessel. Revere's further movements we shall recall when we come to Lexington.

Right now you must see the Old North Church where the signal lantern hung. Regain Prince Street, pass Hanover Street, and continue to Salem Street. Then turn right; the church is at Number 193; it was built in 1723, when this was an aristocratic part of Boston and not a teeming Italian section as it is now. See the interior of the church. Let at least *one* little Italian boy act as your guide. His history may not be much more authentic than Longfellow's; but his zeal to please you will be great. And don't reward him too frugally! Encourage him to accompany you to Copp's Hill Burial Ground, near by. He may not know as much about the Mathers as you do; but even if he doesn't, he's the America of Tomorrow and as important in his way as they were in theirs. He'll show you Bunker Hill Monument, over in Charlestown, if you want to walk there; and he might even conduct you to Constitution Wharf, at the foot of Hanover Street, where the famous frigate *Constitution* ("Old Ironsides") was launched, in 1797.

It might be that he could get a taxi for you, so you could ride along Atlantic Avenue past T Wharf, haunt of artists, where a multitude of little trawlers, manned by foreign fishermen, tie up, and where the Blue Ship Tea-

room provides for visitors who telephone ahead. Long Wharf, whence the British troops embarked for home in March, 1776, is near — and the U. S. Custom House; and Griffin's Wharf, where the Boston Tea Party took place.

If you are specially interested in shoes, you might like to stop at the Shoe Museum, maintained by the United Shoe Machinery Corporation, 140 Federal Street, where you can see shoes of many periods, beginning as far back as 2000 B.C.

Then, back to your hotel, after a full (but not *too* full!) day.

### *West of Charles Street*

What you have left to see in Boston is west of Charles Street, Back Bay and the newer districts; and Cambridge, across the Charles River Basin.

For most of this you will probably drive, as the distances are considerable. There is so much that is of very great interest in the near vicinity of Boston, that visitors who haven't unlimited time must plan carefully, so as not to leave many places unseen. Besides Boston and Cambridge, there's Lexington and Concord; there's Harvard (not the university, but the town) and Sudbury; there's Marblehead and Salem and Ipswich; and Gloucester and Cape Ann; and Plymouth; and Cape Cod — and the Vineyard, and Nantucket! If your route on leaving Boston is not westward to the Berkshires, but northward, you may want also to make a trip to Wellesley now.

So, it behooves one who is eager to see as much as possible to "do" Boston and Cambridge as well as he can in two days, if he has no more than a week for their immediate vicinity.

There are Gray Line Sight-seeing Tours, hourly or twice-daily in summer, less often in winter, around Boston, one in the East End and one in the West End and to Cambridge, which last about one and one-half hours each (the latter a little longer) and cost \$1.50 each. There's a combination tour, four times a day, which takes three and a quarter hours, costs \$2.50, and "covers" Boston.

## 2. A SECOND DAY

If on foot or in your own car, I'd start the second day ("betimes"! ) with a look at the Public Garden which was laid out in the middle of the nineteenth century when more than 1,000 acres were added to Boston's area by cutting down some hills and using the dirt and gravel to fill in the Back Bay. See the flowers and exotic trees and the famous Swan Boats in the Garden, and leave by the Arlington Street exit which leads directly into Commonwealth Ave. This is a very long street — perhaps you came into Boston by it, along U. S. 1 — but you can get "an impression" of it in a few blocks. Turn left on Dartmouth Street, the third beyond Arlington, and cross Newbury Street and Boylston Street, to find yourself at Copley Square.

There you have Trinity Church, built in 1877 for the great and truly godly Phillips Brooks who became Bishop only fifteen months before his death in January 1893. He was an exemplar of Christianity such as not every generation sees — an adorable human being, most benignly illumined by a great love for his Lord and for his fellow men. I'd like to write pages of anecdote about him, to help you feel his spirit as you visit the edifice which so often echoed to his eloquence. But I mustn't. If you

don't know much about him, think of him as a man embodying everything you've always thought a Christian gentleman should be. He was a great prelate, too. You probably sing his lovely hymn, every Christmas: "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

Opposite Trinity, where the window from St. Botolph's in England is, is the very famous Boston Public Library, within which is the railing from the "dock" at which some of the Pilgrim Fathers were arraigned for their faith. The Library is quite as celebrated for its architecture and for its mural paintings as for its collection of books — one of the largest in the world. There you may not have time to learn a great deal about the truly wonderful treasures Boston owns in the way of books, manuscripts and engravings, but you will certainly linger long enough to see the lovely Court (inspired by that of the *Palazzo della Cancelleria* in Rome) and the murals by Puvis de Chavannes, Edwin Austin Abbey, and John Singer Sargent.

At the corner of Dartmouth and Boylston Streets is the third Old South Church, built in 1875. And a little farther west on Boylston Street, at 688, is the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University, and its Graduate School; its other schools are in various parts of the city; for this co-educational, nonsectarian university has about 15,000 students, from every state in the Union and from thirty-two foreign countries. Alexander Graham Bell was once a professor at Boston University, and he will be honored by a memorial tower 375 feet high when the University gets its new campus and buildings on the banks of the Charles River.

Now (unless this is Monday, or an important holiday like the Fourth of July) your next objective is probably the Museum of Fine Arts out on the Fenway; and after

that, "Mrs. Jack Gardner's Palace." You had better take a car or bus out Huntington Avenue past the Mother Church of Christian Science and the Publishing House where *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* is published, and the *Christian Science Monitor*. The smaller church, of gray granite, is the one built in 1894. The big church, built ten years later, seats 5,000 people.

At the northwest corner of Huntington Avenue and Massachusetts Avenue (the latter a broad artery which leads via Harvard Bridge to Cambridge) is Symphony Hall, where the concerts of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra (founded in 1881) are given. In the spring for a short while there are popular concerts here, with tables for refreshments—known as "The Pops." You should have one evening spent here or if it is summer, at the Esplanade concerts outdoors. A block west from Symphony Hall, at the corner of Gainsborough Street, is the New England Conservatory of Music, founded in 1867, which has graduated more than 140,000 students, many of whom have attained eminence. Still farther west is the Boston Opera House, which is not often used nowadays.

The Museum of Fine Arts occupies several buildings and offers much to see. You may lunch there, for sixty cents; I'm told it's good, but I can't testify; I never stay in a museum more than two hours at a time. Most visitors who are not on a special quest make their first objective the American rooms, and after seeing these go on to whatever else they have time and inclination for. The American rooms have lovely Colonial interiors, removed with all their contents from representative early homes; and Paul Revere silver; and many things you'll delight to see.

If you lunch at the Museum, then walk—after you

have seen all you have time for — along Fenway Street (overlooking the Back Bay Fens), following it as it turns north. At the corner of Fenway and Worthington Streets is Mrs. Jack Gardner's Venetian Palace, which is open from 10 to 4 on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and on Sundays from 1 to 4. Chamber music concerts are given in the Tapestry Room at 2:45 (Sundays at 2), at no extra fee. Admission on Sunday is free; other days, 25 cents.

Mrs. Gardner (it may be necessary to say to members of the generation succeeding hers) was the talk not only of the town, but of the country, in the "gay nineties" and the early years of this twentieth century — indeed, until her death in 1924, at the age of 85. She dared to be herself; and "herself" was not of a conventional pattern. She bought the things she liked, arranged them as she wanted them, entertained the people whose company pleased her, and had — probably — a very good time, for a rich woman in conservative Boston. She bought a great many very beautiful things, enjoyed them while she lived, and left them for the public to enjoy after she was gone. Most people who come to look stay to linger among them, and her flower garden in the court.

The charming parkway called the Back Bay Fens was reclaimed from mud flats. At the corner of Fenway and Boylston Streets is the Massachusetts Historical Society, the oldest in the United States, founded in 1791; primarily a library, it has also objects like John Winthrop's Bible, Peter Faneuil's wine chest, and the pen with which Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

Now you'd better make your way back to Massachusetts Avenue (a very short distance east) and along it to Harvard Bridge and Cambridge.



*Cambridge*

"Cambridge, the Second Industrial City of Massachusetts," may not interest you as much as Historical Cambridge, Cambridge the University Town, and Cambridge, the Home of Literati; but you should be aware that it exists: that 500 manufacturing plants pour forth nationally-known products, and an army of manual workers live cheek-by-jowl with the very much smaller army of students.

The earliest settlers of Cambridge were among those who had come over with Winthrop. Most of them were well to do; many of them were rich. They built fine homes and laid out "one of the neatest towns in New England."

In 1636 the General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony agreed to give four hundred pounds toward a school or college; and Cambridge (till then called New Towne) was selected as the site because it was more free than other places from heresies, like Anne Hutchinson's and Roger Williams', which were disturbing the Puritans elsewhere. Much of New Towne's unruffled orthodoxy was attributed to what Cotton Mather called "the soul-ravishing ministry of Mr. Thomas Shepard."

About seventy of the leading men of the colony had been educated at Cambridge University (England), so when they knew theirs was to be a college town it was natural that they should change its name to Cambridge — which they did, in 1638. In that year there died, over in Charlestown, a young Puritan minister, — likewise a Cambridge graduate, — named John Harvard. He was only thirty-one when tuberculosis carried him off; but he left the proposed new college half his estate (780

pounds) and 260 books. The college was then organized and named "Harvard" in his honor. Its first Commencement was held in 1642.

For a few months in 1775-1776, Cambridge played an important part in the Revolution. After the famous Nineteenth of April, '75, it became headquarters of the first American Army; and there, on July 3, Washington took command of the new army. On March 2, '76, he began the bombardment of Boston. Fifteen days later, Boston was evacuated, and Washington left for New York soon after.

More than half a century later, Cambridge began to enter on a new era of renown as the home of celebrated writers.

I have been greatly tempted to enter in detail into that Parnassian life; but I have resisted. It was before my time, in one way, but not in others; I was born too late to have any personal acquaintance with most of its notables — though I did "happen along" in time to meet Mark Twain, who often came there, and his adoring friend, W. D. Howells, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson; and I was to have visited Oliver Wendell Holmes, "the last leaf upon the tree," when, on my arriving in Boston, I was told that he had been called Elsewhere. But such encounters as I had, or ever could have had, with that group while they were in the flesh were relatively unimportant; for I was but a youngster to whom they were very kind. My real comradeship with them came when I was a fledgling "book reviewer" and the Riverside Press (in Cambridge) and others were turning out volume after volume of biography, letters, memories, of that goodly company, which it was my privilege to "review." How I lived with Lowell at Elmwood, and at foreign courts where he was ambassador; with Long-

fellow at Craigie House; with Dr. Holmes; with Hawthorne and Whittier, and the rest, is — I dare say — no proper part of this book. Except, perhaps, for readers of my own generation. And they have their recollections, as well as I!

The other day I read a book in which the author, a lady from the Pacific Northwest, enthusiastically described her visit to Cambridge (Massachusetts) in the course of an all-round-America auto trip. And she said she had seen "the house that Oliver Wendell Holmes built in 1648"! Which forced me to reflect that to some persons who go to Cambridge, to Beacon Hill, to Concord, nowadays, there is nothing *specific* in vaguely-remembered names like those which once set my young pulse tingling and now keep my mature heartbeats in a rhythm very sustaining.

So I've put back on their shelves (whence I often take them) the volumes from which I had thought to select this choice anecdote and that, to illustrate what Cambridge was like — for some folks — in the days when another generation of notables dwelt there.

What would interest more readers, probably, is an account of the notables who live there now. There are always plenty! I dare say they "foregather" interestingly, in spite of the centripetal tendencies of modern life. I dare say they write charming letters which will be collected and printed some day, and read, and treasured. It may even be that when the retrospect is long enough for a measuring, comparing view, they will loom much larger in "America Lore" than the older worthies, of an earlier day. I can't prophesy.

If you are of my generation, and wonder why I haven't given more space to Cambridge as a "modern Athens," the foregoing is my excuse. Personally, I'd have liked

nothing better than to indulge one of my long-cherished enthusiasms; but I force myself (with difficulty) to remember that when a number of visitors returning from New England were questioned, several years ago, to learn what they had most enjoyed there, their preponderant vote was for the *food*; then came the scenery; and in *tenth* place they put "historical and literary associations."

Perhaps they were not typical. But then, again, perhaps they *were*!

If you drive or take a taxi to Cambridge, on your right as you reach the Cambridge end of Harvard Bridge you will have the magnificent buildings of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, an institution of learning of which every American should be proud—very proud.

I believe that, if you're not driving—that is, if you haven't a car at your disposal for the entire visit—you might do well to begin with the University; then take some, at least, of the walk in Old Cambridge; and then get a taxi for the drive. You can reach Harvard Square in fifteen minutes by subway from Park Street, in Boston.

The way to plan a Cambridge visit is, it seems to me, to divide it between the University and the town. Part of the town you can see on foot, if you don't mind a stroll of about a mile and a half; the rest of it involves a drive of about six miles.

Enter from Harvard Square, of course. After a look at the Wadsworth House, built in 1726, which used to be the home of Harvard's presidents and once housed Washington, briefly, enter Harvard Yard by McKean Gate, the first gate east of the Wadsworth House—which now, I omitted to say, is headquarters of the Alumni Association.

The Yard is rather dwarfed now by the huge Widener Library, built in it, in 1913-1914, as a memorial to Harry Elkins Widener of the class of 1907, who was drowned in the sinking of the *Titanic*, in 1912; but it still ranks among the most beautiful college campuses in America.

The granite shaft in the Yard was presented in 1936 (the Harvard Tercentenary) by one thousand Chinese alumni of Harvard.

In the Library I think you will like to see the Treasure Room, the Widener Memorial Room, and the Poetry Room where you will find Amy Lowell's collection of manuscripts including many of John Keats, whose biography she wrote. See also Sargent's World War Murals.

The other side of the Library overlooks New Yard where is University Hall, designed by Bulfinch and considered one of the most beautiful buildings in New England. In front of it is a statue of John Harvard as Daniel Chester French thought he might have looked. Opposite University Hall is Massachusetts Hall, built in 1720, the oldest of all the Harvard buildings. North of it is Harvard Hall (1766), then Hollis and Stoughton Halls, of about the same period and noted for the beauty of their brick; and Holworthy Hall; and Holden Chapel, built in 1744.

Recross the Yard and pass University Hall, north, to Memorial Church, dedicated to the 373 Harvard men who died in the World War. Memorial Hall, dedicated to the Harvard men who fell in defense of the Union during the Civil War, is the huge red-brick building on the other side of Cambridge Street. For the Fogg Art Museum, go out the gate to the other side of Quincy Street from most of the buildings I have mentioned.

I must not try to name all the buildings, nor describe

the many museums. Detailed information about them is not hard to find when you're on the spot. One museum you will probably ask about is the Agassiz Museum, where the very famous collection of glass flowers is, made by Leopold and Rudolph Blaschka, who never shared with others their secret for making these exquisite things. To reach this, follow Oxford Street from Kirkland Street (behind Memorial Hall) to Jarvis Street.

Suppose that now you regain Harvard Square, and take Brattle Street, Number 42 in which is the Brattle Mansion (open) built in 1727. Margaret Fuller once lived there.

The site of the Village Smithy which stood "under a spreading chestnut tree" is marked by a stone at the corner of Story Street. Number 56 Brattle Street, where the Cock Horse Inn tearoom is, was the home of Dexter Pratt, the village blacksmith whose brow was "wet with honest sweat." Number 76 was the home of Samuel, brother of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Number 94 may have been built as early as 1635. Number 105 is the Craigie-Longfellow House, once the home of the poet.

It was built in 1759 by Major John Vassall and was one of seven mansions which, because of their owners' conservatism or loyalty, came to be called "Tory Row." Vassall fled to Boston in 1774, and Washington took the house for his headquarters. Later, Dr. Andrew Craigie lived there and entertained so lavishly that he died bankrupt and his widow had to take in lodgers. One of the latter was young Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who had come to Harvard to take the professorship of modern languages recently vacated by George Ticknor. (While abroad, studying, he had lost, at the close of 1835, the young wife who had been his schoolmate). Here he lived, his study the room that had once been Washington's

bedroom, and wrote "Hyperion," "A Psalm of Life," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and other early poems. There he was destined to live the rest of his life, and to do practically all his work; for when, in 1843, he married Frances Elizabeth Appleton, of Boston, her father gave them the house as a wedding present. There, in July, 1861, Frances Longfellow died of burns suffered the night before, when a candle flame ignited the diaphanous dress she wore; on the eighteenth anniversary of her wedding day she was laid away in near-by Mount Auburn, a wreath of orange blossoms on her lovely head. He survived her for more than twenty years, sorrowing always but wearing an air of cheerfulness which he felt he owed to others. On March 24, 1882, he joined her, and was carried from Craigie House to Mount Auburn.

Now, retrace your steps on Brattle Street to Mason Street and turn (left) past the "Yard" of Radcliffe College. Then, right, on Garden Street toward the Common, passing the site where once stood the Washington Elm, under which Washington took command of the Continental Army. In 1920, three years before the old tree died, a cutting from it was sent to the botanical gardens of the University of Washington, at Seattle; and there it grew up. Two cuttings from it are likewise growing up, sturdily, in Arnold Arboretum; and one of them is to replace its "grand-dad" when it's stout enough to stand the gasoline fumes that now blow across the Common.

Along Garden Street you continue, passing Christ Church, built in 1761, and the adjacent burying ground, which dates from 1636, and the First Parish Church, whose congregation dates from 1633, although this edifice was built two centuries later. Harvard Commencements were held there for forty years; and after one of them,

the pastor, the late Samuel M. Crothers, remarked that he gathered from the young orators that the world had been in great danger, but that all would now be well.

Now, the principal things in Cambridge which you have not yet seen are Elmwood, where James Russell Lowell was born and lived till he "moved over the way" into Mount Auburn; and Mount Auburn, where lie so many illustrious dead that one hesitates to begin even the scantiest enumeration of them: Longfellow, Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes; Mary Baker Eddy, Julia Ward Howe, Margaret Fuller, Charlotte Cushman; Prescott and Parkman; Edwin Booth; Phillips Brooks; and so on, and on, and on.

Not for anything I can think of would I exchange my memories of hours spent in Mount Auburn, in years gone by, when books not merely read, but lived, made me feel that almost every one of those illustrious dead belonged to *me*. They *did*! They still do! Perhaps you haven't that sort of feeling for the graves of persons who have immeasurably enriched you. But as for me, many of the most fruitful hours I have ever known were passed in Mount Auburn, in Sleepy Hollow at Concord, in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, in Père Lachaise, Paris, in the Poets' Corner at Westminster — yes! and beside the royal tombs, too; for I have lived with Plantagenets and Tudors and Valois and Hapsburgs and Bourbons, as I did with Charlie Dickens in the blacking factory and with Garrick on the boards of Drury Lane. And who that has stood in the Central Friedhof, Vienna, where Beethoven sleeps beside Schubert and Brahms and Strauss, or has sought for Mozart's unidentifiable grave in the Potter's Field of the Marxerhof, can fail to feel a tenderer interest in their priceless legacy to us?

If the afternoon is well on its way into history when



you reach Cambridge, and you feel as I do about dear friends who sleep in their tombs, you'd do well to begin your visit with Mount Auburn. For you can look at college halls at any hour; but cemeteries usually close at sundown. Take either subway or taxi, or walk or drive, up Mt. Auburn Street from Harvard Square, getting off at Elmwood Avenue. On Elmwood Avenue you will notice the tablet about the Lowell House, cross to the cemetery, and ask at the gate of Mount Auburn for a free map, indicating where the most-visited graves are located.

## CHAPTER V

### BOSTON VICINITY

#### 1. LEXINGTON, CONCORD, HARVARD, SUDBURY

THERE'S A Gray Line tour daily, arranged for persons who have but one day for Boston and vicinity; it includes the city, Lexington and Concord, and the Wayside Inn at Sudbury. It costs five dollars.

Then, there's a four-hour tour of Lexington and Concord, twice daily, for three dollars. And a four-hour tour of Salem and Marblehead, twice daily; same price. And an all-day tour to Plymouth and the Pilgrim Shore (five dollars), and one to Gloucester and the North Shore (five dollars). And so on.

There are others of other companies. This list will merely give you an idea of the possibilities by motor coach with guide lecturer. For Gray Line, call Hotel Brunswick. From them, also, you can get a chauffeur-driven car to go where you please, "on your own." I have used these "private" cars of the Gray Line with delightful results—fine cars, skillful, intelligent chauffeurs, most agreeable service.

The B. and M. Transportation Company's buses will take you to Lexington and to Concord, and other "environs"; and there are innumerable other bus services, "Trailways," and what not. You may go into the In-

formation Office of the New England Council, in the Statler Building, 20 Providence Street, to ask for specific help covering your wants.

I shall try to "nudge your memory" so that, however you reach these fascinating places, you may have a few salient facts in mind, and some hints about making closer acquaintance with them if you want to.

Let us begin with Paul Revere's route, out through Arlington and Lexington to Concord; and continue to Harvard, coming home to Boston by way of Sudbury. You can do it in a good full day if you're driving; if you're taking a bus trip you can do it all but Harvard — not Harvard University in Cambridge, but the town of Harvard, where Bronson Alcott tried out that Utopia, "Fruitlands." (The sight-seeing coaches give patrons a glimpse of Harvard University, but not a visit.)

The way is out Beacon Street, west of the State House, and Massachusetts Avenue through Cambridge, and Arlington. The latter is now a residential suburb; it has a few points of mild interest in connection with the Revolution, but I believe you'd be sorry — later in the day — if you had tarried there and cut short your time for places farther on. But you may want to see the "oldest house in Cambridge" as you pass Linnæan Street, Cambridge, long before you reach Arlington. Turn off Massachusetts Avenue left to the Cooper-Frost-Austin House (c. 1657) on Linnæan Street. Near here are the Harvard Botanical Gardens, and the Observatory.

A mile beyond Arlington is Belmont, where Roger Wellington built a house in 1636. Near there, legend says that Norsemen trapped beavers, long, long, ago. It is now a pleasant residential place, growing in popularity.

*Lexington*

Straight out Massachusetts Avenue you go; and as you pass Number 955, note the house, for there lived till he was ninety-five a man who was seventeen when the Battle of Lexington took place, when he was a fifer in the fife and drum corps. He participated in the twenty-fifth, fiftieth, and seventy-fifth anniversaries of the battle, always had his hand shaken by famous visitors, and called himself—to the last—"the Minute Boy." Then at 1332 Massachusetts Avenue you come to the Munroe Tavern, built in 1695 and now a little museum with rooms furnished in the period of the Revolution. Washington was entertained there in 1789, at a testimonial dinner; and the table he sat at, the chair he sat in, the dishes he ate from, the hatrack on which he hung his hat, are piously preserved.

At 1603 Massachusetts Avenue, in a modern structure used as the town hall, is a painting—"The Dawn of Liberty," by Henry Sandham—which will give you a good idea of the Battle of Lexington. At 1906, there is an old house of 1729 that witnessed the battle, which took place on the triangular Green, where stands the commemorative statue of the Minuteman by H. H. Kitson. During that battle, Jonathan Harrington was severely wounded, dragged himself to the door of his home (still standing at the corner of Elm Avenue and Bedford Street—a two-storied frame house, white with green shutters and a Georgian doorway). Here he died at his wife's feet.

Now turn right from Elm Avenue on Bedford Street and see the Buckman Tavern (built in 1690), about whose great fireplace on the morning of April 19, 1775, the Minutemen, seventy-seven of them, who had been

warned by Paul Revere, assembled to await the approaching British troops, while Paul sat at a chamber window above.

I think that now you'd like to cross the Boston and Maine Railroad tracks, and go along Hancock Street to Number 35, the Hancock-Clarke House, the earliest part of which (the ell) was built in 1698 by the Reverend John Hancock, grandfather of the "Signer." It was enlarged in 1734. On the night of April 18, 1775, John Hancock was there, with Samuel Adams; and Dorothy Quincy, John's fiancée, was there, too, chaperoned by John's Aunt Lydia Hancock. (The house was then occupied by the Reverend Jonas Clarke.)

When Paul Revere dashed up, crying his alarm, John and Samuel hastened to make themselves scarce; for one object of the expedition then marching, 800 strong, on Lexington was to capture Hancock and Adams; besides this, they wanted to destroy the materials of war which the patriots had concentrated at Concord.

Hancock was no lad, you know. He was thirty-eight, and had been a graduate of Harvard for more than twenty years. Eleven years before this eventful day in Lexington he had succeeded to the prosperous business and large personal fortune of his uncle, in Boston (much like Peter Faneuil a generation earlier). His opposition to the British rule began in 1768, when a cargo of Madeira wine consigned to him was seized for nonpayment of duties, and suits were brought against him which threatened the confiscation of all he had.

He was a member of the committee appointed in a Boston town meeting, in 1770, to demand the removal of British troops from Boston. He was president of both the first and second Provincial Congresses. He was, on that night of April 18, on the eve of being made first

president of the Continental Congress, and of being the first signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Samuel Adams was fifteen years older than John Hancock: Boston-born, Harvard educated, a "born politician," considered to have done more than any other one man to mold public opinion in that community when "the Spirit of '76" was rising. He had managed the "Boston Tea Party"; and of him, as of Hancock, General Gage, the British Governor of Massachusetts, had said that their offenses were "of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment." King George III said he would pardon everybody else who rebelled against him, if they'd just quiet down and be good; but Hancock and Adams — NEVER!

It was to warn Hancock and Adams, as much as to rouse the Minutemen, that Revere and his companion, William Dawes, galloped like the wind when they knew that 800 British troops were on the march to seize them, and that Lexington could muster only seventy-seven patriots in their defense.

Southwest of the Green, there stands, on the original site, a reproduction of the old Belfry whose bell summoned the Minutemen (and the Minute Boy!) to the Green, where Captain Parker ordered every man to load his rifle and stand his ground, but not to fire unless fired upon — "But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

Major Pitcairn, commanding the British troops, ordered the rebels to disperse. Not a man moved. Pitcairn then ordered his men to fire. They hesitated; so he discharged his own pistol; this was really the "shot heard round the world." Then his soldiers fired a volley which killed seven patriots and wounded ten.

Parker saw that resistance was in vain, and ordered his men to disperse. The British marched on to Concord, whither we shall follow them.

### *Concord*

State Road 2, the most direct route from Boston to Concord (and on to Troy, New York) does not go through Concord Center, but passes it a mile and a half to the left. What you will probably wish to see, on leaving Lexington, is the spot where Paul Revere was captured on his way to alarm Concord. This is about five miles north of Lexington on what was then the Old Concord Road but is now the Great North Road. Paul Revere and William Dawes had been joined by young Dr. Samuel Prescott of Concord, and they were hastening to Concord to tell the people that Pitcairn's troops were coming. A British patrol halted them. Dawes turned back and made his escape; Prescott jumped a stone wall and took a path he knew which rejoined the road nearer Concord, and it was he who gave the alarm there. Revere was captured and carried back to Lexington, where he was released and joined Hancock and Adams. General Charles Dawes, former Vice President of the United States, and his brother Rufus who was President of "A Century of Progress" Fair at Chicago, 1933, descended from William Dawes.

There are things to be said for approaching Concord via the Bedford Road and making your first stop at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, then turning, right, in Monument Street to the Old Manse and the Battleground; but I have a preference for the Lexington Road — not just for sentimental reasons of my own, but because you will be leaving Concord town from the west; and if you

should see the North Bridge first, you'd have to go a considerable distance eastward on Lexington Road to see some of Concord's principal shrines, and then retrace your way to Main Street and your exit towards Harvard or Sudbury.

If you go my way, at the junction of Lexington Road and Old Bedford Road you will find a tablet reminding you that there the British, retreating from North Bridge, were attacked by pursuing Minutemen.

A little beyond is Grapevine Cottage where Ephraim Wales Bull lived, who bred the Concord grape and began the commercial production of table grapes in America, but profited little or nothing thereby. Julian Hawthorne gives us a vivid picture of Bull in *Hawthorne and His Circle*, describing him as "short and powerful, with long arms, and a big head covered with bushy hair and a jungle beard, from which looked out a pair of eyes singularly brilliant and penetrating." He and Hawthorne liked each other very much, and Bull often went over to "The Wayside" and sat with Hawthorne in the summerhouse on the hill, talking of many things. Also, the Hawthorne children were permitted to climb Mr. Bull's fence and eat all the grapes they could hold.

Next you come to "The Wayside," once called "Hillside," where the Bronson Alcotts lived from 1845-1848, when Louisa was in her thirteenth to sixteenth years. Then they moved next door, to the Orchard House, so dilapidated that it was considered unlivable; but the Alcotts patched and painted and papered, and managed to eke out their existence (largely through Louisa's unremitting efforts); while in the Hillside Chapel, next door west, Bronson held his School of Philosophy. Fruitlands (which you shall see at Harvard) and Brook Farm



(which you may visit in West Roxbury, now a part of Boston, at 670 Baker Street) were then experiences behind Alcott and his wife and daughters; but his impracticality was still uncured, and his ideas were still, many of them, a century in advance of his neighbors'. Those who love *Little Women* will want to visit Orchard House after a glimpse of "The Wayside."

Hawthorne (who also had been, briefly, of the Brook Farm community) bought "The Wayside" from Emerson in 1852 and lived there, when he was not abroad, till his death in 1864, which occurred in Plymouth, New Hampshire. From there he was borne to his resting-place in Sleepy Hollow.

"The Wayside" was at least a hundred years old when Hawthorne moved into it. Its occupants had seen the British march past from Boston on April 19, 1775, and a few hours later had seen them return along the same dusty highway at a much quicker pace.

I used to be a rather frequent guest at "The Wayside" when I was a very young editor, at a time when it belonged to "Margaret Sidney," widow of Daniel Lothrop, publisher; she was the author of a very popular series of children's books, *The Five Little Peppers*; and I remember that, in those days when people of the sort who now stampede movie stars had nothing better to spend their efforts upon than authors living and dead, there were sometimes as many as a hundred persons who came between breakfast and dusk, asking to see the inside of the house. And most of them were conscienceless "collectors"—the kind who chipped away pieces of the granite boulder marking Emerson's grave, till it had to be covered with a strong wire netting; who pulled off sprigs of the hedge surrounding the graves of Nathaniel and Sophia Hawthorne, till Julian Hawthorne put up a

sign begging them to leave the hedge alone "out of respect to the living, if not to the dead." (They also took slivers from the wooden steps to the Charter Street house in Salem, where Hawthorne courted Sophia Peabody, until there were no steps left, to speak of!) Once, when I was visiting in Concord, there was a story going the rounds of the tormented residents, about some women who had been seen acting strangely in the yard of the Orchard House, then occupied by Dr. William Torrey Harris, United States Commissioner of Education. He had been "pestered" by people traipsing through his house in search of Alcott souvenirs, so he had closed it to visitors. Those women in the yard were not to be thwarted. Dr. Harris went out to see what they were doing. "Catching grasshoppers," they replied, and showed small bottles with the wretched insects inside.

These things happened before the days of sight-seeing buses or automobiles. We took the train out to Concord, then; and it was quite a journey.

"The Wayside" is open daily, now, nine to six, from May to Armistice Day. You pay your twenty-five cents, and see where the shyest, most retiring of American authors lived in his declining years; the desk at which, 'twas thought, he might like to stand while he wrote (but he never used it, after a brief trial); the tower to which he could flee when visitors came; the stairs up which the young Alcotts toiled with large packs on their backs, playing "Pilgrim's Progress"—and many other things.

Don't fail to go out to the Larch Path, which Bronson Alcott planted, using money that his family needed urgently for other things. Imagine glorious Hawthorne pacing up and down there with Sophia, unfolding to her his plans for *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret*, in which

Bronson Alcott appears under a thin disguise. But we shall get closer to the Hawthornes, at the Old Manse here in Concord, and later on in Salem; for of the twelve years during which "The Wayside" was his, he spent seven abroad; and much of the time he did live here he was in failing health.

Among my favorite "recollections" of him at "The Wayside" is one of an eager young fellow who presented himself there one day in August, 1860, after Hawthorne's return from England. This young man had a letter from James Russell Lowell, then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, telling Hawthorne that "the young man who brings this wants to look at you, which will do you no harm, and him a great deal of good." His name was William Dean Howells — and one day *he* was to be editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Orchard House still seems full of those Little Women; their devotees will recall the gallant struggles of Louisa May Alcott to make a living for them all, to offset the economic failures of her dear, impractical father. I wonder if you know that her earliest efforts to earn money were as a dolls' dressmaker? Pennies, of course; but pennies often counted for a lot in that household. She did sewing, teaching, writing; she even "worked out," briefly, as a domestic servant. Her first book was published in 1854, when she was twenty-two; it was called *Flower Fables*, and was written for Ralph Waldo Emerson's little daughter, Ellen. When she was twenty-eight, she was paid fifty dollars for a story accepted by Lowell for the *Atlantic Monthly*; and that seemed not only fortune but the prospect of fame. *Little Women*, begun here, was published in 1868.

One of Louisa's nephews — the one who was "Demi" in *Little Women*, and, I believe, Frederick Alcott Pratt

in "real life," was prominently associated with his aunt's publishers, Roberts Brothers, when I was a very young literary editor; and I used to call on him, feeling much as I might have felt if I were calling upon the Prince of Denmark (the "melancholy Dane") or David Copperfield.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop wrote of Bronson Alcott: —

I believe he was never once startled from the dream of illusive joy which pictured to him all high aims as possible of realization through talk. Often he was so happy that he could have danced like a child; and he laughed merrily like one; and the quick, upward lift of his head, which his great height induced him to hold, as a rule, slightly bent forward . . . and the glance, bright and eager though not deep, which sparkled upon you, were sweet and good to see.

Alcott delighted in building summerhouses, and in all his walks abroad he sought oddly-shaped tree-roots and branches, and would return home "with gargoyle-like stems over his shoulders." His construction was faulty, and his summerhouses soon collapsed. But what matter? That simply gave him an excuse to make another.

He worshipped apple trees. "Here, in his orchard, he was an all-admirable human being and lovely to observe. . . . We all enjoyed seeing him there, as we wended to and from our little town."

You must "see" him there, tending his apple trees or building a fantastic summerhouse, as you pass by.

Then, some distance nearer town, on the Lexington Road, you come to the junction with Cambridge Turnpike; there you find the Antiquarian House, preserving with pious care many things that belonged to Concord's famous residents. Emerson's "Study" is there, just as he

left it, all behind glass as is Ibsen's in the Bygdö Museum near Oslo.

And across the road is Emerson's house, his home for nearly fifty years. "Emerson was," Julian Hawthorne wrote, "and he always remained, the hub round which the wheel of Concord's fortunes slowly and contentedly revolved." At the time the Hawthornes bought "The Wayside," in 1852, Emerson was nearing fifty years of age (one year Hawthorne's senior), and: —

. . . The sweet austerity of his nature had been mellowed by human sorrows. He had the breadth and poise that are given by knowledge of foreign lands, and friendships with the best men in them; he had the unstained and indomitable independence of a man who has always avowed his belief, and never failed to be true to each occasion for truth; he had the tranquility of faith and insight, and he was alert with that immortal curiosity for noble knowledge the fruit of which enriches his writings. Upon his modestly deprecating brows was already set the wreath of a world-wide fame, and yet every village farmer and storekeeper, and every child, found in his conversation the wisdom and companionship suited to his needs, and was made to feel that his own companionship was a valued gift.

As Henry van Dyke wrote of him: —

Something in his imperturbable, kindly presence, his commanding style of thought and speech, announced him as the possessor of a great secret which many were seeking — the secret of a freer, deeper, more harmonious life. More and more, as his fame spread, those who would "live in the spirit" came to listen to the voice, and to sit at the feet, of the Sage of Concord.

I have several stories about him which have never, to my knowledge, been in print; and I'll tell two of them

here, along with a third which has been printed but probably not read by this generation.

Once, when Emerson came to lecture in Chicago, he was called upon by Miss Cornelia Lunt, aged just sixteen and in possession of her first calling card. She had no reason to call on Emerson — except to impress him with the card. She was accompanied by a girl friend; but Cornelia did all the talking.

"We have called on you, Mr. Emerson," she began, "to tell you that we have read some of your books — and we like them."

"That's very kind of you," said Emerson, sincerely; "may I ask which ones you've read?"

Cornelia hesitated — her acquaintance with his works was exceedingly slight — then she said: "'The Over-soul.'"

"Ah," breathed Mr. Emerson; "and what did you think of it?"

"Well," Cornelia answered, "we admired it, of course, but we didn't *fully* understand it."

"Isn't that interesting!" Mr. Emerson cried. "I feel the same way about it, myself!"

Another story of him was told me, many years ago, by a dear old gentleman whose name I am ashamed to have forgotten. He was a native of Concord but when young came to Chicago, 'long about the mid-century, to work in a bank. Here he used to tell his new friends about his former neighbors; and some of the new friends were especially touched by the plight of the Alcotts with whom, then, the Emersons and other neighbors were sharing rather heavily in the matter of sustenance. Certain Chicagoans wanted to help, and made up a nice little sum, which the young man sent to Emerson. Emerson sent it back with an appreciative letter; it was most

kind of the donors, he said, "but the Alcotts are *our* poor; it is our privilege to share with them."

My third tale concerns those Monday Evenings in Emerson's library where Alcott, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Ellery Channing, George William Curtis, and a few others met to discuss "Fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute."

"The philosophers," George William Curtis wrote, "sat dignified and erect. There was a constrained but very amiable silence, which had the impertinence of a tacit inquiry, seeming to ask, 'Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?' It was quite involuntary and unavoidable, for the members lacked that fluent social genius without which a club is impossible."

Now, where I got my sequel to this bit from the pen of Curtis, I can't be sure. I have a considerable library of books by and about that group, and I have searched them for the source of this anecdote; it eludes me, but I know it's *there*, somewhere. 'Tis to the effect that on one occasion, when talk ran very sluggishly, Hawthorne (whom Curtis called "Miles Coverdale" and described as a "statue of night and silence") propounded this: —

"Do you get letters from people asking for your autograph?"

"Yes," answered Emerson, whom Curtis called "the Olympian host."

"What do you do with them?"

"Throw 'em in the wastebasket."

"But they enclose stamps," protested Hawthorne, the Puritan.

"Of course! That's how I get all I need for postage."

It doesn't sound quite like Emerson; but I hope it's true.

Emerson thought himself "a very poor talker," and

Alcott "the prince of conversers." But "the Sage of Concord," if not fluent, said a great deal in few sentences, and often said it delightfully. But "so selflessly and insensibly," according to Julian Hawthorne, "were the riches of his mind and nature communicated to the community, that innocent little Concord could not quite help believing that its wealth and renown were somehow a creation of its own. The loafers in Walcott and Holden's grocery store were, in their own estimation, of heroic stature, because of the unegoistic citizen who dwelt over yonder among the pines."

Isn't that an impression to carry away from Concord?

Emerson was ungainly in build, with big hands and feet, sloping shoulders, and a forward carriage of his small head. On the lecture platform he had, at times, a glance described as "like the reveille of a trumpet."

There is no place to stop in writing about him and those who were his friends and neighbors. But there are limits to a small book!

Continue, on Lexington Road, past the Reuben Brown house at Number 27 (now a tearoom), whose occupant, in 1775, brought back to Concord from Lexington news of the "goings-on" there; pass the Concord Art Association, and the First Parish Church; at Number 2, where Monument Street starts north to the place by the "rude bridge that arched the flood," you have the Wright Tavern, built in 1747 and the oldest existing in Concord. I can wish you nothing better than that you may encounter, thereabouts, such a small-boy guide as I there enjoyed, who gave me a dramatic narrative of Major Pitcairn putting his finger in his red wine and swearing that before night he would be stirring the blood of the damned Yankee rebels.

I'm afraid my informant assured me Pitcairn was



killed that very day. He wasn't; he died at Bunker Hill. But what matter? Drama cannot be held in leash by dates.

You may like to lunch there, or at the Colonial Inn on Monument Square, close by. Monument Square has three war memorials: the granite shaft commemorating those who died in the Civil War; the boulder at the north end of the Green, to those who gave their lives in the Spanish War; and the second boulder, the World War Memorial, on which are these lines of Emerson's: —

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,  
The youth replies, *I can*.

Bedford Road, having become Court Lane, ends at Monument Street close to the Colonial Inn. If you want to visit Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where Emerson sleeps, and the Hawthornes, the Alcotts, Thoreau, and many another notable, you will find a serene, sweet spot; I have spent there many hours of companionship with great souls. But you may not care to go, or your time may be too short.

Monument Street will take you, in a few minutes' walk, to the Old Manse and the Battleground. The Old Manse was new when the battle was fought, having been built but ten years before by the Reverend William Emerson, grandfather of Ralph Waldo. There he and his family heard the shots fired for Liberty whose echo reverberated "round the world." There his grandson was living with his mother, after returning from England, in 1833, when he began his career as a lecturer, and wrote his first book. (*Nature*, published in 1836.)

Many interests has the Old Manse, chief among them

that there Nathaniel and Sophia Hawthorne had their first home. The Manse then belonged to the Reverend George Ripley, who was the leading spirit of the Brook Farm experiment, and who — after the collapse of this Utopia — went to New York to become literary editor of the *Tribune*; he must have had other sources of income, for he was noted for the elegance of his turnout in Central Park. Hawthorne had invested in the Brook Farm project a thousand dollars — all he had in the world. The loss of it was a severe blow to him, for then he was engaged to marry the frail and lovely and tenderly reared Sophia Peabody (we shall recall their courtship when we visit Salem), and the money lost was what should have set up and maintained — for a time — the new household. I think I remember reading, somewhere, that Hawthorne brought suit against Ripley, who had nothing left but the Old Manse; and that Ripley granted Hawthorne free tenancy of it till he could establish himself as a writer.

So, on July 9, 1842, Hawthorne, just past his thirty-eighth birthday, was married, in Boston, to Sophia Peabody, at a quiet family wedding; and after a honeymoon of four weeks, they took up their residence in the Manse, with its approach by an avenue of balm of Gilead trees, its apple orchard, and its view of the sluggish Concord River beside which the battle was fought.

There the Hawthornes led what Sophia called "my elysian life." It would do great good to thousands of Americans of today if they would get *Memories of Hawthorne*, by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and read the letters which Sophia wrote from the Old Manse, and from later homes. I want to quote many passages here, but must refrain — except for one, written four or five months after their first baby came, their daughter Una.

"We dined," says Sophia's letter to her mother, "upon potatoes, corn, carrots, and whortleberry pudding, quite sumptuously. Our cook was Hyperion, whom we have engaged. He, with his eyes of light, his arched brow, and 'locks of lovely splendor,' officiated even to dish-washing, with the air of one making worlds. . . . No accident happened, except that a sprigged saucer 'came in halves': and I found that Hyperion had put the ivory handles of the knives into the water, and left the silver to be washed last instead of first."

But it's not typical of the whole to halt with that dish-washing. Instead, let us leave the Manse with a picture painted by Sophia's pen (wherewith she was more eloquent than with her brush, although she loved the latter), in a letter to her mother: —

In the afternoon, when the sun fills the room [the Study] and lights up the pictures, it is beautiful. Yet still more so, perhaps, in the evening when the astral [her name for their hanging lamp] enacts the sun and pours shine upon all objects, and shows, beneath, the noblest head in Christendom, in the ancient chair with its sculptured back; and whenever I look up, two stars beneath a brow of serene white radiate love and sympathy upon me. Can you think of a happier life, with its rich intellectual feasts? That downy bloom of happiness, which unfaithful and ignoble poets have persisted in declaring always vanished at the touch and wear of life, is delicate and fresh as ever, and must remain so, if we remain unprofane. The sacredness, the loftiness, the ethereal delicacy of such a soul as my husband's will keep heaven about us.

Heaven was indeed about them, every step of their way for twenty-two years together. Their earthly parting was at "The Wayside," on May 14, 1864, when Hawthorne's devoted friend, ex-President Pierce, took

him away on a little trip to New Hampshire, hoping it would benefit his frail health. During the night of May 18, Hawthorne died in his sleep, at the Pemigewasset House, Plymouth, New Hampshire.

You may want to walk north a short distance to the Battleground of 1775, and Daniel Chester French's statue "The Minuteman," and the concrete reproduction of the wooden bridge "that arched the flood" when the "embattled farmers" stood there on April 19, 1775. The British destroyed such of the military stores of the patriots as had not been hidden or carried away when the alarm came; but they did not intimidate "the farmers," who pursued the redcoats vigorously.

Near the bridge you will find the graves of two British soldiers who fell in the Battle. And I'm sure you will be touched by their epitaph with its verse by Lowell: —

They came three thousand miles, and died,  
To keep the Past upon its throne;  
Unheard, beyond the ocean tide,  
Their English mother made her moan.

*April 19, 1775.*

Now, when you get back to Monument Square, you may want to turn right, on Main Street to Number 75, where you will find the house in which Henry D. Thoreau died. Or you may prefer to pay your homage to him at Walden Pond, where I hope you will feel it a privilege to add your stone to the cairn always rising there, to his memory.

### *Walden*

To reach Walden, take State Road 126 out of Concord for a mile and a half south, to the Walden State Reservation.

Thoreau was born in Concord, in 1817, and died there in May, 1862. It was in 1845 that he made the famous experiment at Walden, building a hut 10 x 12 which, with two large windows and a brick fireplace, cost him only \$28.12, because he did all the labor with his own hands. It was his conviction that man spends too much time working for things he doesn't need, and too little time in reading, reflection, and the enjoyment of Nature. During the two years and two months that he lived at Walden, he raised beans and potatoes, did a few odd jobs, read a great deal, and wrote much. He came to know his neighbors — birds and beasts and fishes — "with an intimacy more extraordinary than was the case with Saint Francis of Assisi," as William Sharp wrote of him; Sharp, whose own transcendent understanding of Nature expressed itself under the pen name of "Fiona Macleod."

Thoreau was a young man when he went to Walden — twenty-eight — and, as Bradford Torrey wrote of him in his Introduction to the copy of *Walden* which has been a cherished possession of mine since 1897, we must remember that *Walden* is a young man's book, the book of a man only eight years out of Harvard; still young enough to be very exacting of himself and of "his weaker brethren — who must live near a doctor, poor things, and can hardly venture to go a-huckleberrying without taking a medicine chest along; who are still a little afraid of the dark, although Christianity and candles have been introduced." But *Walden* is a spiritual tonic which gains rather than loses as the years go on and most of us grow more, not less, enslaved by things we don't need. Thoreau thought it was almost "frivolous" to be so concerned as some were with Negro Slavery when there were "so many keen and subtle masters that enslave both North and South. It is hard to have a

## 182 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

Southern overseer; it is worse to have a Northern one; but worst of all when you are the slave-driver of yourself."

Thoreau may have solved no problem, economic or spiritual (for, after all, each of us must solve those for himself) but he undeniably left us fine food for thought, fine aid to reflection; and not for a very great deal would I go to Concord without paying my homage to him. Do you know Brooks Atkinson's *Henry Thoreau, The Cosmic Yankee*? And Henry Seidel Canby's very fine new biography: *Thoreau*?

### *Harvard*

And now you should be on your way to Harvard, which is ten miles distant, on State Road 111. The town, settled in 1704, was named for John Harvard. Near it is the Harvard Astronomical Observatory. But what you doubtless want is State Road 110, on which you may turn southwest for about a mile to the junction with a road marked "Fruitlands." One mile to the right on this road is the entrance of the Wayside Museums, Incorporated, open daily in summer, except Mondays, from 12:30 P.M. to 6:30 P.M. Admission ten cents. Miss Clara Endicott Sears, of Boston, descended on her father's side from Governor John Winthrop and on her mother's side from Governor John Endicott, has her summer home here (town house, 132 Beacon Street) and on it has preserved some very interesting relics of earlier days in this vicinity. There is the Indian Museum, with a small but excellent collection which makes specially realizable to us some of the leading figures of King Philip's War. Like another "Clara" whom I need not specify, Miss Sears believes in wax figures as an aid in making the past

seem near and vivid, and here we "meet" King Philip and his General, Anawam, and the medicine man who assured them that they must make war on the white men.

Next to the Indian Museum is "Fruitlands," the transcendentalist museum; and beyond that is "Shaker House," moved here from the old Shaker community several miles away to which, in June, 1781, seven years after her arrival in America, came Mother Ann Lee, of the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing — commonly called Shakers because they became so violently agitated when "the spirit moved them." They were communistic, spiritualistic, believed disease to be a sin against God, held celibacy the ideal state, and scorned the fashions of a vain world and all adornment of houses as well as of persons. The sect is fast dying out, and Miss Sears has done here a valuable piece of work with her collection of Shaker relics, and the way they are displayed. (More wax figures, most effectively used!)

"Fruitlands" is the farmhouse in which Bronson Alcott, in 1843, established his New Eden, in which neither man nor beast was to be exploited. No meat was eaten. No wool was worn, because that involved taking away the sheep's protection against cold. No cotton was worn, because it was a product of slave labor. No animal was employed to lighten anybody's burdens. No lamps were burned, because that seemed Unfair to Whales, whose oil was then the chief illumination; and no candles, of course, because that would have been Unfair to Sheep — even more unfair than taking off woolly coats which they could replace with others.

They called it "the Con-Sociate Family"; but it didn't last very long. Our interest in it is that it was another heroic effort to attain what seemed an ideal

in living (read Miss Sears's book, *Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands*, and also Honoré Morrow's *The Father of Little Women*, and Odell Shepard's *Pedlar's Progress*, the life of Bronson Alcott), and that it was a background, for a time, of the family forever endeared to the American world in Louisa Alcott's books. Many of their intimate belongings are there.

There's a tearoom at Fruitlands, with a view which some people think one of the loveliest in New England. When you leave there, you drive back to State Road 110, and then four miles southwest on that, to the junction with State Road 117; left, on that, through Bolton and Stow, to a point just south of Maynard, where you have the intersection of a small, unnumbered road leading south to Sudbury and the Wayside Inn.

### *Sudbury*

It seems impossible that there could be anyone who needs to be told much about the Wayside Inn; but there are a few facts about Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn* that you may be glad to have freshly set before you when you are there. He had written several of the Tales (including *The Landlord's Tale*, *Paul Revere's Ride*, and *The Musician's Tale*, *The Saga of King Olaf*) and had published some of them, before he had the idea of a collection of stories such as might be told by a group of guests in an old inn.

His first title for the collection was *The Sudbury Tales*, and as such they went to the printer in April, 1863; but in August he wrote to James T. Fields: "I am afraid we have made a mistake in calling the new volume *The Sudbury Tales*. Now that I see it announced I do not like the title. Sumner cries out against it and has per-



suaded me, as I think he will you, to come back to *The Wayside Inn*. Pray think as we do."

The book was published November 25, under the preferred title; and shortly afterwards Longfellow wrote to a friend in England: —

*The Wayside Inn* has more foundation in fact than you may suppose. The town of Sudbury is about 20 miles from Cambridge. Some 200 years ago, an English family by the name of Howe built there a country house, which has remained in the family down to the present time, the last of the race dying but two years ago. Losing their fortune, they became inn-keepers; and for a century the Red-Horse Inn has flourished, going down from father to son. The place is just as I have described it, though no longer an inn. All this will account for the landlord's coat of arms, and his being a justice of the peace, and his being known as "the Squire"—things that must sound strange in English ears. All the characters are real. The musician is Ole Bull; the Spanish Jew, Israel Edrehi, whom I have seen as I have painted him, etc., etc.

The poet was T. W. Parsons, the translator of Dante; the Sicilian, Luigi Monti, a familiar friend of Longfellow's; the theologian, Professor Daniel Treadwell, a brilliant physicist who had also a turn for theology. These three men were wont to spend their summer months at the inn; the others had doubtless been there at times. The form of tales told at an inn proved so easy to work with that nine years later (in 1872) *The Second Day* was published; and, a year later, *The Third Part*. Subsequently the three parts were brought together into a single volume.

In 1920, or thereabouts, Mr. Henry Ford bought the old "Red Horse," and moved the road 200 yards farther from the door, and set his agents on a search for the

original furnishings, where possible, or for similar articles of that period. He has been very successful and we are all most grateful to him. The Inn is open to the public, admission twenty-five cents, and is again offering refreshment to man and — Fords! The foods served there are for the most part raised on the Inn farm. Mr. Ford also bought, in Sudbury Center, a typical old "general store" and moved it — herring-barrel, cracker boxes, pot-bellied iron stove and all, to the vicinity of the Inn.

Some day — *soon*, at that! — there will be Americans who must be told how much that was picturesque and, in its way, important in our history, is related to such country stores and the tobacco-squirting fellers whose "forum" they were.

U. S. 20, near Sudbury, will probably be your choice for your return to Boston.

## 2. MARBLEHEAD, SALEM, GLOUCESTER

On another day, you may have to see — as well as you can, in one day — Marblehead and Salem and Gloucester. In mileage it's not so much; Gloucester is only twenty-eight miles from Boston, and the other places are on the way. But there's a lot to see, to feel, to think about. However, if you must do your "seeing" more hurriedly than you'd like, at least you can do your thinking and feeling about it "ever afterwards."

The quickest route to the North Shore is via the Sumner Tunnel, which takes you near Revere Beach. Otherwise, from Cambridge follow signs reading "North Shore via Revere." Revere Beach, the largest in New England, is Boston's "Coney Island" (Nantasket Beach is another) where thousands frolic on the sands, in the surf, and there's an unending din. Keep on, past NAHANT, where

Longfellow wrote *The Golden Fleece* and part of *Hia-watha*, and Agassiz wrote his *Journey through Brazil*, and John Lothrop Motley began his *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, and Prescott worked on his *Conquest of Mexico*. The Henry Cabot Lodge estate is there. Nahant is nearly four miles off the road, on a promontory that is really an island bound to the mainland by a long strip of sandy beach.

Stay seaward of LYNN, the big shoe town, but give it a thought as you pass it by. For, as early as 1635, good shoes were made there, and by 1700 or so Lynn was making most of the shoes that Boston wore; nearly every house in Lynn had its back-yard shop. It is a hive of foreign-born workers, mostly affiliated with the C. I. O. Mary Baker Eddy once lived at 12 Broad Street and there, it is believed, wrote the major part of *Science and Health*; at the Lynn General Electric Company, Elihu Thomson carried on most of his experiments of incalculable benefit to users of electric current, including radiology. (Another Lynn resident was Moll Pitcher, famous not only in America but in Europe as a fortune-teller whose predictions very often came true.)

A mile beyond Lynn is SWAMPSCOTT, which is a very pleasant place to make a sojourn, if you can, at the New Ocean House. Swampscott was settled before Boston, and has long been famous for its fine sea food. The "General Glover Inn" there is notable for lunch or dinner. State Road 1A is called Paradise Road as it runs through Swampscott; and on it, a short distance northeast of the town Center, is the house where Mary Baker Eddy began her demonstrations of healing. That was in 1866. A stone's throw from there, on the same street, is the Humphrey House, built about 1635 — now a candy shop selling exceptionally fine sweets.

A mile or so farther on, you come to Vinnin Square,

where you turn off (right) on a three-mile detour to MARBLEHEAD, with its ultra-smart yacht clubs, its harbor full (in summer) of luxurious pleasure craft, and its famous and quaint old town. In Abbot Hall, on Washington Square, is the well-known painting "The Spirit of '76"; you will probably want to see it.

Whatever you do, or don't do, in Marblehead, be sure if you mention it at all to indicate that you know Whittier's story of Skipper Ireson to have been a deplorable mistake. Whittier knew it — too late — and was very sorry about it. The poem was written in 1857, and made Marblehead very indignant. In 1879, a *History of Marblehead*, by Samuel Roads, Jr., appeared, in which it was told that *not* Captain Flood Ireson, but his crew, refused to go to the rescue of the men on the sinking ship. His vessel had been months at sea, and his seamen disregarded his orders to "stand by until morning," given when he went below for a rest, after thirty-six hours on his bridge; they took the ship in, while he slept, and when they were upbraided, they said 'twas the captain's orders.

When Whittier read this, he wrote Mr. Roads:

I heartily thank thee for a copy of thy *History of Marblehead*. . . . I have now no doubt that thy version of Skipper Ireson's ride is the correct one. My verse was founded solely on a fragment of rhyme which I heard from one of my early schoolmates, a native of Marblehead. . . . I knew nothing of the participators, and the narrative of the ballad was pure fancy. . . . I certainly would not knowingly do injustice to any one, dead or living.

'Twas not the women, actually, who did the tarring and feathering and the riding in a cart, of poor Ireson; it was sailormen of Marblehead. And the strange speech that Whittier ascribed to "the women o' Morble'ead"

was his effort to reproduce what he thought might be the language of fishwives descended — as Marblehead fisherfolk were — from a pretty rough lot of ancestors from Cornwall and the Channel Islands.

A prettier story of Marblehead, which has been told in verse by Oliver Wendell Holmes and in prose by Harriet Beecher Stowe and others, is that of Agnes Surriage, a beautiful and charming girl who was scrubbing the floor of an inn at Marblehead, about 1750, when she was seen by Sir Harry Frankland, descendant of Oliver Cromwell and friend of the Earl of Chesterfield, who fell in love with her, made her his mistress, took her on "travels wide," and eventually — after they had escaped death in the great Lisbon earthquake — married her and made her Lady Frankland. There's also a novel, *Agnes Surriage*, by Edwin L. Bynner. The Agnes Surriage Well is at the end of a lane leading from Orne Street.

The Jeremiah Lee Mansion in Marblehead, built in 1768, is well worth seeing; and so is the "King" Hooper House at 8 Hooper Street. The latter, however, is not open to the public. It was built in 1745 by Robert Hooper, a merchant prince who lived in such style that his neighbors called him "King."

The Old Town House dates back to 1727. And there's the Parson Barnard House, at 7 Franklin Street, where Parson John Barnard took up his residence in 1716 and stayed till 1770. Even older is the Old Tavern at 82 Front Street, which goes back to 1680.

Marblehead, as you know, now is a great yachting center and has a fashionable summer colony. Once it took Boston's place as port when the Boston Port Bill was passed, and it prides itself on being the birthplace of the American Navy, since John Glover's privateer schooner *Hannah*, manned and outfitted there, was the first Amer-

ican warship regularly commissioned by General Washington; that was on September 2, 1775.

### *Salem*

Salem, of which Marblehead was originally a part, is a little over three miles beyond Vinnin Square, to which, on State 1A, you return from Marblehead.

You are, I think, likely to enter Salem via Lafayette Street, or near there. So I suggest that your first objective be Forest River Park, overlooking the harbor and the sea, in which there is PIONEERS' VILLAGE, covering three acres and accurately reproducing typical units of a Puritan community of 1630 or thereabouts; there you can get a good idea of what Salem was like when John Winthrop and his Colonists came, decided that they didn't like the place, left, and founded Boston.

Salem was named in 1630, from the Hebrew word *Sholom*, meaning Peace. But the early days of Salem were very far from peaceful!

In 1623, a small group from England established a fishing post at Cape Ann, where Gloucester is, and Rockport; they were the Dorchester Company, and some of them were friends of Governor Bradford, of Plymouth; others, who joined them later, had been expelled from Plymouth as troublemakers. In 1625, the three principal troublemakers whom Plymouth had ejected were invited to join the Dorchester Company, where Roger Conant was made Governor, the Reverend John Lyford minister, and John Oldham the Indian trader. Conant seems to have been a good enough sort when apart from the licentious Lyford. The Dorchester group broke up, and Conant got together a few of the best men in it and moved to what was to become Salem.

That was in 1626. The following year, there was organized in England by a group of men, nearly all from the southwest coast, the Massachusetts Bay Company with a charter from King Charles I, recently come to the throne. If you want particulars of that charter, which was so important in our history, and of early Salem, you'll find them in *Salem in the Seventeenth Century*, by James Duncan Phillips.

As a result of this charter (one feature of which was that to the new company were relinquished, with good will, the rights of the Dorchester Company) there sailed from Weymouth, England, in June, 1628, the ship *Abigail*, bringing John Endicott, aged thirty-nine—"a worthy gentleman" and "a fit instrument to begin this wilderness work, of courage bold, undaunted yet sociable, and of a cheerful spirit, loving and austere, applying himself to either as occasion served." His wife, who accompanied him, was a cousin of Matthew Craddock, who was Governor of the Company in England.

On September 6 they landed in Naumkeag, as it was then called, and found Roger Conant and some fifteen or twenty companions living in a few wattle huts down on Horton's point. Endicott had no intention of joining such a colony. He decided to live at what is now the southeast corner of Washington and Federal Streets; and he sent men to Cape Ann to pull down the frame house belonging to the former Dorchester Company, and bring it to Naumkeag, where it was re-erected. In 1649, when his duties as Governor forced Endicott to move to Boston, he took his house with him; and there it seems to have stood till after 1800.

Conant and his group didn't get on well with the newcomers; they were mere squatters now, and had no legal rights save such as Endicott and his Company

were disposed to grant them. But a degree of peace was arrived at, and in honor of it (some say) Naumkeag became "Salem"; the earliest use of the new name appearing in any records is on a letter dated "Salem, July 30, 1629."

Conant's son and namesake was the first white child born in what is now Salem, in 1626 — unless John Massey was!

Mrs. Endicott did not survive the first winter. In August, 1629, the Patent and the Government of the Massachusetts Bay Company was transferred to New England, and in October, John Winthrop was chosen Governor. He and his companions sailed from Cowes at the end of March, 1630, and reached Salem on June 9, at four o'clock in the morning. Three days later he went to look for a place he liked better, and picked Charlestown — a poor choice, as we know. Winthrop also had a heavy personal sorrow in his earliest days in the New World, for his son Henry was drowned in a creek the day after landing.

There is so much that one would like to tell about Salem in her early days! About Roger Williams in Salem; about Anne Hutchinson; also about the cruel punishments so frequently associated with Salem in many people's minds. There were twenty-six townships in Essex County, and in all of them there were, during five years (1636-1641) only twenty sentences for whipping, fourteen of which dealt with misdemeanors of servants, apprentices, or stubborn children. Two wives were whipped for threatening the lives of their husbands, and one husband for abusing and deserting his family. All cases were evidently persons of poor character, on whom fines and other punishments were not likely to be effective. Eleven persons in five years were sentenced



(in all the twenty-six townships) to sit an hour or two in the stocks.

In June, 1637, when young Samuel Lincoln from Hingham in Norfolkshire, England, came to Salem with the weaver, Francis Lawes, to whom he was bound as apprentice, they probably met Jeffrey Massey (or Massie) who had come to Salem in 1629, or '30.

When Lawes and his apprentice came, Jeffrey Massey was an overseer and "layer-out of Lotts," to whom Lawes may well have applied to learn what desirable land was available. He seems to have procured what he considered suitable, though I have not found any references to him except that after 1655 the burying ground of Salem was on Lawes Hill.

Samuel Lincoln, however, did not tarry long in Salem. He had two brothers and a cousin in New Eingham, some twenty miles to the south, who had been there four years and were already householders and landholders there. So, after only a few weeks in Salem, Samuel Lincoln took ship (there were no safe trails, then; not to mention roads) and crossed the Bay to make his home where his kinfolk awaited him.

There's nothing of historic importance in this early association of a Massey with a Lincoln; but it interests me, and may interest you.

Jeffrey Massey was made a freeman of Salem in May, 1634. There has been, for years, debate as to whether his son John, or Roger Conant's son, Roger, was the first white child born in Salem. Mr. Howard Corning, Secretary of the Essex Institute, tells me he doubts if this debate will ever be settled. But, anyway, John Massey's cradle is now in the Massachusetts Historical Society. And his direct descendant, Raymond Massey, is giving the American people (and, via the screen, all the world)

an interpretation of Abraham Lincoln which must — one thinks — be forever memorable in the history of the theater.

Skipping over a great deal that urgently invites comment, we come to 1692 and the "Witchcraft in Salem Village" — which was five miles away from Salem in what is now the town of Danvers. About 1689 the farmers of Salem Village, which had only for some eighteen years or so been permitted to have its own minister, engaged the Reverend Samuel Parris, who had come from Barbados, bringing with him some Negro servants.

One of these West Indian Negroes, Tituba, practised palmistry and other kinds of fortunetelling, and during the long winter evenings of 1691-1692 undertook to teach her "magic" to a group of young women and girls in the village. She said she could discover witches. In those times (as also long, long before them) almost everybody believed in witches, whether he admitted it or not; and everybody believed in a personal devil, whom the witches served.

Tituba's "class" got the jitters; the doctor said they were "bewitched." This made them objects of much attention, and they "played up to it," as almost any youngster would. They had fits and convulsions (probably genuine cases of "nerves") and when pressed to tell who afflicted them, they began to name various people. One of the "bewitched" was the Reverend Parris' nine-year-old daughter; another was his eleven-year-old niece, who lived with him; a third child was twelve. There were three servant girls, all under twenty-one, four girls of seventeen and eighteen, and three married women. These thirteen provided all the initial testimony on which nineteen persons were hanged, and well over a hundred more were cast into prison.

From the beginning to the last execution the period was less than six months, the last vestiges of the panic had passed in a year, and no witch was ever *burned* in Massachusetts; but this one dark year has smirched two hundred and ninety-nine years of quiet, industrious living.

I would that everyone might go to Danvers (I'll give directions, presently, for you) and do some very earnest reflecting upon what God-fearing folk, who never doubt their righteousness, can do to forward cruelty and evil when they join in any frenzied hue-and-cry.

Salem in the eighteenth century was thriving; commerce and industry made her rich. When the great Chinese market was discovered Salem entered upon her most glamorous epoch, which we shall more particularly recall when we get to those fascinating museums of hers which are almost certain to hold you spellbound

Perhaps now you're ready for luncheon, before going farther. I hesitate to give tearoom addresses, because it so often happens that the hopeful proprietors can't survive a season during which no tourists come, and what was once a pleasant little enterprise when written about often is scarcely a memory by the time my reader goes to look for it. But it's always worth trying, I think. So, suppose you turn, right, out of Lafayette Street (if that's the way you've come into Salem) at Derby Street and proceed past Hawthorne Boulevard (Hawthorne Monument on your left) and Union Street (Hawthorne's birthplace, built in the seventeenth century, is 27 Union Street) and on, past the Custom House at 178 Derby Street, where Hawthorne was Surveyor of the Port during 1846-1849 and made his notes for *The Scarlet Letter*. A few doors beyond is the first brick house in Salem, built in 1762 for one of the town's merchant princes. Then comes Daniels Street, and after that Turner Street.

Turn right on Turner Street to Number 54—known as the House of the Seven Gables. This may or may not have been the house Hawthorne described; but by popular demand it is the house, secret passage and all. What is left of the original structure (much restored in 1910) was probably built about 1668. Two other seventeenth-century houses are its near neighbors, and in one of them, dating from 1655, there is a tearoom in summer.

Whether you lunch there, or whether you only "look," retrace your way in Turner Street to Essex Street, and there turn, left, towards Washington Square, surrounding Salem Common, where you will find a statue of Roger Conant, and many of the stately houses for which Salem is noted. Others will be noted later, on Chestnut Street.

And now I suggest that you "check up" on what you can remember about Samuel McIntire. For, to be in Salem and have any considerable gaps in your knowledge of what he accomplished, is—Well! It's to be a very pitiable ignoramus indeed. McIntire was born in Salem in 1757, and was primarily a carpenter and joiner, and then a wood carver; but he became, next, an architect of interiors—and then of entire houses. There were no trained professional architects in Massachusetts during the eighteenth century, so that noble profession was left to cultivated amateurs, to ship carpenters, and to supercraftsmen like McIntire, whose houses were notable for their interior grace rather than for their exterior beauty. You will hear his name reverently, or at least very proudly, mentioned in Salem wherever you see stately houses of his day.

Some of the Washington Square mansions were built after his death; but Number 80 was done by him in 1795.

Between Derby Street and Essex Street is Charter

Street. At Number 53 Hawthorne courted Sophia Peabody. There he laid the scene of two of his stories. Next to it is the old Burial Ground where "Col. John Hathorne Esq." is buried. He was Nathaniel Hawthorne's great-great-grandfather (Nathaniel did not put the *w* into his name until after he had graduated from Bowdoin College), and although a merchant he acted as magistrate in Salem. He and Jonathan Corwin presided at the "witch" trials, and 'twas said that Rebecca Nurse, one of the convicted women, cursed Hathorne and his descendants forever. Probably they all did. Whether the wrath of Heaven fell upon those Hathornes, or their town-folk "just naturally" drew away from them when shame for their frenzy succeeded the frenzy itself, the Hathornes were less important thereafter. Colonel John's father, William Hathorne, who came to Salem in 1636, was the most important person in the colony, next to Governor Winthrop; and of Colonel John's son, Joseph, nothing is known except that he was a farmer. Joseph's son went to sea and became a captain; and *his* son, Nathaniel, also followed the sea, but not with profit like his rich neighbors. Nathaniel sailed out of Salem harbor one day when his little Nathaniel was about four years old, and never came back again; he died at Surinam (Dutch Guiana — which the English had, long before, "swapped" for New Amsterdam!) in his thirty-fourth year; and his twenty-eight-year-old widow took her three children and went to live with her brother, on Herbert Street.

Around the corner from Herbert Street, at 53 Charter Street, beside the sagging tomb of "the witch judge," lived Dr. Nathaniel Peabody's family. The Peabodys were not rich, but their home was charming and some of the choicest people of Salem and Boston resorted to it. There were three Peabody daughters: Elizabeth, who

was very learned and who introduced Froebel's Kindergarten into America; Mary, who became Mrs. Horace Mann; and Sophia, who was very frail and suffered from devastating headaches.

In 1836 Hawthorne was thirty-two years old and living—in idleness, the neighbors thought—with his mother and sisters on Herbert Street. Then Elizabeth Peabody heard that certain stories she had enjoyed, called *The Gentle Boy*, were written by someone in Salem named Hawthorne. She supposed it to be Elizabeth Hawthorne, and went to call and offer congratulations. When she learned that it was Nathaniel who was the author, she said: "If your brother can do work like that, he has no right to be idle." To which Louisa Hawthorne (the sister who received her) replied that her brother was never idle.

Soon, the Hawthornes called at Charter Street; Nathaniel met Sophia, almost immediately they were in love, and by June, 1837, they were engaged. Sophia's headaches faded away in her radiant happiness; but still, Nathaniel had no job.

We must not linger longer over their courtship. But I think I must tell you a story about Salem which started (for me) in the Charter Street burying ground, beside Colonel John Hathorne's tomb.

I was there with my brother; it was his first visit to Salem, but not mine. We were both very young—not children, but in our earliest twenties, perhaps. (I had for several years been an editor, and felt very mature.)

"Where," asked my brother, who has a very retentive memory, "is the White house?"

"What White house?"

"The one where the rich old gentleman was murdered by his relatives—nephews, weren't they?—and Danjel

Webster prosecuted them and made the famous speech about 'Murder will out'?"

I didn't know, but I said I'd ask. Two ladies standing near us looked like Salemites, so I asked them. They gave me what we call, today, "a dirty look," and walked away without answering.

We asked other people; they all did the same. I told Bill he must be mistaken. He was positive that he was not.

When we got to Essex Institute I bought a bulky guidebook about Salem which seemed to tell about everybody who had ever lived in Salem or gone through it on a train. No mention of Daniel Webster! But Bill was unconvinced. I went to the young lady attendant of whom we had bought the book. At first, the same frozen look. Then she seemed to think I was a well-meaning young thing, only very ignorant. She drew me aside. "You mustn't talk about Daniel Webster in Salem," she whispered; "and least of all about the White murder. The young men who committed that murder belonged to some of our most respected families. One of the young men committed suicide in prison, and the other was hanged. The whole affair is 'forgotten' by Salem. Now, if you'll stop asking about it, I'll show you the house."

It is next door to the Essex Institute! She showed me the library window, by which the murderers entered, and the windows of the old gentleman's bedroom, above.

I find no reference to this tragedy in any of the books I own which deal, more or less voluminously, with Salem; so I cannot "check up" on my recollections of what was told me, nor find any account of what happened. But the episode made a deep impression on me, which grows deeper as the years go by. Such a noble conspiracy of

reticence! A day or two later, in Boston, I was lunching at the Somerset Club on Beacon Street with Judge Robert Grant, then at the height of his fame as a novelist, and I told him my experience. He was greatly interested, and said he had heard of a similar instance in a Virginia community, where one of the Randolphs had been convicted of murder by Patrick Henry.

When I asked Mr. Howard Corning, Secretary of the Essex Institute, about this he replied that he thought "conspiracy of reticence" a stronger expression than present-day feeling justifies. It was his impression that not a great many people who live in Salem now know anything about the White murder. But that there are still those — including himself — who do not mention it in the presence of friends whose ancestors were distressed by it. On the other hand, a friend of mine, who was born and bred in one of those stately McIntire houses on Chestnut Street, assures me that she has never yet succeeded in getting anyone to tell her about the White murder, and to this day is hushed when she mentions it.

From Charter Street to Essex Street is but a few steps; and there, at Number 128, is the White house, which was among the last works of McIntire, and now belongs to Essex Institute, next door. The White house is open Wednesday and Saturday afternoons (fifty cents) or by appointment.

The Essex Institute is open weekdays nine to five, admission free. It includes a library and a museum. Part of the library is the Ward collection, probably the finest in the United States, on China and the Chinese. The ground on which the Institute stands is where Governor Bradstreet had his mansion; or, rather, his wife's mansion, built before 1640. It was a grand mansion indeed, three-storied, and had belonged — very early in the his-



tory of Salem—to Emanuel Downing, whose second wife was a sister of Governor John Winthrop. When Emanuel's daughter, Ann, married Captain Joseph Gardner, the mansion was given her by her father. Gardner was killed in King Philip's War; six months later his widow married Governor Bradstreet (recently bereft of his first mate) who thereupon quit Boston and made Salem his home for the rest of his life (he died in 1697). Emanuel Downing's son, George, was of the first class of Harvard College. After the Restoration (of Charles II) he forsook his Puritan friends, went back to England, and was made a baronet. Downing Street in London, where the Prime Minister lives—"Number 10 Downing Street"—was named for Sir George, who in his young manhood lived on the site where the Essex Institute now stands. After Mrs. Bradstreet's death her mansion became the Globe Tavern, which ran for nearly twenty years. It was taken down in 1753. Later the Prescott house was here, in which, on May 4, 1796, William H. Prescott, the future historian of Mexico, Peru, and Spain, was born, just too late to be greeted by his grandfather who, along with Israel Putnam, had commanded at the battle of Bunker Hill.

The Institute is a place you'll love to linger, if you care at all for Old Salem. (And if you *don't* care, why would you be here?) In the treasured collections of the Institute's Museum, you step into "Once upon a time," and may dwell there as long as you please. I can't particularize, here; there's too much that calls for comment and tempts one who loves "stories" to tell them—many of them. Look for the collection of "funeral rings."

Leave yourself plenty of time (if you have it!) for Essex Institute, and the John Ward house in the garden,

and the old apothecary shop, and the flowers that Salem knew before 1700.

The name of Ward is twice commemorated at Essex Institute; once for the splendid Chinese collection there, founded by Miss Elizabeth C. Ward of Salem in memory of her brother, General Frederick Townsend Ward, who is a god in China.

Ward had served as a very young soldier in the Crimean War; and in Nicaragua with that extraordinary adventurer, William Walker of Tennessee who went filibustering with a "force" of fifty-six. Their exploits have been set forth in several thrilling volumes, but are no part of New England's story save that a Salem man was among the fifty-six.

After this experience, Ward shipped as mate on an American ship, which happened to arrive in Shanghai at a moment during the Taiping Rebellion against the Manchus, when the rebels were as close to Shanghai as Sung-Kiang, only eighteen miles south. Ward learned that two hundred thousand dollars was offered to any body of foreigners who could drive the rebels from the city of Sung-Kiang. This was an immediate challenge to a young fellow who had been in Nicaragua with Walker. Within a week Ward raised an "army" of a hundred foreign soldiers and set out for the seat of trouble. Outnumbered a hundred to one, but fighting so fiercely that the expression "foreign devils" then and there entered Chinese speech, he captured the city and — what's even more remarkable — received his reward! Later he saved Shanghai from capture by the rebels, and for this was made a Mandarin of the highest degree, with the title of Admiral-General. He then changed his name to Hua, became a Chinese subject, and married a Chinese lady of high rank. He was killed in battle

when he was only thirty (in 1862) and buried at Sung-Kiang in the temple grounds dedicated to Confucius. The Emperor ordered two temples built to honor his memory, and Li Hung Chang had a mausoleum erected over his grave. This soon became a shrine at which miracles occurred; whereupon Ward was declared to be a Joss, or god. In the Essex Institute you may see a manuscript proclaiming his deity, a picture of his shrine, the bullet that killed him, his private flag, his hat and boots, and other relics.

A full account of his career and death was read to the United States Senate and answered, together with a message from President Lincoln.

The command of his Ever Victorious Army fell to General Charles George Gordon, two years Ward's junior, who also had fought in the Crimea, and who carried on so successfully the work Ward had begun that he became "Chinese Gordon" forever after—even after his martyrdom at Khartoum.

You won't find much in Salem to remind you of Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, unless you have a friend there who can give you an invitation or introduction to the Salem Athenæum, on Essex Street, where are preserved the books taken by a privateer from an English vessel and studied by young Bowditch. But it would be a pity to leave Salem without thinking a bit about this remarkable man who did so much for navigators.

For what I know of him and am condensing to pass on to you I am chiefly indebted to one of the invaluable pamphlets printed for the State Street Trust Company of Boston: *Some Events of Boston and Its Neighbors* (1917). Dr. Bowditch wrote his Memoirs, but I have not yet read them—though I mean to.

The ancestors of Nathaniel Bowditch came to Salem

in 1639, and he was born there in 1773. Most of the men in the family were shipmasters, but Nathaniel's father was a cooper and so poor that at least once he had to ask assistance from the Salem Marine Society. When Nathaniel went to school at Danvers and expressed his desire to study mathematics, the teacher thought the youngster was "posing" and refused to heed the request until Nathaniel brought a note from his father.

When the lad was only ten, he was obliged to leave school and go to work in his father's cooper-shop. Later, he worked in other shops, studying whenever he could, wearing his summer clothing through the cold winters, and often dining on nothing but a few potatoes. He was twenty-two when he went on his first voyage, on a ship belonging to Elias Hasket Derby. He loved life at sea for many reasons, but chiefly because it gave him so much time for study.

Some five years later, a publisher of nautical books at Newburyport asked Bowditch to correct a book on navigation issued by J. Hamilton Moore who said in his preface that his publisher "sells no sea-books, charts or instruments but such as may be depended on." Yet Bowditch found over 8,000 mistakes, one of which alone was known to have caused the destruction of several ships. Whereupon Bowditch published (in 1802) his *Practical Navigator*, one of the most valuable books ever produced in this or any country. In the preface he wrote: "The author does not absolutely assert that the tables are entirely correct, but feels conscious that no pains have been spared to make them so."

If you should see that Kirwan library of scientific books in Salem Athenæum which served Bowditch so notably, you'll be pleased to hear that when, some years later, an offer of reparation was made to Dr. Kirwan

he declined, saying he was well pleased that his "library had found so useful a destination."

Nathaniel Bowditch received so many honors and degrees and elections to learned societies all over the world that I shall not attempt even a partial enumeration of them. When he died, that Salem Marine Society which had once given financial assistance to his family eulogized him thus: "As long as ships shall sail, the needle point to the north, and the stars go through their wonted courses in the heavens, the name of Dr. Bowditch will be revered."

Across Essex Street and nearer to Lafayette Street, find the Peabody Museum, founded in 1867 by the gift of George Peabody, banker and philanthropist, who was born near by in what was then South Danvers but now proudly calls itself Peabody. He was a poor boy, became a grocer's apprentice, and when he was thirty-five was at the head of one of the largest mercantile concerns in the world. About the time when young Victoria became queen, he established himself in London as a banker. He gave \$2,500,000 to build model tenements for the poor of London, and Queen Victoria offered him a baronetcy; but he said he'd rather have a miniature of Her Majesty. He got it. He gave liberally to Harvard and to Yale, gave \$2,000,000 for education in the South, gave Baltimore nearly a million and a half for an institute of literature, science and the fine arts, and gave a fine library to his native town, two miles from Salem. When he died, in England, Nov. 4, 1869, a funeral service was held for him in Westminster Abbey, and the man-of-war *Monarch*, of the Queen's Navy, convoyed by French and English warships, brought his remains back for burial in the town where he had been a grocer's apprentice.

The Peabody Museum, at Salem, memorializes the days when Salem shipowners and their captains were such mighty men that many merchants in the Far East believed Salem to be a separate country of fabulous wealth, an El Dorado of incredibly successful traders. In those days, which began about 1785 and lasted only about a quarter of a century, great wealth was piled up; and Salem that the Puritans had founded in austerity became a place of luxury and culture and aristocracy. Those were the days when Samuel McIntire built houses to enshrine the treasures that lords of the sea brought home in their great-winged ships. Elias Derby, who between 1785 and 1799 sent thirty-seven vessels on one hundred and twenty-five voyages, left an estate of \$1,500,000, the largest fortune accumulated, till then, in the nation.

When you have seen the Essex Institute and the Peabody Museum, continue along Essex Street past 310½, where Judge Corwin lived at the time of the witchcraft trials (whereat he was co-magistrate with John Hathorne). At Number 318 you have the Ropes Memorial, built in 1719 and occupied by the Ropes family for four generations. It contains a fine collection of old china and glass.

Then walk through Cambridge Street to Chestnut and along Chestnut to Flint, to see many of the stately houses for which Salem is famous. There are occasional days each year when the stately old homes are open for inspection by persons willing to pay fifty cents; and very considerable sums are thus raised for the hospital.

Several of the finest ones are on Federal Street, running parallel with Essex on the other side from Chestnut Street. Number 142 Federal Street is a typical McIntire house; and Number 80, built in 1782, is one of



*Photo by Ewing Galloway*

## GLoucester, AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS FISHING PORT





McIntire's earliest and considered one of the finest things he ever did.

There is much, *much*, more I want to write about Salem. But I mustn't—here. Except to tell you that Gallows Hill (in case you're curious about it) can be reached from the west end of Essex Street.

### *Gloucester*

Gloucester is fifteen miles away, and the drive to it, along the coast, is one of the most beautiful in America. Take State Route 62 for Beverly, and then State 127 to Gloucester, passing scores of the most superb estates in this country: Prides Crossing, Beverly Farms, Manchester, Magnolia—the names of these communities are veritable synonyms for wealth and aristocracy.

BEVERLY has been called "the Yankee Sorrento." Roger Conant lived there, and prospered. The first cotton mill in America was built there in 1788, and then shoemaking became a leading industry. The United Shoe Machinery Corporation is the largest of its kind in the world; its products are not sold, but are leased to shoe factories on a royalty basis. Beverly was once a seaport, the first American naval ship being a local schooner *Hannah*, manned and fitted at Marblehead.

There is no more beautiful ocean drive or lovely shore to be found than that between Beverly and Manchester; and for that reason it has become the most fashionable section of the Massachusetts shore front. There are to be found the summer estates of many families known throughout the land, as well as ancestral summer homes of Boston's oldest families. Unfortunately much of the view is hidden as many of the estates border the sea. The

road winds in and out, giving first a glimpse of the rock-bound coast and then one of the well-trimmed lawns and imposing gates of substantial mansions. The Frick Estate is perhaps the most impressive. Close by were the summer homes of Oliver Wendell Holmes and his distinguished son, the late Justice Holmes. And still farther on is the stone mansion in which the late Senator Beveridge wrote much of his two great biographies — of Justice Marshall and Abraham Lincoln. The Essex County Club and the Myopia Hunt Club are in this region, providing headquarters for the sporting life of these communities.

Colonel House spent his summers in Manchester, and many other distinguished figures are identified with this North Shore. Foreign ambassadors have been very partial to it for summer residence.

MANCHESTER was the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, who entertained many notables there — in a day when an author *could* be a “notable”! It was Mrs. Fields who called the place “Manchester-by-the-Sea,” to distinguish it from Manchester in New Hampshire, and several others in New England. R. H. Dana, Jr., author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, lived there.

Watch for a sign that says “Magnolia,” and then turn, right, on Raymond Street, to MAGNOLIA, where the Oceanside Hotel is, and a number of “smart” little shops. About a mile beyond Magnolia, not far offshore, is “the Reef of Norman’s Woe,” where the “Wreck of the Hesperus” took place.

Overlooking it, on Hesperus Avenue, is the stone castle in mediæval style once belonging to John Hays Hammond, Jr., inventor of wireless control.

If you go to look at the castle, or to visit it, turn right out of Western Avenue, into Hough Avenue, and

go along the harbor through Stage Fort Park, rejoining Western Avenue again where Western Harbor curves inland to meet it and presently becomes Main Street. This takes you past Leonard Craske's bronze statue of "The Gloucester Fisherman" looking across the harbor to the open sea whence so many of Gloucester's "Captains Courageous" have not returned. Beside this statue, on an August Sunday afternoon each year, is held the fisherman's memorial ceremony. Slowly and sadly the names are read of those who did not come back during the past year, and armfuls of flowers are cast upon the water, to be carried out by the ebbing tide towards those graves no man knows.

There are few specific spots in Gloucester that demand individual attention. We go there for an impression of the place as a whole. Some of us like to visit artist colonies; this vicinity abounds in them. Some of us like to see the wharves. Some of us have read Roger Babson's *History of Dogtown*, and want to seek the desolate moor where, late in the seventeenth century and early in the eighteenth, lived, in direst poverty, some fisher families, and many widows and orphans of fishermen who never came back. They had ferocious dogs to protect them; but one wonders why they needed canine protection if they exercised as much witchcraft as tradition attaches to them. (Percy MacKaye wrote a poem about Dogtown that you may have read.)

The way to Dogtown is out Washington Street, which runs north from the beginning of Main Street, to Reynard Street, and then on Reynard Street to a lane marked "DOGTOWN."

Roger Babson's house is at 245 Washington Street. It was built in 1740, and in the attic there are pens once used for slaves.

## 210 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

Artists are everywhere, in Gloucester; but their main colony is on Rocky Neck, across Smith's Cove from East Main Street. There they occupy bungalows, old lofts, sheds,—according to their pocketbooks,—and have a very good time indeed. The Gloucester School of the Theatre is housed in a little red barn. There are several art exhibitions “on” through the summer.

The fine estates lie beyond the Eastern Point Yacht Club; and as one approaches them he passes Niles Pond, a fresh-water body with lilies, lying just across a narrow causeway from the ocean.

Route 127, by which you came to Gloucester, will take you on, north, to ROCKPORT, where there's a noted colony of artists; and, continuing by that route, you may reach the northern limits of Cape Ann and return to Gloucester via ANNISQUAM — near to which is Dogtown.

The first Englishman at Gloucester was Captain John Smith, who landed there in 1614 and called the point “Tragabigzanda”—in memory of a girl who had saved his life in Turkey! But soon the cape was renamed for the English queen, Anne of Denmark.

Captain Smith didn't stay long, but he was greatly impressed by the possibilities of the fishing industry. “Is it not pretty sport,” he wrote home to England, “to pull up two pence, six pence, or twelve pence as fast as you can hale and veare a line?”

Nine years later a group of colonists from Dorchester, England, came to Cape Ann to establish a fishing industry; and today many leading citizens of Gloucester and thereabouts are descendants of those original settlers. In Stage Fort Park, Gloucester, you'll find a big boulder in which is set a bronze tablet with this inscription: —

On this site in

1623

A Company of Fishermen and Farmers from Dorchester,  
Eng., under the direction of Rev. John White founded

The Massachusetts Bay Colony

From that time, the Fisheries, the oldest industry in the  
Commonwealth, have been uninterruptedly pursued from  
this Port

HERE IN 1625 GOV. ROGER CONANT BY WISE DIPLOMACY

AVERTED BLOODSHED BETWEEN CONTENDING FACTIONS

ONE LED BY MYLES STANDISH OF PLYMOUTH

THE OTHER BY CAPT. HEWES

A NOTABLE EXEMPLIFICATION OF ARBITRATION

IN THE BEGINNINGS OF NEW ENGLAND

---

*Placed by the citizens of Gloucester, 1907.*

It is, therefore, eminently fitting that visitors to Gloucester think of her first and foremost as a center of the fishing industry. The value of her catch, since those early days, runs well up toward a billion dollars.

Whatever time of year you may be in Gloucester, you'll probably pay a visit, or at least give a reverent glance, to the Portuguese Catholic Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage, on Prospect Street. For Gloucester now has many Portuguese fishermen, and this church is where they pray before starting a voyage, and give thanks to God when they get home — if they do.

On three Sundays at the season of Pentecost an impressive ceremony is enacted there, in gratitude for mercies of the past year and plea for a continuation of blessing by the Holy Ghost.

Returning to Boston, take State Road 121 through Essex and there take 22 to HAMILTON, named for Alex-

ander Hamilton. Mary Abigail Dodge, one of the first newspaperwomen in this country, was born there, in 1838, and used the pen name "Gail Hamilton." Beside the Congregational Church is the house from which, in 1787, the Reverend Manasseh Cutler departed with the first "covered wagon" to leave Massachusetts for the Northwest Territory. Hamilton is the center of a wealthy community devoted to polo, steeplechasing and such "hunting" as the vicinity affords.

Only a little more than four miles north of Hamilton, on Route 1A, is Ipswich, which most residents of "these parts" would include in this day's itinerary were they taking you, as their guest, to see the principal places of interest on the North Shore. Indeed, I think most of them would include Newbury and Newburyport, unless they knew that you expected to see those places on your way to New Hampshire and Maine; I have included them en route to Maine. But Ipswich is really best included in this North Shore day, as a "round trip" from Hamilton.

Ipswich was incorporated as early as 1634 and was first known as Agawam. It has two Greens, on each a Congregational Church; at present the South church (1748) on the South Green is a hundred years older than that on the North Green; *but* on the North Green once stood the First Parish Church, built in 1635.

Two of the most interesting houses in town face each other across Route 1A: the Whipple house, built about 1640, furnished almost entirely as it has been for the greater part of three centuries, and open for inspection on payment of twenty-five cents. The other is the John Heard House, 150 years less venerable, belonging to the local historical society.

The Emerson-Howard house, on Turkey Shore Road at

the eastern end of Green Street Bridge, was built before 1648 by Thomas Emerson, an ancestor of Ralph Waldo. It belongs to the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, and may be visited week days, nine to five, admission twenty cents. Note the steep stairway clinging to the chimney stack in the narrow front hall.

Left from the South Green on Argilla Road is Ipswich Beach, with a long shore line and sand dunes. (Bathing and small restaurants in summer.)

The Ipswich Mills housed, till 1927, a manufactory of hosiery which closed out and sold its equipment to the Soviet Union. What it did there I can't guess, but you may like to speculate; for we have all heard tales of the dearth of stockings in Stalinland.

There are some fine estates near Ipswich.

Returning, take State Route 1A, which you may follow past Wenham Lake whose ice used to be shipped to Calcutta and other far parts, and was so esteemed that an enterprising Englishman bought a lake in Norway and renamed it Wenham Lake so its ice would be easier to sell. Whittier wrote a narrative poem about "The Witch of Wenham," who was young and good and beautiful, and snatched by her lover from her prison, and from the gallows-tree.

From Beverly take Route 62 to Danvers, which was the center of the witchcraft frenzy. Whittier spent his last sixteen years at Oak Knoll, Danvers; and the present-day Endicotts have a fine estate there. Rebecca Nurse's house, built by Rebecca's husband Francis in 1678, is still there, now equipped with furnishings of the period and open on payment of fifteen cents. She was an aged woman when hanged, during the witchcraft delusion of 1692.

A little over two miles west of Danvers is the intersection with U. S. 1, by which you may go (twenty miles) in to Boston, by way of Saugus (where John Winthrop, Jr., established ironworks in 1643) and Everett (an industrial city concerning which nothing need be said save that at 88 Waverly Street is the Milburn Collection of Hawthorniana, probably the finest in existence).

But if you are not pressed for time, or it isn't too dark to see much of what you are passing, I think you'd like better to turn right at South Lynnfield on State 128, and follow that road to Woburn; then take State 38 through Medford in to Boston.

WOBURN was settled in 1640. Today it is residential and industrial, and interesting to visitors chiefly for its association with Count Rumford, who was Ben Thompson when a boy in Woburn. His birthplace at 90 Elm Street is much visited by scientists. And his statue, a replica of the one which stands in the lovely English Gardens which were his gift to Munich, is in front of the Public Library.

When Benjamin was thirteen he was apprenticed to a storekeeper at Salem, but was already well on his way to become a distinguished scientist; for at fourteen he was sufficiently advanced in the higher mathematics to calculate a solar eclipse within four seconds of accuracy. At seventeen he went to Boston and worked in another store, while keeping up his studies. When he was nineteen he married a wealthy widow of thirty-three. On the outbreak of the Revolution he was suspected of Tory sympathies and went to London, where in 1779 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, though he was only twenty-six years old. George III knighted him. The Pope created him a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. The Elector of Bavaria, Maximilian, induced him



to stay in Munich for eleven years as Minister of War, Minister of Police, and Grand Chamberlain; and while there he did much to improve the condition of the industrial classes. I mustn't try to recount here his achievements as a scientist, nor as an administrator. He left his great collection of scientific apparatus to Harvard, and endowed a professorship there.

When Benny Thompson was a boy in Woburn his pal was Loammi Baldwin, who later came to be called the "father of civil engineering in America." In the orchard of the Baldwin homestead, Baldwin apples were first grown.

Another association with Woburn is that there, in the spring of 1839, Charles Goodyear finally discovered a method by which rubber could be vulcanized. He had been trying for ten years to find such a method; and one day, by accidentally dropping on a hot stove some india rubber mixed with sulphur, he had what he had sought. Try to imagine the world of today without Goodyear's discovery! And, sometime when you feel scantily rewarded for your best efforts, read what Goodyear got for his!

WINCHESTER, two miles nearer Boston, has one of the most beautiful natural situations among all Boston's suburbs. Thence you go on, three miles through the Mystic Valley, to MEDFORD, where Medford rum used to be made; and if there was ever anything so delicious as a few drops of Medford, '62, in a cup of perfectly brewed Orange Pekoe tea, I've never met it. But alas! It's only a mem'ry now. By 1905 the distilleries ceased. Many and many a cup of that rum-and-tea beverage I've made for a long list of notables, who declared nectar could have been but an inferior drink.

The Mystic River flows through Medford; and Tufts

## 216 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

College is there; and some ancient houses; also some fine new estates. The old Royall House, dating back to 1631, has slave quarters built in 1732 — the only ones still standing in Massachusetts.

Tufts College is co-educational, non-sectarian, and has more than 2,000 students.

Then, on, through Somerville, and Cambridge, and over Harvard Bridge back into Boston.

## CHAPTER VI

### PLYMOUTH AND CAPE COD

FOR YOUR trip south from Boston you should have a minimum of two days if you want to glimpse Cape Cod, and four days if you want to visit the islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. This, of course, will give you only the most superficial glance—not any semblance of real acquaintance.

But if you can't do even this, you may at least see Plymouth and "The Pilgrim Shore" in a single day. The sight-seeing buses leave at 9.30 A.M. and return at 5 P.M.—and the trip costs \$5. Or, there's the Provincetown Cruise from Boston daily, and the boat to Plymouth.

If you have a private car, you could start earlier and return considerably later, and be a bit more leisurely in your sight-seeing.

One route out of Boston starts at South Station, on Summer Street, and follows Dorchester Avenue straight to Milton; thence to Quincy and Hingham. Another route, more attractive, starts from the Fenway and follows the Arborway past Arnold Arboretum; and now you're on State 28. MILTON is only five miles from Boston; it was settled about the same time as Boston, and is such a lovely old town that you will be very loath to hurry through it. Beautiful old houses, and beautiful new ones. The first mill run by waterpower in New England, a grist

mill, was built at Milton in 1634. The first powder mill was started there forty years later. The first playing-cards made in America were made at Milton. Ten years before the Battle of Lexington, a chocolate mill—the first in this country—was put in operation, and fifteen years later its product became Baker's chocolate. About the same time that Milton began to make chocolate, it began also to make paper, and it built the first paper mill in this country.

In the *Boston News Letter* in 1769, appeared this advertisement: "The bell-cart will go through the city before the end of the month to collect rags for the paper mill at Milton, when all people that will encourage the paper manufacturing may dispose of them."

"The bell-cart!" If I were a musical composer and were to write "A Child's World Symphony," what a prominent theme in it would be the belled pushcarts of my Manhattan childhood, and the raucous cries of the Levantines who weighed our rags (which sometimes, I'm afraid, were not so *very* ragged!)—and counted out to us, in exchange for them, scant pennies. I'm sure that had I lived in Boston in 1769 I should have been—by hook or by crook—a contributor to America's first homemade paper.

Another "first" for Milton was the first railroad chartered in America! In 1826, the Granite Railway Company of Quincy, celebrated for its granite, laid tracks from Quincy to Milton—four miles—over which horses and oxen hauled granite blocks for Bunker Hill Monument. (From Milton they reached Charlestown by water.)

Milton makes Bent's Water Crackers, too—has been making them since 1801.

Governor Hutchinson had a house there, as well as one in Boston, at the time of the Boston Tea Party; and

both houses were attacked by mobs. But by far the most interesting building in town is the "Suffolk Resolves" house, where was signed the Resolution which carried this name and which antedated the Declaration of Independence. Paul Revere carried this important document to Philadelphia, where it became the second piece of business transacted by the Continental Congress and unanimously adopted — to the great satisfaction of John Adams and others. Unfortunately, the house is in a poor state of preservation and its owner has converted the lower story into shops, but one should see it just the same for its old associations.

Beautiful estates line your way to QUINCY. As you go along Adams Street you pass a white Georgian house with five chimneys, built in 1731 by Leonard Vassal, an Englishman who was a planter in the West Indies but wanted a summer home where it was cooler; so he built this, and to make it fine he sent up a great quantity of mahogany from Santo Domingo, and many exotic plants for the garden. It was a very fine place indeed, and the Vassals enjoyed it till the Revolution broke out; then they fled, and the house was confiscated. In 1787, John Adams bought it, and it was not only his home thereafter, as long as he lived, but that of his descendants for 140 years. Now it is an Adams Memorial; and if you have read *The Education of Henry Adams* you will certainly wish to see this house where he used to visit his grandparents and hear about his great-grandparents. (Do you recall that John Adams died on July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence? And that on the same day his friend, Thomas Jefferson, died?)

Quincy "started life" as a very gay place indeed, under a small group of men headed by Thomas Morton, who led a very licentious life, and sold firearms to the In-

dians and taught them how to use them, so that finally the scattered settlements along the coast banded together to "oust" these "undesirables." Captain Miles Standish came up from Plymouth, seized Morton, and had him shipped back to England. Morton called his place Merry Mount; but no undue merriment lingered there after his deportation.

Instead, William Coddington of Boston built a handsome summer home here, about 1635, but his religious views did not suit John Winthrop, so he had to clear out; and the house came into the possession of Edmund Quincy. The house we visit is of a somewhat later date; some say 1685, some say 1706. At any rate it was the home of several generations of Quincys, and the birthplace of the two Dorothy Quincys we know most about: the one who was Oliver Wendell Holmes' great-grandmother, and the lively lady who became Mrs. John Hancock.

Continue along Adams Street till you come to Hancock Street, and at the corner of Hancock Street and Butter Road (the latter a continuation of Adams Street which also has been, briefly, called Bridge Street) you will find the Quincy Mansion, which is open daily, April 19–Nov. 1, admission twenty-five cents, and well repays a visit. A little north, at 20 Muirhead Street, is the Colonel Josiah Quincy house, built in 1770 by the Colonel, and later the home of that Josiah Quincy who was mayor of Boston and President of Harvard, and sometimes lived on Park Street opposite Boston Common. (The name Muirhead Street is interesting, because James Muirhead, the delightful Scottish gentleman who, with his brother Findlay, wrote Baedekers for years and then, after the Great War, Blue Guides, married a Miss Quincy of hereabouts, of the historic Quincy family, and lived

for five years in Cambridge (*I think!*) whilst writing the *Baedeker Guide to the United States*, which was published in 1913.)

Colonel Josiah, who built that house, had been a successful shipbuilder. So shipbuilding is not new in Quincy, where it still thrives. In fact, the *Massachusetts*, built there in 1789, was one of the largest ships afloat for many years. Nowadays, the Fore River Plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company is Quincy's greatest industry and ranks with the leading shipyards of the world.

South on Hancock Street you pass the Stone Temple, where the Adamses worshiped, where also John Adams, our second President, and his son, John Quincy Adams, our sixth President, are buried. The old cemetery opposite dates from 1666, and in it rest many Quincys and Adamses.

Continue south on Hancock Street to School Street, and at the Robert Burns statue take Franklin Street south, past the little red farmhouse built in 1681, where John Adams was born in 1735. When he married Abigail Smith, in 1764, he moved into the other little red house, next door, and there John Quincy Adams was born, in 1767. Young John was nearly eight when he and his mother watched from afar the smoke and flame of the Battle of Bunker Hill. A stone cairn opposite 353 Franklin Street now marks where they stood, praying for the safety of the Colonial soldiers.

It is only five-and-a-half miles from Quincy to HINGHAM, via State 3A, and though it is not the most direct route to Duxbury and Plymouth, it is a very slight detour and I'm sure you'll wish to make it. Not just because it's a charming old town and its Main Street is worth traveling miles to see; but because of its Lincoln associations. Have you read Ida M. Tarbell's *In the*

*Footsteps of the Lincolns?* If you have, nothing could keep you from Hingham.

"The story of Abraham Lincoln begins in Hingham, Massachusetts, in the year 1637, when the first of his family line came to the Puritan Colony of Boston Bay. This was his great-great-great-great-grandfather, Samuel by name, a boy of but seventeen or eighteen at the time." It was there that, probably, a Massey and a Lincoln encountered each other, as I told at Salem.

Samuel Lincoln was apprenticed to a man who took him to Salem in June, 1637; and soon thereafter Samuel left Salem and took ship for a settlement of some fifty persons from his old home, Hingham, in Norfolk, England; among them were two of his own brothers and a cousin. So there were four Lincolns on this south shore of Boston Bay, and soon they began to "spread out," from Hingham to Cohasset and Scituate. However, I must not be tempted, here, into "the footsteps of the Lincolns."

I know you'll want to see several of Hingham's "sights." Before indicating them, though, I must tell you that your route from Quincy to Hingham takes you through WEYMOUTH, the second settlement in Massachusetts, where the ships *Charity* and *Swan* landed in 1622. There's a story, which Weymouth repudiates but which Samuel Butler used in his *Hudibras*, to the effect that one of those earliest colonists committed a crime against the Indians, for which the redmen demanded expiation by death. The culprit was young and strong, and needed; and there was a bedridden chap who could never be anything but a care to the able-bodied. So they hanged him instead—the story says. If they did, let us hope he agreed to it. But pioneers must be expedient; so don't think too harshly of Weymouth.



Abigail Adams was born at Weymouth (at 450 Bridge Street); and the Fogg Library in South Weymouth houses the very notable collections of the Weymouth Historical Society.

As you enter Hingham, remember that King Philip waged his war upon the inhabitants of the town through which you will now pass. Stop at the "Old Ordinary" at 19 Lincoln Street, built in 1650 and housing the Hingham Historical Society's collection of old furniture. And, opposite, the Benjamin Lincoln house, preserved just as in his day and now occupied by the tenth generation in the family who have called it home. The Old Ship Church on Main Street, built in 1681 by ship carpenters, is believed to be the oldest house of public worship in the United States which still stands on its original site and serves as a house of worship. In its long history, it has had fewer than a dozen ministers. Samuel Lincoln and his sons were generous contributors, and Samuel worshiped there until he died, of smallpox, in May, 1690. In the cemetery behind the church is the grave of General Benjamin Lincoln, who received the sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown, became the first Collector of Customs in Boston, and Lieutenant Governor, and yet made his home in Hingham. He married Elizabeth Cushing; and her house, where the ceremony occurred, has recently been opened as an inn—said to be very good, and not expensive. (The house is a fascinating one, with choice old furniture, at Hanson on Route 58, one of the routes to Cape Cod.)

Two miles east of Hingham on Route 128 is The Black Horse Inn, with lodging, meals, and an attractive shop.

There is no one to carry on in direct descent from him the name Abraham Lincoln immortalized (just as

there is none to perpetuate directly the line of Washington); but pick up a telephone book in Hingham and see how the name of Lincoln leads all the rest!

A distinguished resident (but not a native) of Hingham was John A. Andrew, war Governor of Massachusetts, thanks to whose foresight Massachusetts was the only Northern State prepared for war when Sumter was fired on; her troops began to muster in Boston the very day after Lincoln called for volunteers, and on the following day the Sixth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry started south to defend Washington.

It was Governor Andrew, also, who got authorization (in 1863) to raise regiments of free Negroes, under white commissioned officers; and who secured for them the same pay as white troops.

SCITUATE, 2½ miles east, on First Parish Road, was settled about 1630, has retained much of its old-time atmosphere, and is the summer home of many literary and artistic people. In the old days her quota of distinguished citizens included Henry Dunster and Charles Chauncy, who became respectively the first and second Presidents of Harvard College. Both were ministers of the first parish. The famous Judge William Cushing was a native of the town and his grave is still to be seen, not far from the Old Oaken Bucket house. The old cemetery in which he is buried is located in the woods not far from where he lived. See the little old store which has been in the Otis family since about 1800. In that building was born Samuel Woodworth, author of *The Old Oaken Bucket*. But the "Old Oaken Bucket Homestead," with well and bucket and near the "deep-tangled wildwood," is on Old Oaken Bucket Road a very short distance off State 123, to the right.

Woodworth, born in 1785, was a printer and later a

journalist; and it was while he was working for the New York *Mirror* that he wrote the only thing of his that has caused his name to be remembered.

He tossed off a cognac, one night, and declared brandy the finest drink in the world. "What," asked his companion, "about the clear cold water you used to drink from the old oaken bucket?"

Tears rushed to Woodworth's eyes; he left the room "and with a heart overflowing with the recollections of his innocent childhood he set down the words that welled up from a full heart and that have become so dear to many others."

The North River, which you cross, received its name before 1633. Many famous ships were built at yards along this river. About half a mile above the bridge was the ship-yard of James Briggs, at which in 1773, the ship *Columbia* was built. She was of 220 tons, and the first American built vessel to circumnavigate the globe, and the first to carry the flag of the United States around the world. Under command of Captain John Kendrick she sailed from Boston, September 30th, 1787, went by way of Cape Horn to Vancouver Island for furs, crossed the Pacific to Canton, where the furs were exchanged for tea, and from there she proceeded by way of Cape of Good Hope to Boston, arriving August 9, 1790. In 1792 under command of Captain Robert Gray she again visited the northwest coast of America, and explored the river which Captain Gray named for his ship, *Columbia*.

From Scituate take State 3A to MARSHFIELD, where Peregrine White lived after his marriage. And if you'd like to see Daniel Webster's grave and the site of his beloved home, where he died, turn left on Webster Street, about 2½ miles. There is nothing left of the house he

knew; it burned down half a century or more ago, and was replaced. But many persons like to visit the grave. In any case, I think you'll like a brief account of how Webster acquired this place.

He and his family had spent several summers at Sandwich on Cape Cod. In 1824, as he and Mrs. Webster were driving back to Boston in a New England chaise, following the shore road, Mrs. Webster was struck by the extreme beauty of a farm overlooking the sea in Marshfield township, and urged her husband to turn in at the gate and learn who the owner was. He was Captain John Thomas, who made the Websters very welcome and persuaded them to stay for several days.

After that, for as long as Mrs. Webster lived (she died in January, 1828) they spent part of each summer with the Thomases. Then, as Captain Thomas had become too old to manage the farm, Webster bought it, and insisted on the Thomases staying on as if they were still the owners.

There were 160 acres to the place when Webster bought it, but he soon began buying more and more land and spending great sums on buildings, improvements, stock.

The house was about a mile from the ocean, on a little inlet which was a natural feeding ground for wild fowl; and in summer the fishing was excellent. Deer were plentiful in the woods near by. It was indeed a sportsman's paradise, and soon Webster had enormously increased its productiveness and so stocked it with fine breeds of cattle and sheep that it was like a permanent cattle show. (When his horses died, he buried them standing upright with their best harness on.)

When its owner got there, from Boston or from Washington, he would throw his traveling-bag into the hall

and hasten to the barn to see his favorite oxen — those oxen for which he sent in his last illness and had led near his window so he could look at them.

At Franklin, New Hampshire, where he owned the ancestral farm, he was happy; but "At Franklin," he used to say, "I can see all in two days. At Marshfield I can go out every day in the year and see something new."

He was devoted to his servants, especially to Seth Peterson, his boatman, and to Monica, his colored cook whom he had brought from Washington. Monica had been a slave, owned by a judge who hired her out as he would a horse; he proposed to sell her to Webster, but Daniel Webster declined to be the owner of a human being; he paid \$600 for Monica's freedom, and "gave her to herself." Thenceforth he paid her wages. She was with Webster to his death, at which time she had some \$2,000 in the bank.

"All the world" came to Marshfield, to pay homage and to enjoy Webster's hospitality and his sport. He remarried in December, 1829, a lady fifteen years his junior, who had always lived in affluent circumstances and who made a very good mistress of his several houses.

He knew everybody for miles about, and loved the old-fashioned people, native there, who were descended — many of them — from the Pilgrim Fathers.

Webster's last days, at Marshfield, were very sad ones. His beloved young son Edward had gone to the war and died in Mexico in January, 1848. In April of that same year Webster lost his only daughter, Julia. Both were buried at Marshfield, in the tomb with their mother. Only one son was left (he was to be killed at the second battle of Bull Run, in '62).

On October 24, 1852, Daniel Webster died in a candle-

lit room at Marshfield. On Friday the 29th, ten thousand persons came to Marshfield to pay their tribute to him. "All of Webster that could die," as one of his friends expressed it, lay in an open casket on the front lawn, that gorgeous Indian summer day. Wearing the familiar blue coat with gilt buttons and the buff waistcoat, the majestic figure looked shrunken, but of a new grandeur.

As the long line filed slowly past the bier, a poor-looking man whom nobody knew — evidently a farmer from the back country — stopped and gazed wistfully down at the still figure.

"Daniel Webster," he said, softly, "the world without you will seem lonesome."

I'm sure you'll like to recall this as you visit the ancient cemetery where he sleeps with those he loved.

Peregrine White, the first child of the Pilgrims born in the New World, is buried there, too; and some of the Winslows.

Not far from the site of the Webster house stands the house of the Honorable Isaac Winslow. Governor Edward Winslow in about 1637 built a house which stood in a northeasterly direction, not far from the present Winslow house. The Kenelm Winslow house, another of seventeenth-century construction, still stands in a part of Marshfield, known as Rexham, about two miles from here.

Five miles south of Marshfield is DUXBURY — which was named for Duxborough Hall, the home of the Standish family in Lancashire. Miles Standish, John Alden, Elder Brewster and others of the Pilgrims went to this region about 1624 seeking additional land. Standish and Alden both built homes there, and at Duxbury spent their declining days; there both of them died and are

buried. The John Alden house, in which he died, was built about 1653.

Standish's first wife died January 21, 1621, probably aboard the *Mayflower*. Priscilla Mullens' father died just a month later in a rude hut on shore. Priscilla and John were married, we're told, while both were busy nursing her father. There is no foundation for the famous story of the courtship. Several years later, Standish married a girl named Barbara who came over in 1623, and by her had a son Alexander, who married Sarah, a daughter of John and Priscilla Alden. These are the facts as set forth by the Reverend Paul Sturtevant Howe, a direct descendant. The Alden Kindred Association now owns the John Alden house, on Alden Street; and on Crescent Street is the house that Alexander Standish built, in 1666, for John Alden's daughter; using, in part, materials from his father's house which had burned down. Above it towers Captain's Hill, surmounted by the Standish Monument, erected in 1872. The view from the hill, over the Bay, is magnificent. Markers indicate the sites of the original houses built by the Elder Brewster and Miles Standish.

Duxbury Beach is famed for its clams. Also, north from Duxbury to Scituate the gathering and bleaching of Irish moss is a great industry. The moss, besides providing blanc mange for delicate stomachs, is also used in brewing and dyeing.

There are a number of excellent little places where one can sample clams and other sea food. One of the oldest houses — the Winslow House — has lately become a sort of museum with a Tea House attached. The house is well worth a short stop.

In the Old Burying Ground, on Chestnut Street, Miles Standish is buried, as directed in his will, beside his

daughters, Lora and Mary, who had died before him; and both his wives are there, I believe. The Aldens are known to lie there, but their graves have not been identified.

KINGSTON was a part of Plymouth for more than a hundred years. It lies along the "very pleasant river" which the Pilgrims named for Captain Jones, the skipper of the *Mayflower*. They had "a great liking to plant" there, instead of at Plymouth, but feared to because it was "so encompassed with woods" in which savages might lurk.

However, on the "flowing of many people into the country, no man now thought he could live except he had cattle and a great deal of ground to keep them. . . . So there was no longer holding them together, but they must of necessity goe to their great lots . . . and scattered all over ye bay."

Kingston is still a very pleasant place, where fine old mansions line the elm-arched streets. On Bay Road, about half a mile from the Center, is the Bradford House, built in 1674, which retains its original appearance and some of the early furnishings.

For years, Governor Bradford's inestimably precious manuscript, the *History of Plimouth Plantation*, was kept in this house, by his grandson, Major John Bradford. It is practically our only source of information about the Pilgrims from 1606, when they went to Holland, to 1646. Bradford was Governor of the Colony from April, 1621, almost to the time of his death, in 1657, except for three intervals aggregating five years. In 1728, his manuscript was loaned to the Reverend Thomas Prince, who was writing a *History of New England*; and Dr. Prince begged that it might be deposited in the library of the Old South Meeting House, where it could be



referred to by other scholars. The British carried it away with them when they evacuated Boston, and all trace of it was lost till many years later when an American book-collector chanced upon a dull old book by a Bishop of Oxford who wrote about the Church in America and made reference to a manuscript in Fulham Palace, London, in the library of the Bishop of London. The American collector was sure that this manuscript must be Bradford's. It was! And in 1897, it was returned, and lodged — with appropriate ceremony — in the New State House on Beacon Hill.

### *Plymouth*

Now on, four miles, to Plymouth. As you enter town, on Court Street — after having passed the William Crowe house, probably the oldest now remaining in Plymouth — you have on your right, one block distant, the National Monument to the Forefathers, completed in 1889, after thirty years a-building.

Further along Court Street, at the corner of Chilton Street, is Pilgrim Hall, with paintings depicting the departure of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, their landing in the New World, and many articles — such as Peregrine White's cradle, and Governor Bradford's Bible. There, too, is the skeleton of the ship *Sparrowhawk*, which was wrecked off Orleans, Cape Cod, in 1626 and recovered in 1863, after a violent storm revealed the gaunt frame. She was the first English vessel known to have been wrecked off Cape Cod. Her passengers were given welcome at Plymouth. Another item in the museum is the Damascus sword of Miles Standish, with Arabic inscriptions which date it back several centuries before Christ.

The portraits in Pilgrim Hall are worthy of much attention.

Peregrine White was born in the cabin of the *Mayflower* on November 20, 1620, the day before the ship dropped anchor in Provincetown harbor. His father was one of those who failed to survive that first dreadful winter. But before he had been three months dead, his widow, Susanna, married Edward Winslow, whose wife had been dead but seven weeks. Theirs was the first marriage in the Colony, some say; but this doesn't agree with the Reverend Howe's statement that John Alden and Priscilla were married in February, 1621. For the Winslow marriage was in May. However, all dates of that period are hard to "reconcile." I "check" back and forth several times on every one, and never cease to marvel at the lack of agreement.

There is a case of Winslow relics in Pilgrim Hall; Edward was three times Governor of the Colony for brief periods when Bradford was not. In another case is a copy of John Eliot's Indian Bible, of which there are but four copies extant. You doubtless know about his great work as an apostle to the Indians. His *Catechism*, published at Cambridge in 1653, was the first book to be printed in the Indian tongue. His translation of the New Testament was issued in 1661, and of the Old Testament two years later.

Adjacent to Pilgrim Hall is the house once occupied by Tabitha Plasket, a very early schoolteacher, who used to spin whilst the children recited, and who taught the girls to knit and do needlework.

Turn left when you come to North Street to Winslow Street, where you will find a mansion built in 1754 by Edward Winslow, a great-grandson of the Governor. Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson was born there. At the corner

of North Street and Water Street is the Pilgrim Mother Fountain.

On Water Street, near by, is Plymouth Rock, beneath a canopy provided by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Much has been said, pro and con, about the Rock and its relation to the Landing. In 1741, when a wharf was built over it, the Rock was identified as the Landing Place by Thomas Faunce, then ninety-five, whose father had come over in 1623, and had had the Rock pointed out to him by members of the earlier company.

At the outbreak of the Revolution the upper part of the Rock, split by frost, was moved to the town square and placed at the foot of the Liberty Pole. On July 4, 1834, it was moved to a position in front of the then-new Pilgrim Hall. In 1880 it was placed under a canopy, where it remained till 1920, when the canopy was destroyed and the Rock was temporarily stored in a warehouse. In 1921, in preparation for the Pilgrim Tercentenary, the Rock was put in its present position, as near as possible to its original site.

As a matter of fact, the "Landing," on December 21, 1621, was effected by an exploring party of ten of the principal men, two "hired seamen," and six others of the crew; the rest of the *Mayflower* company remained on board their ship at what is now Provincetown, where they had been for a month. The ship continued to be their headquarters for several months while homes were being erected on shore.

Once, years ago, when I was respectfully gazing at Plymouth Rock beneath its earlier canopy, a man beside me who seemed mystified by the whole proceeding, asked me, rather anxiously, "What is it *for*?" He hadn't the least idea.

I don't think it makes any particular difference whether that is, or is not, the boulder whereon those ten men, scouting in behalf of themselves and their comrades, leaped from their little shallop, after having spent the Sabbath on Clark's Island en route. What *does* make a difference is that tens of thousands of visitors gather around the Rock every year; and some of them, at least, must do a bit of salutary thinking about that little band of Pilgrims who landed on these shores that bleak December, bringing with them certain ideas and ideals which laid a new concept of government not for us only, but for many other lands as well.

Behind the Rock, a broad flight of steps leads up the slope of Cole's Hill where, during that first sad winter, were buried half the little band, carried thither secretly at night and their graves trampled flat, that the Indians might not know how fast the number of pale invaders was dwindling. In 1858, workmen digging for a water main found a quantity of skulls and bones which now rest in the sarcophagus erected by Mayflower Descendants. A statue of Massasoit crowns the hill. His treaty with the Pilgrims was made April 1, 1621, and remained unbroken for fifty-four years — till his son started King Philip's War.

In the previous month (March) thirteen of the little company had died. Within three months half of the number who came were carried to Cole's Hill, and those left alive had scarce strength enough to bury the dead. It was with that pitiful remnant of fifty souls that Massasoit made his treaty.

But of those dauntless souls who survived that first terrible winter, not one returned with the *Mayflower* when she sailed back on April 5.

Now you turn from Water Street into Leyden Street,

where the Pilgrims erected their first houses. Opposite the end of Carver Street, named for their first Governor who perished in those first awful months, is the site of their first "Common House," used as a shelter when they came ashore from the *Mayflower*, and later as a storehouse. It was a thatched log hut about twenty feet square. There, on February 27, 1621, Miles Standish was chosen their Captain.

Leyden Street soon becomes Church Street and leads to Town Square, with two churches and the old Town House. On Burial Hill beyond and above Town Square are buried a few of the original settlers and their descendants. There Standish built in January, 1621, his timber fort; and the next year a larger and stronger one which served also as a meetinghouse. At the time of King Philip's War, a third structure was erected, with palisades and a ditch or moat. King Philip's head was exposed on the battlements for a long time after he was killed at Bristol, Rhode Island.

If you like quaint epitaphs you will enjoy a lingering visit to Burial Hill.

Some of the earliest houses were built along the south side of Town Square. Go back, now, to where Leyden Street becomes Church Street, and turn, right, into Sandwich Street. A short distance south you will find that Water Street has come curving inland to meet Sandwich Street and on it are the Brewster Gardens and the Antiquarian House, built in 1809 and completely furnished in its period.

And you must see, at 119 Sandwich Street, the William Harlow house, built in 1677 of timbers taken from the second fort on Burial Hill. There the Plymouth Antiquarian Society re-enacts, on summer weekdays, the early domestic life of the Pilgrims. Outside, corn is

planted, each year, by Plymouth school children who follow what the Indian Tisquantum taught the first settlers: to plant when the oak leaves are the size of a mouse's ear, and to put a herring in each hill as a fertilizer.

It wouldn't be right to leave Plymouth without paying tribute to some of the red men who dealt so kindly and helpfully with the Pilgrim Fathers. And Tisquantum, or Squanto, was one of the most helpful.

When you're in Leyden Street you'll be interested to recall the March day in 1621 when Samoset suddenly appeared, quite alone, and said: "Welcome, Englishmen!" He is believed to have learned a few words of English from English-speaking fishermen off Monhegan Island, in what is now the state of Maine, where Captain John Smith had spent several months six or seven years before the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts.

A few days later (April 1) on Strawberry Hill, Massasoit, on whose lands the pale newcomers had landed, solemnly ratified his treaty with them, prompted by Samoset. And he was faithful to it till he died, fifty-four years later. Not so his son, King Philip!

But the Indian who must have given the greatest surprise to the Pilgrims was Squanto, who had lived in England for years! He had been taken there in 1605 by Captain George Weymouth, who had kidnaped Squanto and four others up at Monhegan. It was Captain John Smith who brought Squanto back, in 1614 — after which Squanto made another trip to England.

He acted as interpreter for the Pilgrims and was of invaluable aid to them in many ways, teaching them to adapt themselves to the harsh conditions of their new life.

Not many persons know that Plymouth was not named by the Pilgrims, but by Captain John Smith who, on

an exploring voyage in 1614, made a surprisingly accurate map of the New England coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, calling the country "New England" and assigning the name "Plymouth" to the mainland opposite Cape Cod. This latter pleased Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Governor of Plymouth in England, with whose patronage and financial aid Smith — now bearing the title of "Admiral of New England" — made two attempts to reach New England for settlement. (One failed on account of bad weather, and on the second he was captured by pirates.) In 1619 Smith offered to pilot the Pilgrim Fathers to Virginia; but his offer was declined.

Another fact not generally known is that the Pilgrim Fathers were not so-called till about the time of Washington's inauguration as President.

Champlain and De Monts had anchored in Plymouth Harbor in July, 1605, and named it Port St. Louis; then they sailed into Cape Cod Bay, tacking toward Provincetown. You may see Champlain's map of "Port St. Louis," with his pictures of the Indian wigwams and plantations, in the *Voyages of Samuel de Champlain*, published by the Prince Society, of Boston; or, lacking access to that, there is a reproduction of the map in Vol. III of *France and New England*, by Allan Forbes and Paul F. Cadman, published in 1929 by the State Street Trust Company of Boston.

Had the Pilgrims suspected that they would land not in Virginia but in Massachusetts, they could have bought in Paris, seven years before they set sail in the *Mayflower*, Champlain's accurate chart of Plymouth Harbor. This was for sale "at Jean Berjon's shop in the rue St. Jean de Beauvais, at the Flying Horse, and at his shop at the Palace, in the Prisoners' Gallery."

He had once been in quest of a shorter course to

China, as were all the other great explorers from Columbus on. And before coming to Plymouth he had explored and mapped Boston Harbor, five-and-twenty years before John Winthrop got there; his account of that is also in his book — his “very faithful journal of observations made and of discoveries of New France.” This publication antedated Captain John Smith’s map of “New England” by a year or more.

When we get to Chatham on Cape Cod you shall hear why these shores remained New England and not New France.

Now, Plymouth is more than just Pilgrims’ Shades. As the nearest harbor to the Cape Cod Canal, Plymouth benefits greatly by that long-needed waterway whose first ardent advocate was Miles Standish. Year after year it was wished-for and talked about. George Washington urged it, in 1776. In 1825 the route was surveyed and the engineers reported favorably — but nothing happened. In 1860 it seemed as if something were about to happen; then came the Civil War. In 1880 work actually commenced, but had to stop for lack of capital. Then, in 1909 August Belmont provided much of the \$16,000,000 needed, and work went forward till completion, in 1914. During the World War the Government, wishing to control the canal, offered the owners \$8,250,000; they refused, and Secretary Baker asked for condemnation proceedings. In 1919 it was taken over for operation by the Director General of Railroads. Nine years later it was bought by the United States Government, and is operated toll-free for both commercial and naval vessels. The canal, which is eight miles long, cuts across from Buzzards Bay (an inlet of Long Island Sound) to Cape Cod Bay, and has shortened the distance for water-borne traffic be-



tween New York and Boston, by more than 70 miles. More than ten million tons of shipping pass through it annually.

The great "sight" of the Canal comes at 8:15 P.M. when the brilliantly-lighted big steamship goes through on her way from Boston to New York. The spot where, on June 22, 1909, August Belmont turned the first shovelful of earth in the construction of the canal, was on the little farm where his famous ancestor, Oliver Hazard Perry, was born.

Plymouth does a big business in clams, in cranberries, and in many other things besides "Pilgrim Fathers." She has today a large foreign-born population.

You'll probably lunch at Plymouth. There's the Mayflower Hotel, and Hotel Pilgrim, and the Polly Darling Tea Room. And there, as in many places in this part of the world, you'll find one of the Howard Johnson chain of restaurants, which serve very good meals at modest prices.

When you leave Plymouth for Cape Cod, you may want to take the route (unnumbered) which skirts a corner of Miles Standish State Forest (8,000 acres) and goes on past Long Pond and Great Herring Pond, to Sagamore; or you may prefer the coast highway, State 3, "The King's Highway"—which traverses flat, sandy country sparsely covered with dwarf pine, and passes acres of cranberry bog.

Fifteen miles south of Plymouth you have the Sagamore Canal Bridge, spanning the Cape Cod Canal, the longer of the twin bridges over that important and busy artery; the other bridge is at Bourne, at the Buzzards Bay end of the canal. They are immensely picturesque

—these bridges—and if you like making pictures of any sort you'll linger thereabouts; but especially if you're an etcher.

From Plymouth to Provincetown is seventy-nine miles. If you have lingered on your way, although you have come only some sixty miles from Boston, or if you like only a short day of motoring, you may now fancy the suggestion of going to Bourne along the road that parallels the canal and spending the night at Gray Gables Inn, which was the home of Grover Cleveland; it is one mile from Bourne, on the Shore Road. Or you may stay at Gilder Lodge, Marion, former home of Richard Watson Gilder, Cleveland's friend. At Bourne, you will find a reproduction of the Aptuxcet Trading Post where the Pilgrim Fathers used to come to trade with the Dutch from New Amsterdam (some of whom may have been old friends from Leyden, Haarlem, or thereabouts).

Then you could retrace your way, next day, to Sagamore and begin your exploration of Cape Cod. But no one needs to turn away from the Cape to find lodging! Sagamore Beach is a Christian Endeavor Colony, where congresses are held, in summer, with noted speakers. At Sagamore Highlands there is a summer cottage colony.

Just before entering SANDWICH, two and one half miles beyond Sagamore, you pass, on your left, Bay View Cemetery where the beloved actor, Joseph Jefferson, sleeps. He had a summer home, "Crow's Nest," not far from "Gray Gables"; he and Grover Cleveland were great pals. They both tried to buy homes at Sandwich, but the old town wouldn't have a "play-actor" among its citizens (this, remember, was more than fifty years ago!). Why it didn't get Cleveland, I don't know. Probably he wouldn't go where his friend wasn't welcomed.

The first "Crow's Nest" was burned in April 1891,

and many of Jefferson's art treasures were lost. He rebuilt the following year. But the second house was torn down in 1935.

Jefferson selected the place he wanted to lie after his last exit. "They wouldn't let me live in Sandwich," he said, "but they can't prevent my burial there." The boulder that marks his grave was designated by him for the purpose. On it is a bronze medallion portrait of him, and these closing words of his Autobiography:

And yet we are but tenants; let us assure ourselves of this, and then it will not be so hard to make room for the new administration, for shortly the Great Landlord will give us notice that our lease has expired.

His "notice" came to him at Palm Beach, Florida, in 1905, when he was seventy-six.

Jefferson once said that Sandwich was "the handsomest town out of England"; and I'm sure you'll find it a beautiful and a happy introduction to the Cape. If you are a maker of pictures, or a lover of the picturesque, you won't find it easy to resist a stop for tea beside lovely Shawme Lake.

And if you have youngsters (of any age!) in your party, you'll not hurry through Sandwich without remembering that there Thornton Burgess was born, and grew up; and whether he thought, then, about Peter Cottontail and his *Bedtime Stories* or not, doesn't matter; because then he learned about the Child Heart in the only way anyone can ever learn about it — by *being* a child! (All writers who do real things for children write out of their recollection much more than out of observation.) And there he learned to love wild life.

Sportsmen will be interested, at Sandwich, to see the fish-spawning reservations — one for brook trout and

the other for Chinook salmon, whose eggs come from the Pacific; and the State Game Farm, specializing in pheasants—a bird introduced into this country from China as recently as 1881.

South from Sandwich in the direction of CORUIT, in the least settled section of the Cape, there's a State Forest Reserve of thousands of acres in which about a million young pine trees have been planted. Come back in a hundred years or so, and see what's been done to reforest the Cape—and to restore to it some of the resources which its early settlers exhausted in their struggle to keep alive; and to replace trees that have fallen prey to the devastating forest fires that have taken such heavy toll on the Cape.

Sandwich was the first place on the Cape to be settled. It was "surveyed" by Miles Standish, assisted by John Alden, in 1637. In that year, evidently, was built the house now known as the Hoxie House, in a lane near Shawme Lake, at the head of School Street. The Daniel Webster Inn on Main Street is the one at which he stopped while on hunting and fishing trips. The Sandwich Historical Museum is open only on Wednesdays, two to five; but a sign on the door gives the curator's name and telephone number, so if you want to visit the museum you have only to telephone. Much Sandwich glass is there, along with other things—including articles associated with Jefferson's stage career! Great quantities of glass were made at Sandwich in the years 1826-1888. You might think, as you look about you at the shops offering Sandwich Glass for sale, that none of it had ever been bought; but it has. Should you feel tempted to "invest," 'twere well to be a bit prudent, unless you know a great deal about Sandwich Glass. Don't buy as "old," and correspondingly precious, any

that you can't get dependably "expertized"; and don't believe any tales that might be told you about Sandwich Glass being "the first glass manufactured in this country." Glass was made at Jamestown in 1609. Venetian glass-blowers were sent over here in 1621 to make beads for barter with the Indians. Salem had glass works in 1641. Four years later, the Dutch on Mánhattan Island began to make glass on such a scale that what is now known as William Street used to be called "Glass Makers Street." South Jersey started making glass in 1739. What many connoisseurs consider the most beautiful glass ever blown in America was made in Pennsylvania, before the Revolution, by Henry William Stiegel, who came here from Germany in 1750. The great glass industry of Pittsburgh dates back beyond the beginning of the nineteenth century. Zanesville, Ohio, began glass manufacture in 1815, and is credited with the introduction of those long-necked, bulbous-bodied bottles which some of us find so fascinating. Cambridge, Massachusetts, was making tableware and flint glass in 1815; and there was made the first "cut" glass and the first pressed glass. By 1845 or thereabouts America was sending, to all the glass centers of the world, machines for making pressed glass. Read Rhea Mansfield Knittle's *Early American Glass* (The Century Company, 1927). In recent years America has made much beautiful glass, and much glass of great scientific value. And a onetime schoolmate of mine, Eugene Sullivan, has invented and perfected Pyrex, besides making the greatest telescope lens ever "cast."

If you have never been specially conscious of the glass industry in America, Sandwich may rouse your interest; and for that you will, I think, always be grateful. Sandwich glass is prized for its beauty, not for its

priority. A stupid strike halted its manufacture, which was never resumed.

Sandwich has a lovely old church, and a cemetery with quaint epitaphs. Dodge MacKnight, whose water-color pictures you may know, lived at Sandwich; and once upon a time a young Sandwich butcher, named Gustavus F. Swift, moved to Chicago and became one of the great pioneers of the modern packing industry.

Now, Cape Cod is not just a section of Massachusetts; it's a bit of this country that has clung so tenaciously to its traditions, its customs, that it seems, to the new-comer, almost as "foreign" as — let's say — a corner of South Devon, or Cornwall. The beauty of it, the picturesqueness, need no explanation. But there's a great deal about it that must be more or less completely missed by those who go there without any preparation to understand it; and there has, too, been a lot of hare-brained rubbish written about the Cape and its "characters." I'm sure that "stringing the stranger" must be a favorite (and justifiable!) retaliation on the part of "natives" who are approached as oddities and annoyed with silly questions.

All your life, I dare say, you've heard of "Cape Cod Cottages." The style is being copied more and more widely, each year — but not always in the "pure style," frequently in "adaptation." Certainly nowhere is their real charm so perfectly set off as on their native heath.

The style came from rural England, of course. Where, in all the world, are there more enchanting old cottage homes?

There is only one true Cape Cod type: the story-and-a-half cottage, with the long, unbroken roof-line, and clapboards or shingles for the walls. The large size has a central door, with two windows on either side. The



*Photo by Ralph H. White from Nesmith*

## THE WHITE SAND DUNES OF BARNSTABLE





half-size, which economical young couples used sometimes to build (expecting to add the other half as their family grew), had the door so placed that when the house was completed it would be in the middle.

The earliest homes were unpainted inside and out, and the shingles "weathered" so beautifully that today many builders of new Cape Cod cottages select a wood which becomes an exquisite silvery gray, while others prefer a shingle that turns a rich russet brown. Mostly, though, the cottages are painted spotless white, with window trim and shutters in vivid blue or bright green or other strong contrast.

Always there is the white picket fence, and the wealth of colorful bloom behind it. Always a door that makes you long to cross its threshold. And if the outside is "out of a picture book," the *inside* is likely to be a story-book, telling tales without end of fascinating, adventure-filled yesterdays.

Cape Cod folk chronicles have been gathered and sifted with scholarly thoroughness and set forth with lively charm in *The Narrow Land*, by Elizabeth Reynard. To go to the Cape without knowing some, at least, of the books of Henry C. Kittredge would be calamitous; there's *Cape Cod, Its People and Their History*, and *Shipmasters of Cape Cod*, and *Mooncussers of Cape Cod* (meaning wreckers). No one has interpreted Cape Cod character better than Joseph C. Lincoln, himself a native. Eleanor Early has a gay, chatty book called *And This is Cape Cod*. Freeman's *Cape Cod* covers the history and early families of the towns. And I hope no one needs to be reminded of Thoreau's *Cape Cod*. A recent book, somewhat in Thoreau's inimitable vein, is *The Outermost House*, by Henry Beston. And there's a charming book of drawings and text called *A Cape Cod Sketch Book*,

by Jack Frost — Yes, that's his real name, and he's young and handsome as well as talented.

But for most visitors, who will read but one book about the Cape, the one par excellence for all purposes is *Cape Cod Ahoy!* by Arthur Wilson Tarbell, dean of Carnegie "Tech" in Pittsburgh. Charming and most wonderfully informing, it is evidently — from the large number of printings it has had — carried to the Cape by a goodly proportion of all visitors. More about it, later.

And now from Sandwich to BARNSTABLE, which is eleven-and-a-half miles, past the Great Marshes, with the white sand dunes on your left. Lovely — those dunes — if you have time to explore them. But you can't do it by motor!

James Otis, distinguished patriot and statesman, was born in WEST BARNSTABLE, in 1725.

There's a good deal that might be said of Barnstable — and of YARMOUTH, where the Indians used to gather for feasts of oysters and clams.

Some historians believe that Thorvald Ericsson, younger brother of Leif, was killed by Indians, in 1007, near Yarmouth.

Those readers who are interested in the early Norse expeditions to our shores, are recommended to read *A History of the Vikings*, by T. D. Kendrick, M.A., of the British Museum; the last chapter of it is devoted to America, and to an analysis of G. M. Gathorne-Hardy's *Norse Discoverers of America*. Also, there's a good deal about Thorvald Ericsson in Edward F. Gray's book *Leif Eriksson, Discoverer of America*.

As late as 1779 there were Indian wigwams occupied by Indians about a mile from the mouth of the Bass River. Locally it is believed that Bass Hole, which the

Indians called Hockanom, is the spot where North American Indians first expressed hostility against encroaching white men, and killed Thorvald; to reach it, turn off U. S. 6 at Center Street, Yarmouth, to Town Landing.

What will almost certainly delight you at Yarmouth is "the Cathedral of Elms" and the old houses that nestle in their shade.

There's a time-honored saying that a man plants maples for his children, oaks for his grandchildren, and elms for his great-grandchildren. Amos Otis, who lived in Yarmouth a century ago, was the moving spirit in a village improvement society that set out this mile of elm trees, unexcelled in beauty by any other tree avenue in New England or thereabouts. You'll be horrified to hear that in 1930 the State Highway Commission wanted to cut down these glorious trees so the stream of motor cars would have more room to pass; and that, too, in a town which boasts among its residents Mr. Charles Henry Davis, president of the National Highway Association, which he, with Senator Coleman du Pont, founded in 1912. Mr. Davis has done a magnificent work through this Association, and I'm sure he was shocked when he heard what the State Highway Commission was considering.

Later on, describing the return from Provincetown and the journey along the south shore of the Cape, I'll tell you a little about Mr. Davis's interesting home near South Yarmouth.

DENNIS, three-and-a-half miles beyond Yarmouth, has one of the most successful "Little Theaters" in America — in what was once a Colonial meetinghouse. Many celebrated actors have appeared there in try-outs of plays, some of which became Broadway hits. Among the celebrated players who have given distinction to

the Cape Playhouse are Ethel Barrymore, Jane Cowl, Gertrude Lawrence, Bette Davis, Henry Fonda and Robert Montgomery. Near by is the Cinema, with a mural by Rockwell Kent and Joe Mielziner which is the largest picture ever painted, almost three times as great in "footage" as Tintoretto's "Paradiso" in the Doge's Palace at Venice.

Dennis, a century ago, had 150 skippers sailing from American ports. Salt-drying used to be a great industry thereabouts. In 1816, a native of Dennis discovered that wild cranberries were best when sand had blown over the vines; and from this, cranberry culture started.

One of the pleasantest possible ways to end this day might be to dine at Dennis, see a play or a movie, and sleep there or at some place near by. (The Willows, at Dennis on your Route 6, is a very pleasant place to stop, and not expensive.)

Climb Scargo Hill if you love splendid views. And remind yourself that East Dennis had the only ship-building yard on the Cape that turned out clipper ships.

BREWSTER, named for the "Elder" of *Mayflower* fame, is where Joseph C. Lincoln was born, and is the setting for many of his stories. His birthplace is on your right as you ride through town, a story-and-a-half white cottage. His father was the last of a long line of those far-sailing sea captains for whom Brewster used to be famous. One of those captains, 'tis said, came near — well, *rather* near! — having Napoleon for a passenger, America-bound, after the Battle of Waterloo.

Another of them, still earlier, was Captain Elijah Cobb, who wrote *The Memoirs of a Cape Cod Skipper*, published by the Yale University Press. Captain Cobb was on a voyage to Spain, in the summer of 1794, when a French frigate captured his ship and took it into Brest,

where the starving people ate his cargo of flour and rice. Cobb rode to Paris, in all possible haste, to demand reparation from Robespierre. He succeeded in getting it; but before he could leave Paris he saw Robespierre guillotined.

ORLEANS, five-and-a-half miles beyond Brewster, attained "headline" prominence some years before the World War as a tax-dodgers' paradise, where millionaires paid only three dollars per thousand on their incomes; and yet, after Orleans had built a new town hall, a lighting system, a baseball park, and twenty miles of fine roads, the selectmen still had a surplus far beyond their needs.

Edward F. Gray, one-time British Consul in Boston, and before that a resident of Norway for many years, says that Leif Ericsson's first landing in what is now the United States was off Orleans, on an island close to shore; and that later he proceeded to what is now known as Martha's Vineyard. This he sets forth in his book, *Leif Eriksson, Discoverer of America*. (Don't blame me for the lack of uniformity in spelling Leif's patronymic. I use the commonly preferred and more familiar spelling; Mr. Gray prefers Eric with a *k*. Mr. Kendrick, of the British Museum, spells it with a *c*. But although I choose the *c* because it is most familiar, and as authoritative as any, I cannot change the spelling of Mr. Gray's book title, when quoting from him.)

Another happening in Orleans harbor was that there the *Sparrowhawk* was wrecked, whose skeleton you doubtless saw in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth. The wreck occurred in 1626, as the vessel was on her way from London to Virginia, carrying colonists. And the skeleton was brought to light by a great shifting of sand in 1863.

Orleans refused to pay tribute to the British in 1814,

when a fleet of their warships sailed along these coasts demanding a high price for immunity; and in her stout resistance Orleans taught the proud enemy a thing or two about "getting sassy with Cape Cod folks."

If you linger at Orleans you'll almost certainly see the plain little cottage in which Joshua Crosby lived, who commanded a quarterdeck gun on the frigate *Constitution* during the fight with the *Guerrière* in the Gulf of St. Lawrence on August 19, 1812 — that fight which, though it lasted only half an hour, raised the United States to the rank of a first-class power.

You'll see, too, the oft-pictured house erected in 1792 by Captain John Kendrick, the first American commander to take his ship around the world.

In July, 1918, a German submarine appeared off Orleans and fired nearly 150 shots, sinking four empty coal barges and scaring a lot of people.

The United States end of the cable to Brest, in France, is at Orleans.

North of Orleans, your route is shaded by locust trees and gives you many enchanting glimpses of little lakes, picturesque hamlets, and yellow dunes.

EASTHAM (three miles) celebrated for its fine asparagus, was explored by Champlain in 1606, but hostile Indians kept him from settling. Later, the worst foes were not Indians but blackbirds and crows, so destructive that each household had to kill twelve blackbirds or three crows a year, and no bachelor could marry who hadn't killed his quota. Yet in 1849, Thoreau saw so many scarecrows that he "concluded that either many men were not married, or many blackbirds were." Don't miss that chapter of Thoreau in his *Cape Cod* called "The Plains of Nauset"; it's full of delicious chuckles.

On the Eastham bar, near Nauset Light, is the little

shelter atop a sand dune, built in 1927 by a nature student, Henry Beston, who lived there, all alone, for a year, watching, with ever-growing wonder and delight, the miracles of sea and sky and sand observable from his conning-tower, which he called "The Fo'castle." He has written, beautifully, about his experience, in *The Outermost House*.

On the Atlantic shore, about two miles from Eastham, is the Nauset Station of the United States Coast Guard, one of eleven on this shore alone; and, near there, the Nauset Light, 25,000 candlepower, visible for eighteen miles, flashing three times every ten seconds.

Cross back to the Bay shore, via Samoset Road, and you'll see the old windmill (1793), one of the few left on the Cape; and the scene of the First Encounter between men of the *Mayflower* and hostile Indians. (A tablet on a granite boulder marks the spot.)

SOUTH WELLFLEET, nine-and-a-half miles north of Orleans, is a small village from which a hard sand road leads to the remains of the first Transatlantic Wireless Station in the United States, put into operation by Marconi in January, 1901. WELLFLEET, the town (population almost 1,000) is nearly four miles farther. It was the second landing place of the Pilgrims, some of whom went there, in their shallop, on December 6 and 7, 1620, and explored the harbor, but decided it was little better for their purposes than Provincetown. Before the Revolution, whaling and oystering made the town prosperous. And again, from 1830 to 1870, it enjoyed almost a monopoly of oystering in New England.

I have read, in a recent "slap-dash" book on "these parts," that "The early settlers thoroughly disliked seafood, and never experimented with such formidable things as shellfish. It was two hundred years before New Eng-

land became addicted to oysters." Read the chapter in Thoreau's *Cape Cod* on "The Wellfleet Oysterman," in which Thoreau tells how Champlain, who cruised along this north shore of Cape Cod in 1606, named what is now Barnstable Harbor "Oyster Harbor," because the oysters he found there were so good; and how the earliest English settlers who, on returning to England, wrote about *New England*, commented on the succulence of the oysters. Elsewhere we are told that when the Pilgrims went away from home—to trade or to attend meetings with the Dutch, for instance—the food they customarily carried in their wallets was clam pudding.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any (and *all* places on Cape Cod shores are good places to think about clams) to say something about clams and a clambake. You're not likely to overlook clams on Cape Cod. But you *may* miss a clambake, unless you make inquiry about where one may be enjoyed.

You are doubtless well acquainted with Little Neck Clams, sometimes called Cherrystone clams. But how, without a friendly "tip," could you be expected to know that "quahaug" (pronounced "co-hog") is the same thing in its somewhat more mature state?

WELLFLEET HARBOR is probably the principal source of quahaugs in this country, and ships some two thousand barrels a year, besides all that are consumed near by. Most of the dredging for them is done by Finns. It's hard work, but pays well.

A clambake is a "function," a variety of picnic. Of course, the better acquainted you are with the others of the party, the more fun. But even if you are a stranger you can hardly help enjoying the experience.

A beach where sizeable stones can be gathered, is



necessary; and the first thing done is to hollow out a good hole, six feet or so in diameter; then fill it with two layers of big, fairly flat stones. Next, fill the stone-lined hole with driftwood and keep a roaring fire going for at least an hour, to get the stones white-hot. Next, rake off the embers and spread over the hot stones a layer of wet seaweed at least a foot-and-a-half thick.

Then, the food! Lobsters, clams, potatoes, sweet corn in its husks, potatoes in their tasty "jackets" that we so seldom enjoy. And they're not dumped on pell-mell! There's a very nice art to the sequence in which they're laid on the steaming seaweed. When all is as it should be, an old sail is spread on top and "tucked in" at the sides, to keep any steam from escaping. Then everybody goes swimming—or everybody but those who make the coffee, get out the "relishes" and rolls and butter and other "accompaniments." An hour later the feast begins. If you're at your first clambake you'll feel awkward—and *look* awkward! But never mind. No one will have any eyes for you and your lack of facility. You'll get enough, and more than enough, to eat. And you'll have time, too, to watch some "seasoned clam-baker," preferably an old salt. See what *he* can do with a lobster!

Lobsters and clams do not belong in close proximity to bananas. But even if you don't eat a banana in Wellfleet you ought to *think* about one.

For Lorenzo Dow Baker, born in Wellfleet in 1840, used to sail his eighty-five-ton schooner, the *Telegraph*, in a modest trade with the West Indies and South America. One day, in Jamaica, he bought some bunches of green bananas, which were yellow when he got them to Boston; and everybody who tasted the queer things

liked them, and wanted more. So Lorenzo went back to Jamaica and loaded up with green bananas, which so many people wanted that, first thing he knew, he was the head of the Boston Fruit Company, which presently became the United Fruit Company, on one of whose ships of "the Great White Fleet" you may have made a delightful voyage to the West Indies, the Canal Zone, and Guatemala. Now, more than \$50,000,000 worth of bananas are shipped annually from the West Indies and Central America to the North American and European countries.

Beyond Wellfleet you come to SOUTH TRURO and TRURO, happy hunting-ground of innumerable artists. When you are there, don't remark to any resident that there seem to be many "quaint characters" about. For he may answer "Yes, but most of 'em go home after Labor Day." Truro has a special sense of humor about summer visitors.

Once there was a young boatswain of Truro who went to sea on a whaler, deserted (some say he was captured) on one of the Hawaiian islands, and married a daughter of the King, Kamehameha I. That was about 1790, some ten or eleven years after the natives had killed Captain Cook.

You will probably want to stop at NORTH TRURO and follow the Depot Road to the beach, where you will find the "Bayberry Candle Place." There you can buy some of the hand-dipped candles made from the wax or tallow which rises to the surface when bayberries are boiled. The melting of these berries is said to have been first tried by a surgeon in New England, who performed wonderful things with a salve made of them.

Four miles south of PROVINCETOWN is a junction with a sand road leading to the "Pilgrim Spring," where the

*Mayflower* voyagers are said to have had their first drink of New England water.

### *Provincetown*

The *Mayflower* dropped anchor, about three quarters of a mile from shore, in Provincetown Harbor on November 21, 1620; and Standish, with sixteen men, waded in to spy out the land. While the ship lay in the harbor, for a matter of six weeks and more, Peregrine White was born, and the celebrated "Mayflower Compact" was drawn up and signed by the forty-one men of the company. Their "grant," it must be remembered, was for colonization along the James River in Virginia; for that, their "backers" had put up the money to finance this expedition. But storms had driven them far off their course; and here they were in territory which no one in England could grant them, and where no laws of England obtained. So they drew up their own laws, creating a great precedent in democracy which was destined to have far-reaching results. They must do their own negotiating with the Indians, manage their own defense, and enter at once upon an independent existence in a wilderness of which they knew nothing save that it seemed pretty bleak.

From Provincetown harbor, wherein, they said, "a thousand sail of ships may safely ride," their shallop coasted the Bay to search for a place to settle. And when the shallop was away, those of the company on board who wished to go ashore had to wade three quarters of a mile through the shallow water "which caused many to get colds and coughs; for it was many times freezing cold weather."

Thoreau reminds us that they "possessed but few

qualities of the modern pioneer. . . . They were a family and a church, and were more anxious to keep together, though it were on the sand, than to explore and colonize a New World." Perhaps that is one reason why their "Compact" had in it so much that was to prove fundamental in the ideals of our democracy.

On Ryder Street, near the Town Hall, you'll find the Mayflower Memorial Tablet, giving the wording of the Compact and the names of the signers. The Compact Memorial, fifteen by nine feet, set in a broad granite wall flanked by stone benches, depicts in bas-relief the signing of the covenant.

As you turn from Ryder Street into Bradford Street to go to the Pilgrim Monument, you pass another Tablet, in memory of the five *Mayflower* passengers who died while the ship lay in Provincetown harbor; among them was Governor Bradford's wife, Dorothy—who was drowned!

The Pilgrim Monument, constructed of gray granite, is the tallest masonry tower in this country except the Washington Monument, and can be seen for many miles at sea. The view from the top is very fine; and is seen by some 40,000 persons each summer.

At 230 Commercial Street is the Historical Museum, housing—among other things—an Arctic Exhibit contributed by the famous explorer, Donald B. MacMillan, who lives at 473 Commercial Street. He has made fourteen voyages to the Arctic and was in command of nine of them. At 7 Cottage Street is a bit of old stone wall which some people believe was built by Thorvald Ericsson.

At 577 Commercial Street is the loft where Eugene O'Neill spent the summer of 1916. That was the year after George Cram Cook began his work with the

Provincetown Players, who gave O'Neill's early plays the productions which demonstrated his exceptional abilities.

Many artists and writers of reputation return to Provincetown each summer, and in their wake come many aspirants. It is the largest art colony in the United States.

"By July first," as an anonymous writer has said, "all is in full swing—the painters painting, the writers writing, tourists buying, and the traffic policemen perspiring. On Labor Day the season ends. The Boston steamers whistle a last farewell, the 'accommodation' (street bus) is converted back into a fish truck, the dealer in 'antiques' turns his sign around, the landlady cleans the cigarette butts out of the potted plant, and Provincetown settles down again to a 'nice quiet winter.'"

"Summer people," not counting "trippers," are estimated at about 8,000. "Year-round" people number 4,000, of whom at least three fourths are "Portygees," from the Azores, from Lisbon, and descendants of those Cape Verde Islanders who came over in the whaling days. The old Yankee stock is disappearing, as it is nearly everywhere—more's the pity! But "the Portygees" are good citizens, law-abiding and thrifty though they may not share many of the other qualities of the Pilgrim Fathers and their descendants.

Midday is not the pleasantest time to visit Provincetown, as then the "trippers" are in full tide. Yet, for the hurrying visitor trying to "see New England" in the time limit of a short summer vacation, I can't recommend that his one possible night on Cape Cod would be most memorably spent at Provincetown; I believe many people would prefer spending that one night in a place less populous. The excursion boat which left

## 258 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

Boston at 10 A.M. reaches Provincetown at 1.45 P.M. and stays till four, due back in Boston at 7.45.

On a two-day tour of the Cape, from Boston, you'd probably have to choose between pressing on, the first day, to Provincetown (no great mileage!) for the night, and spending the night at Dennis, say, and getting up to Provincetown and away from there before luncheon. Those who are not in a hurry avoid Provincetown during the day as they would any much-advertised tourist Mecca, and go there in the late afternoon, drive over the new scenic loop through the dunes, dine there, watch the sunset, and drive back to Chatham, or elsewhere, in the evening.

You must return from Provincetown by the route you took in going — there is no other up that narrow spit of sand; and there is no railway on the Cape beyond Yarmouth and Hyannis; everything else is by bus.

And your first objective after you return to Orleans, intending to visit the South, or Sound, Shore, will be CHATHAM, which you must call Chat-ham, not Chat-tum. It is a beautiful cluster of old villages named for William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. Chatham voted against the Declaration of Independence.

Extending southward from Chatham is the sandspit called Monomoy Point which hangs pendant to the main part of the Cape much as Florida does to the main part of the United States. Eight miles in length is Monomoy, which has long been called "the graveyard of ships." The great number of wrecks which have occurred there and thereabouts had much to do with making Chatham's name closely linked with that beach-combing for which Cape Cod was specially famous, or infamous. (The *Mayflower* came near going ashore there and providing a wreck for no one but the Indians to "comb.")

No one lives on Monomoy, except the Coast Guards. It is still much as Thoreau found it, a place where "a man may stand and put America behind him." For years, few persons ventured down there, except ardent naturalists, and duck-hunters. But lately there have been special motor cars "navigating the sands" where hulks of unfortunate vessels lie rotting in a strange desolation.

Elsewhere we shall have more to say about the duck-shooting. Here, in connection with Chatham, let us talk a little about scallops and eels. It was a "sea farmer" of South Chatham who, about the close of the Civil War, found out the edible value of scallops.

Perhaps you don't realize, if you're an "inlander," that the sea is farmed, along coasts like those of Cape Cod, as industriously and as intelligently as land. Perhaps you've always thought, vaguely, that oysters and clams and lobsters and the like are harvested but not "sown" nor cultivated. A very interesting chapter (if not a book!) might be written about sea farming; though I'm not the one to do it, even were this the place. But it was one Nathaniel Eldredge of South Chatham, who was so pestered, as many another sea farmer was, by scallops mixing in with his oysters and clams, that he made repeated efforts to see if they were "any good," since he couldn't persuade them to live elsewhere. He cooked this fish in every conceivable way; then he cooked separate parts of it in different ways — all to no purpose except discouragement. Then he fried the bit of muscle that controls the two shells; and it was tender and good! He sent a quart of these muscles, or "eyes," to the Quincy House, Boston; and soon the lovers of sea food began experimenting with "Cape Scallops."

During September, Dean Tarbell tells us (he is a summer resident of Chatham, where he is near neighbor to Joseph Lincoln) cottagers and natives may gather

one bucket of scallops daily for family use. October 1st the season begins, and the fishermen "shuck" their hauls while the wild duck fly southward and the hunters try to keep them from getting there. In the spring, the piles of scallop shells are carried away to oyster beds in the Sound, for seed oysters to cling to while they're growing.

You and I often eat "synthetic" scallops; for the demand greatly exceeds the supply, and many dealers sell as scallops what are no more than bits of flatfish.

Even if we don't eat eels at all, real or imitation, I'm sure that, when we see the eel man of Chatham going out in his motorboat to set his traps, we'll be interested to know a little something about his "catch."

All the eels in the world are born in the Atlantic Ocean between Bermuda and Cuba. There in January, gather all the seven-year-old eels; there they reproduce and die.

In the spring there are millions of little transparent things about three inches long, floating about in that vicinity. There they stay about a year. Then they leave to find the homes from which their parents came—the European to European waters; the American to American shores, like Chatham. And we're told that the youngsters never go to any but the ancestral place! There they live for some five years; and when they are seven (if no one catches them before they reach that age) they go off to their birthplace, and spawn, and die, leaving the next generation to "carry on."

Don't ask me how the ichthyologists found all this out. Ask Dean Tarbell of *Cape Cod Ahoy!*, if you must know; for I'm taking his word for it.

To be on the Cape without having read Henry C. Kittredge's *Mooncussers of Cape Cod* is to miss a great deal. Mr. Kittredge begins his book with an episode telling about a painter who saw him working to detach



a mahogany rack for signal flags from a three-masted Nova Scotian lumber schooner wrecked off "the back side of Cape Cod" near Orleans; and then, as Mr. Kittredge last saw him, "was cruising along with his eyes on the sand, a man who had caught a whiff of the rich repast of the wrecker and was forsaking art for the devious ways of the beachcomber."

And he goes on to say: —

Not that there is any real difference in kind between the two occupations, beachcombing and wrecking. He who follows one is drawn irresistibly to the other, and the question of which comes first rests on the lap of the gods. Differences in motive there may be, of course, and varying degrees of devotion to the business, but the beachcomber who walks the shores of the Cape on the chance of finding a sound plank or a good piece of rope or a lobster pot or a spar is of the same ilk as the wrecker who hurries to the beach before daylight of a winter's morning at the first news of a wreck, to see what of her cargo or her gear he can get for himself. And both are brothers to those legendary villains called mooncussers, of whom there was never one on Cape Cod, but of whom weavers of legends delight to tell tales, who placed false lights on poles along the shore to lure vessels to destruction when storms were few and far between, and murdered their crews that the looting might proceed unhampered. . . . And because the mooncusser never existed on the sandy peninsula of the Cape, the wrecker and even the beachcomber have blithely appropriated his name, lest so picturesque a title be lost to the world. . . . Our bards have made the most of the mooncusser, fictitious though he is, and have sung of his deeds as though he had lived and flourished in fact.

"The finest citizens of every town," Mr. Kittredge says, "were on the quarterdecks of ships, bringing figs from Smyrna or tea and silk from Canton . . . or load-

ing logwood in Santo Domingo, or trying for a record run home from Calcutta. Yet there was much in the business of wrecking that was entirely reputable"—and some that was not.

The Reverend Isaiah Lewis, of Wellfleet, was in the middle of a sermon, one Sunday morning about 1750, when his glance strayed seaward and saw a vessel in distress. "Start fair!" he cried—and was off for the beach, his congregation at his heels.

Read, too, Joseph Lincoln's *Cape Cod Yesterdays*. I wish we had space for much more about wrecks and beachcombers; but we haven't.

Wreckage, however, is not the only reward of those who "comb" these beaches. There is the possibility (but not probability!) of finding a dead sperm whale who has been cast ashore; and that he might at one time have been a sick whale, whose intestines had a perforation, caused by a cuttlefish he'd swallowed. In that case, he'd have grown a "stop-gap" to close the perforation—a hard, gray-and-black substance faintly resembling beeswax: ambergris, worth considerably more than its weight in gold. Once, a Nantucket whaling captain brought home a 900-pound piece which sold for \$125,000. But that was phenomenal, unique; ordinarily the lumps range in size between a half-ounce and a hundred pounds. They have been known to float on the sea, or to be found on beaches, but so infrequently that the "ambergris king," David Stull, who lived in Provincetown, used to say that "the only place to look for it was where Jonah spent his vacation." It is used in making the essential oils for perfumery.

Whales used to get stranded on these Cape Cod shores, in Pilgrim times and for more than a hundred years thereafter. Then—about the middle of the eighteenth

century — it became necessary to go farther and farther afield for oil-bearing blubber. But while the whales came, they were a great blessing to the struggling residents.

Thoreau tells us that in 1662 the town of Eastham (between Orleans and Wellfleet) "agreed that a part of every whale cast on shore be appropriated for the support of the ministry." And he ventured the opinion that "there seemed to be some propriety in thus leaving the support of the ministers to Providence, whose servants they are, and who alone rules the storms; for, when few whales were cast up, they might suspect that their worship was not acceptable. The ministers must have sat upon the cliffs in every storm, and watched the shore with anxiety. And, for my part, if I were a minister, I would rather trust to the bowels of the billows on the back-side of Cape Cod, to cast up a whale for me, than to the generosity of many a country parish that I know."

There's a species of small whale that still comes ashore on the Cape, and makes a great nuisance of itself by dying and having to be removed by the Board of Health. Once upon a time those twenty-foot (or less) black mammals were welcomed; but nowadays mineral oil is too cheap to compete with, and the labor of reducing blubber too arduous. They call these creatures Black Fish; and their heads contain a fluid from which is extracted an oil incomparable for lubricating watches and scientific instruments.

As in many Cape Cod shore places, duck-shooting is great on the Monomoy sands. The season varies each year, generally covering about four to six weeks between October 15 and December 31.

As if to offset the destruction of wild birds, there's

a tern-breeding reservation and sanctuary at Chatham that gives hospitality each summer to many thousands of terns. They arrive, from their winter homes in the Caribbean, on or about May 10; they breed, on the sands of their island in Pleasant Bay; and early in September they depart for a warmer clime.

This sanctuary of the terns is close to Joseph Lincoln's summer home, which is located between the Hawthorne Inn and Chatham Light, overlooking the Channel into Pleasant Bay.

A mile or so farther north is one of the principal stations of the Radio Marine Corporation.

You will like to recall, when at Chatham, that it was from there that the first man to fly the Atlantic "hopped off," May 14, 1919. He was Lieutenant Albert Cushing Read, accompanied by James L. Breese of New York. Read's flight officially ended at Lisbon, but he continued on to Plymouth, England, where he was escorted into the harbor by British seaplanes flying the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack; the Lord Mayor of Plymouth received him at the Barbican—whence the *Mayflower* had sailed nearly three hundred years before.

This makes a singular coincidence when you reflect that the *Mayflower* came near landing on Chatham shoals, a day or two before making Provincetown. Champlain *had* landed, in October, 1606, where Chatham now is, before going up to found Quebec; and might have stayed, claiming this land for his king (Henry IV) and making it New France instead of New England—but for a fight with the Indians, one of whom tried to steal a hatchet from the explorers, and "drew fire," to which the red men responded with a rain of arrows which killed two of Champlain's men and wounded



*Photo by Ralph H. White from Nesm*

THERE ARE MANY INTERESTING HOUSES  
(*West Harwich, Cape Cod*)



others. So, after fifteen days, the great Frenchman left—and the course of history was changed! More than fourteen years later, the Pilgrim Fathers came.

But four years before Champlain's arrival, Bartholomew Gosnold, English navigator, had coasted all along these shores from what is now Maine to Martha's Vineyard. It was he who named Cape Cod, whereon he landed, and he who did much to arouse English interest in this part of the world and start colonization here. His ship, in which he was sailing when he named Cape Cod, was the *Concord*, which had been chartered by Sir Walter Raleigh and others. We don't hear as much of Gosnold as we should; perhaps because he died, of swamp fever, soon after landing his company at Jamestown in 1607.

Chatham has a fine inn, with cottages: Chatham Bars Inn, one of the very nicest places on the Cape at which to spend a night, or a fortnight, or a season. Not cheap; but choice, and charming.

There are sundry villages in the HARWICH group. South Harwich is four-and-a-half miles from Chatham, and there is HARWICHPORT and WEST HARWICH. You will find The Old Chase House at West-Harwich-by-the-Sea a lovely old house, full of charm and comfort and serving delicious food. But it's very popular, so you'd better call Miss Winifred Greely, Harwich 682, and make reservations. Also, there's the Melrose Inn, at Harwichport, which is excellent, and Snow Inn, on the water and very attractive. There are many interesting houses in that vicinity, and the "antique-hunting" is said to be exceptionally good. This is a great cranberry district; and if you think you know all there is to know about the toothsome-ness of cranberries because you have prepared, or eaten (or both!) an *ordinary* "cran-

berry sauce," you may like to learn some of the other ways of eating this fruit of the marsh and bog.

Four miles beyond West Harwich is SOUTH YARMOUTH, where you'll find "The House of the Seven Chimneys," that very unusual home of Mr. Charles Henry Davis, president of the National Highways Association, of which I made mention some pages back. It is a group of seven old Cape structures so connected as to make a unique dwelling; one house for the family, one for guests, one for servants, one for a studio, one for a playroom, one for a kitchen, and one for a laundry. There are indeed seven chimneys; and there are said to be seventeen "front doors," a total of two hundred and seventeen windows, and seventy-two closets in the nigh-on fifty rooms. There are a lot of detached out-buildings, too; including an old windmill.

Near by, in a group of modern buildings, are the headquarters of the National Highways Association.

On, your route goes to WEST YARMOUTH; and when you come to East Main Street turn left for a mile and there's HYANNIS which with HYANNISPORT (two miles farther south) and a number of other clustering communities, is the largest summer resort of the Cape. Quite a summer metropolis is HYANNIS, with very smart shops and clubs and many fine homes. There's an airport, and the long trains of Pullmans from New York pull in there, week-ends especially, with gay folks for whom swanky automobiles are waiting, or elegant yachts, or luxurious motorboats. A part of Hyannis is called "The Queen's Buyway," and well deserves the name. But much of the more prosaic shopping of the Cape is also done at Hyannis.

Sailing is a great feature of the summer residents' life on this south shore; and a celebrated "breed" of cat-



boats is turned out there by the sixth generation of Crosbys who have built boats on this shore; they also make power boats for local cruising.

Another industry of Hyannis is the manufacture, from the scales of herring, of really lovely artificial pearls. And there, more than anywhere else on the Cape, flourishes the making of bayberry candles.

Another "attraction," or "sight," is the Sailing Ship Museum, a memorial to the clippers and their predecessors.

If you don't mind patronizing anything which calls itself "Ye" (or spells itself "shoppe"—at the latter, I relentlessly draw the line) you may wish to decide for yourself if Ye Olde Cape Codder in Centerville is, as it vaunts itself, "the most charming place on the Cape to dine." Some people agree. And on the shore, at OSTERVILLE, there's a homey hotel called East Bay Lodge which is said to be excellent. The Craigville beach at Hyannis is considered one of the finest bathing beaches in the world.

Thereabouts is the most "exclusive" part of the Cape. And near by is Cotuit where the very fine oysters so-named are "farmed."

They don't start life there. It's a sort of "finishing school," where promising young oysters from other parts of the Sound are brought when about seven or eight years old, to prepare for their *début* into "the very best society." They come in April — as many as 50,000 bushels of them — and "graduate" in September. But not one oyster in a hundred, perhaps, that calls itself a "Cotuit" has a diploma or has ever been in the Cotuit school.

In the dining room of The Pines, a Cotuit hotel which will rent you an old sea-captain's cottage if you apply in

time, there are murals depicting the history and legends of Cape Cod, beginning with the death of Thorvald.

From Cotuit you will probably regain your Route 28 and continue on it to FALMOUTH. But if you are hurrying back to Sagamore and thence to Boston or to New York, you would doubtless go a short distance north from Cotuit to the intersection of Route 28 and Route 130, passing through Mashpee and that district south of Sandwich about which I said something as you entered the Cape. (As a matter of fact, if you are "cutting corners" on the last lap of a sprint around the Cape, you needn't go to Cotuit; you take Route 130 at its junction with Route 28, eleven miles west of West Yarmouth.)

At MASHPEE there are several great ponds where Daniel Webster often fished. So did Grover Cleveland, Joe Jefferson and Richard Watson Gilder. The northern pond is called Wakeby, and in it are three tiny islands owned by this famous trio and by them christened Cometoit, Stayonit and Getoffit. Ex-President Lowell of Harvard has a sylvan retreat on this beautiful lake, and General Leonard Wood was a boy hereabouts and came back as often as he could.

When the Pilgrims came to the Cape the Mashpee Indians covered nearly the whole of it. Richard Bourne came in 1658 to spend the rest of his life converting them and seeing that they were not despoiled of all their lands. He was the creator of the Mashpee Reservation to which, in 1711, a London divine bequeathed a considerable sum for evangelical work, naming Harvard College as trustee. The income from this fund is the chief support of the present minister; but he has no Indians in his congregation. The children at Mashpee are said to be the kindest and most polite one can hope to find, anywhere. Partly this is the tradition handed down from the Mash-

pee Indians, and partly it is because a gentleman named Samuel G. Davis was so impressed by the courtesy of one small Mashpee boy that he left \$50,000 to provide, annually, medals and cash prizes to Mashpee children whose teachers find them most kind and polite.

In the War for Independence almost every man left in the Mashpee tribe fought with the Colonists, and seventy were killed from this hamlet alone. Before the eighteenth century ended, there were fewer than fifty persons left here who were of pure Indian stock. Today, the traces of the red man's strain are faint, but noticeable.

Route 28, if you continue on it, will lead you to FALMOUTH, a fashionable summer place specially favored by New Englanders. This was the first part of the Cape to attract summer residents of means, and Falmouth ranks high in wealth among all the towns of Massachusetts. It is a fine, dignified place with a beautiful Village Green, a lovely white meetinghouse with a Paul Revere bell which is one of the only two Revere bells still ringing, and an interesting Historical Museum. And at Falmouth there's a rose garden of more than two acres, hospitably open to the public though it is a private property. Those who should know say it's the finest in America. It's at its best in early July. Rose-lovers from all over the world have gone there to admire and to study and to acquire cuttings. The gardener who was in charge until his death a few years ago, Michel Walsh, has been called "a Luther Burbank in his field," and had many honors heaped upon him. He developed the rambler rose.

The strawberries at Falmouth are luscious and abundant. And, as you'd expect, the sea food is notable.

Edward Herbert Thompson, explorer of Yucatan, went to live in Falmouth in 1870, when he was a boy of ten; he married a sea captain's daughter, and after forty

years in the jungle returned to West Falmouth to live — and die.

Four miles from the Center of the clustering communities of Falmouth is Woods Hole, where the great Oceanographic Institution is. There are through trains from New York to Woods Hole, connecting at the pier with boats for Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket.

The first marine laboratory in the world for instruction and research was constructed by Louis Agassiz in 1873, on the island of Penikese, southwest of Woods Hole. The first U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries located his station there because of the abundant and varied marine life in those waters. And that led to the establishment of the Marine Biological Laboratory which is now a national center of research in the biological sciences — and in summer is attended by professors and students from seventy-five colleges. The principal donors to the upkeep of this Laboratory and the extension of its usefulness, have been John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Charles R. Crane, The Rockefeller Foundation, the Carnegie Corporation. The laboratories were greatly damaged by the 1938 hurricane, as was most of Woods Hole.

The Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution was erected and endowed by the Rockefeller Foundation for \$2,000,000, which operates the research ship *Atlantis* which works all along the New England shores, on the Grand Banks, and as far away as Bermuda.

Charles R. Crane of Chicago, who took a constructive interest in so many fine projects, was a great lover of Woods Hole and had a great estate there which he maintained not just for his own pleasure but to demonstrate certain useful undertakings. He was a warm friend of Russia, where he had served as United States Ambassador. And just before the World War he planned to create

at Woods Hole a Utopian opportunity for a number of Russian families. The Russians could not come (more's the pity!), but other farmers have rented parcels of the 14,000 acres and are proving — as Mr. Crane was sure they would — that profitable agriculture is possible in this soil — if it is properly treated.

COONAMESSET RANCH is said to be the largest ranch east of the Mississippi. The Coonamesset Ranch Inn, open all year, has ranch houses and cottages, an eighteen-hole golf course, a polo field, riding field, airport, seaplane base, and many other attractions. There's lots of good company near by, and many delightful excursions to make. The address is Coonamesset Ranch, Hatchville, Falmouth, Mass.

Although one can spend several delightful and interesting days at the comfortable little Inn, The Breakwater, and find plenty to do, to many persons, Woods Hole is, above all else, the port of embarkation for Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket.

## CHAPTER VII

### MARTHA'S VINEYARD, NANTUCKET, NEW BEDFORD

THE VOYAGE from Woods Hole to Martha's Vineyard takes forty-five minutes; to Nantucket it is two hours more. In summer there is airplane service from New Bedford to Martha's Vineyard, and from Boston to both islands.

The steamers leave from New Bedford, and call at Woods Hole. En route to the latter they pass from Buzzards Bay into Vineyard Sound through Woods Hole Channel, close to the Elizabeth Islands where Bartholomew Gosnold is by some believed to have settled, briefly, in 1602. (Of this, more anon.) If you have any idea of writing an adventure story of *Once upon a time*, you will do well to investigate the Elizabeth Islands and their history. Otherwise, you may concentrate your attention on Martha's Vineyard, a triangular island measuring some twenty miles from east to west, and half that many from north to south, which lies five miles south of Falmouth, off the west end, or "heel," of Cape Cod.

As you approach it, you may like to review a few of its legends, which have been lovingly collected by a native son, Joseph C. Allen, for his book *Tales and Trails of Martha's Vineyard* (1938).

Who was Martha? Mr. Allen concludes that we shall never know. He thinks it indisputable that Leif Ericsson was there; but Leif had no Martha along — although he did have a quite terrible sister, Freydis.

If there were other whites on the island before Gosnold we don't know about them, though Verrazano may have stopped there. Although Gosnold had a daughter named Martha, who died in her infancy, Mr. Allen believes it improbable that the island was named for her. What he tells about Gosnold that is not generally known is that instead of having lived for a while on Cuttyhunk, one of the Elizabeth Islands, his residence in these parts was on a tiny island, three miles southwest of Martha's Vineyard. There, in 1642, the first actual settlers of the larger island discovered an English-built thatched house so stout of construction that they moved it to the Vineyard, where it still stands.

Josiah Standish, son of Miles, was an early settler of the Vineyard, and his house still stands and is occupied. Betty Alden Pabodie, daughter of John and Priscilla Alden, also lived on the Vineyard, and her home is there to see. Near it is the mill-dam of Captain Benjamin Church, the captor of Massasoit's murdering son, King Philip.

Benjamin Franklin's maternal grandfather, Peter Folger, says Mr. Allen, was a Vineyarder, and twelve of his thirteen children were born at Edgartown; but Nantucket points out that the one born on Nantucket was Franklin's mother. Samuel Adams and John Hancock both had Vineyard blood in their veins.

Best-known of the earliest settlers was Thomas Mayhew (1642) who established the fine relations with the Indians which have characterized so much of the Vineyard's history. There is an Indian colony today resident

## 274 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

at Gay Head, the island's southwest tip and its most beautiful section.

Martha's Vineyard was the birthplace in America of the whaling industry: it was the Indians who with their frail canoes and crude implements taught the craft to the whites. Until the last American whaler sailed, the Gay Head Indians were known round the world for their prowess as whalers.

It may have been the respect in which England held the Vineyarders as whaling experts that moved the English King to grant certain colonists on the island's west coast the charter they asked for. This charter is said to have been the first instance on this continent of commoners owning real estate free and clear.

Vineyarders didn't like everything about English rule, but they were more Toryish than otherwise; so they were not much better than lukewarm in the Revolution, and long before the war was over they declared their island a neutral zone and disregarded, as much as they could, the conflict raging on the mainland, five miles away.

Your ship will land you at OAK BLUFFS, a typical summer resort town in some respects, where there has been a widely-known Methodist Camp Meeting for more than a century. The big Tabernacle is surrounded by tiny cottages built in the most exaggerated jig-saw style. (Many comfortable hotels at Oak Bluffs, boarding houses, furnished cottages, and camps for Girl Scouts, Y.W.C.A., and so on. Also at Vineyard Haven, near by.)

EDGARTOWN is five miles south and is "quite a place," with a resident population of about 1,400, greatly increased in summer. (I'm told that 60,000 persons visited the Vineyard and Nantucket in the summer of 1939.) The sailing in Edgartown Bay is famous; many friends



of mine have a feeling that no one has really lived life fully and joyously who has not spent one or more summers at Edgartown. The Colonial Inn there is famous. And there's the Harborside Inn, the Sea Side Inn, and many another. Emily Post has a charming house at Edgartown, and Katharine Cornell is another noted summer resident of the Vineyard. (There are many more.)

Thirteen miles west along the Takemmy Trail is WEST TISBURY, settled in 1669, which got that unprecedented charter from Charles II.

Southward, between the Takemmy Trail and South Beach, lie the Great Ponds, separated from the ocean only by the narrow strand which they overflow, at times. When these spring overflows come, great schools of fish, on spawning bent, swim up into the ponds and are held there till caught or till another overflow. The Indians, knowing this, used to camp at the ponds when those overflows were due; and many early settlers found the vicinity of the ponds ideal for their purposes.

Mr. Allen says: "There are few of the real Great Pond people living. But one thing they all possess in common. It is their reverence for nature and their appreciation of every natural sound and sight presented by the flight of birds, the schooling of fish and the changing of seasons. It is seldom that people are encountered who literally bow in adoration before the majesty of the great outdoors as do the people of the Martha's Vineyard Great Ponds."

From West Tisbury drive on to GAY HEAD, where the Indians are. Get there, if you can, in the late afternoon, and hire a small boat to take you far enough offshore to have a good view of the sunlight on the magnificent cliff, sixty feet high, which is gorgeously colored in red, orange, blue and other shades, to white, and is in itself

a sight well worth coming to the Vineyard for. Atop it is Gay Head Light, built in 1799, which flashes every ten seconds.

Turn north via the fishing hamlet of MENEMSHA, and thence to VINEYARD HAVEN and back to Oak Bluffs. The drive is one of forty-eight miles. If you go to the Vineyard for a brief visit you will do well, I think, to leave your car on the mainland and hire a conveyance at Oak Bluffs, or take a sight-seeing trip; the charges for transporting automobiles are rather stiff, and there isn't always room for those that seek passage.

### *Nantucket*

When the steamer leaves Oak Bluffs it points its nose in a southeasterly direction toward NANTUCKET, which the Indians named Nanticut, "The Far Away Land." And "far away" it still seems, though you may fly there from Boston in forty minutes.

The island is about fifteen miles in extent from east to west, but its average measurement from north to south is only about two-and-one-half miles; a good walker would walk around it, seventeen miles, in a few hours. For the most part it is level and sandy, with few trees and few elevations. A large part of its charm is its "quaintness," the lingering perfume of other days. Another part is its climate: the island lies close to the influence of the main current of the Gulf Stream (which is nearest to it in March — 100 miles), and the summer temperature of the sea water on its beaches averages around 72°, while the air on shore is fresh and bracing, with a good salty tang.

Nantucket was included in the royal grant to the Plymouth Company; but the history of its settlement

really begins in 1659, when a farmer named Thomas Macy — who had but recently settled at Salisbury, Massachusetts (up near where the New Hampshire boundary now is) opened his door one day to let four wayfarers in out of a torrential rainstorm. The wayfarers happened to be Quakers.

In 1655 the fine for harboring Quakers was five pounds for each offense; but in 1657 this had been amended to forty shillings per hour for each offense. Macy was "let off" by being sentenced in 1659 to pay a fine of thirty shillings and to be admonished by the Governor.

He claimed to be destitute, and moved to Nantucket where he was joined, the next year, by some of his neighbors. Together they bought the island from Thomas Mayhew, of Martha's Vineyard, for thirty pounds and two beaver hats.

Do you know Whittier's poem "The Exiles," about Thomas Macy and his act of mercy? I'm sure you'll like to recall at least a few lines of it while you're at Nantucket.

And yet that isle remaineth  
A refuge of the free,  
As when true-hearted Macy  
Beheld it from the sea. . . .

God bless the sea-beat island!  
And grant forevermore,  
That charity and freedom dwell  
As now upon her shore!

Nantucket whalers wrote many stirring pages of history and were known in every part of the globe. Her fishermen have long been famous, too. A great deal of very dignified, conservative life has been lived on the

little island and left its mark there — indelibly, one hopes.

In summer it swarms with vacationists and trippers ranging from the owners of summer homes to the multitudes who come for a boat ride and a few hours on shore. But the old town manages to hold its own very well and not to let its charm be submerged.

Sports of many sorts at Nantucket: grand golf; great sailing; fine bathing in strong surf or in landlocked harbor; splendid deep-sea fishing; horseback riding.

And with it all, an easy-going, informal atmosphere that is perfect for relaxation. "Wear any old togs you like," says one invitation to Nantucket, "eat when you like, sleep when you like, go where and when you please, nobody bothers you, nobody cares, because everyone else is doing what you are — simply basking in the utter charm of Nantucket itself."

Your boat takes you to the town of Nantucket, whose resident, year-'round population is only about 3,500. It was the birthplace of Maria Mitchell, the famous astronomer, for many years professor at Vassar College. When she was twenty-nine she discovered the comet which bears her name.

The oldest house in town is the Jethro Coffin House on West Chester Street, built in 1686, with an ornament on the chimney to keep witches from coming down.

There's a Whaling Museum, and a Historical Society, and an old mill built in 1746 where corn meal is still ground.

No one will blame you if you confine your sight-seeing to the lovely old town itself. Whatever you do, though, don't fail to go to Siasconset (called "Sconset") eight miles east — where a sign pointing over the Atlantic

reads: "*To Spain and Portugal, 3000 miles.*" That promontory has been called "the Bowsprit of America." There the surf pounds, and the wind whistles; you feel as if you were standing in the prow of a ship plowing through trackless seas. If you have cares, they're all behind you, at least for an hour or so; if you have anxieties about the future, they diminish in that immensity of the unknowable which is as likely to bring you fair winds as foul. So you take new hope. There are few things like a stiff ocean breeze for blowing cobwebs away.

'Sconset is a little paradise of green lanes, charming cottages, gay flowers. If you're on the island for a few hours only, a bus will take you to 'Sconset and bring you back for seventy-five cents.

For those who can linger, Nantucket has many hotels and boarding houses — with rooms from a dollar a day up. There's the White Elephant Hotel, accommodating 150, at \$5 and up; and the Beach House, for 160 guests; and Ship's Inn, for 50 guests (in an old mansion of the Whaling Era, on the site of Lucretia Mott's campaigning against slavery and for woman's rights). This latter is a place of distinctive charm and friendliness. There's also the Roberts House, for some 60 guests paying \$4.50 to \$5 per day. And the Wonoma Inn, from \$5 up; and Miss Sara Folger, who is of the family that Benjamin Franklin's mother was, has Wander Inn. Besides these there's The Breakers, on the sands, accommodating 40; and Wauwinet House, which takes 50, from \$6 up — And so on: no lack of places to stay; but I wouldn't go without having reservations made and confirmed, for Nantucket's *very* popular.

When you return from Nantucket you may find it most convenient to take the steamer all the way to New

Bedford. Or your plans may be better suited by getting off at Woods Hole, and going from there to Falmouth. There are good trains from Woods Hole to Boston also.

From Falmouth to Bourne, on Route 28, is fourteen miles; and from BOURNE to Boston, all the way on 28, is fifty-five miles; the way being through Bridgewater, and Avon, and Randolph (where Mary Wilkins Freeman lived and wrote), and Milton. If you didn't stop at GRAY GABLES on your way down to the Cape, I think you'd like to go there from Bourne on the return, and see "the Cradle of American Commerce" at Aptuxet on the Manomet River, where the Pilgrim Fathers first went to trade with the Dutch, the French, and the Indians. (The French were the voyagers who came by canoe down the Connecticut River from Canada.) Wampum, made from clam shells, was first used, and thus our currency system began. The post was established to pay the Plymouth Colony's debts to its London sponsors, and the agreement Governor Bradford drew up with them is probably the first business contract written and signed in America and in this respect the beginning of organized business in this country. Trading at Aptuxet ceased about 1660, when all obligations to the London "backers" had been met. In 1930 the Bourne Historical Society erected on the spot of the old trading post an exact replica on the old foundations. This can be seen from boats passing through Cape Cod Canal.

New Bedford, 20 miles southwest of Bourne on U. S. 6, has interesting maritime history, especially in whaling, and was once — like Fall River — a great textile town until labor troubles and other industrial upsets diminished her importance, like Fall River's, in that respect. Lovers of *Moby Dick* who go there will wish to see the Seaman's Bethel. I wonder if you recall that Herman

Melville, who wrote *Moby Dick*, was Nathaniel Hawthorne's close friend, and that he once wrote to Hawthorne: "Knowing you persuades me more than the Bible of our immortality."

New Bedford captains developed the whaling industry to a point where it was the most important whaling center on the New England shore. Much has been written about it and there is a most interesting whaling museum in the heart of the City. There is still an old flavor to the waterfront of New Bedford and skirting the shore are many summer colonies, especially in the township of Dartmouth. At Salter's Point, Colonel Green, the son of Hetty Green, one of the wealthiest women in America, developed a large estate upon which he erected an enormous stone house. He created a public park on this estate where the people of New Bedford used to gather. There was a broadcasting station erected there and some years ago he purchased one of the famous old whaling schooners called the *Charles Morgan*. This was hauled up on the shore, set in concrete, and became a whaling museum in charge of an old captain who delighted the visitors by telling them yarns of the old days. Colonel Green is now dead, and he left no will, no provision for maintaining the *Morgan*, and as I write this, a committee of influential persons, headed by Allan Forbes of Boston, is working very hard to raise \$40,000 needed to repair damages made necessary by the hurricane of 1938 and to keep the grand old ship's colors flying in the new location granted her by the city of New Bedford in Marine Park at the head of New Bedford Harbor. There, in the city where she was built, the *Morgan* will be on the main thoroughfare, U. S. 6, in view of the many people passing to and from Cape Cod. And the Old Dartmouth Historical Society, which maintains

the whaling museum in New Bedford, will take custody of the *Morgan* if the cost of moving and conditioning her can be met. She made, in eighty-four years, thirty-four long voyages. We have nothing else left, of her sort; and it will be a thousand pities if she cannot be preserved for posterity.

Before you get to Salter's Point, the road runs through to NONQUIT, which is a summer colony, the residence of Alanson B. Houghton, former Ambassador to England. Mary Roberts Rinehart used to live there in the summer, but has recently spent the vacation months at Mount Desert.

You may take the road over the Bridge from New Bedford into Fairhaven, the original home of the Delanos from whom President Roosevelt is descended on his mother's side, a delightful old Sea Town with many dignified old houses built by the whaling captains of past generations. This way leads through the towns of Mattapoissett and Marion, both summer resorts, popular among those who enjoy small boat sailing. Marion is but a few miles from Wareham, where you may join the main Cape highway (28) which will carry you through Middleboro to Bridgewater. There take Route 18 through WHITMAN, where you will find the Toll House — quite the best place to lunch or dine to be found before returning to Boston. The yellow Cape Cod cottage was built in 1709 as a toll house when this bit of road was owned by a private corporation. There toll was collected, horses were changed, and passengers found refreshment. In 1930 the place was tastefully restored and opened as a dining room. In a very short time it had become famous, and with many people who know good food it is their favorite place in Massachusetts. It is only twenty miles south of Boston. I'd



telephone and tell them you're on your way. Kenneth and Ruth Wakefield are the charming host and hostess.

Some travelers, returning to New York on U. S. 6, via New Bedford and Fall River, may want to make a slight detour from Fall River via Route 138 to Dighton, on the Taunton River, to see the famous Dighton Rock.

Long ago the Pocasset Indians had their settlement where Dighton now is, and King Philip, Massasoit's son, used to meet with them beneath the Council Oak which stands where Route 138 crosses Elm Street.

Turn left on Hart Street for about half a mile, to see the Rock, a granite boulder eleven feet long, with incisions some of which are thought to record that in the very early 1500's the Portuguese, Miguel Cortereal, was here with his ship and men. Miguel is known to have reached Greenland; then all trace of him is lost, unless Dighton Rock adds another chapter to his history. The Pocassetts had a legend of white men who once came up the river in a wooden house from which issued fire.

There are plenty of Portuguese in Fall River today; but they have no link save that of nationality with Miguel.

The city of Fall River is built on a hill through which runs a stream connecting two large lakes with a marvelous land-locked harbor. The sides of the stream were a camping ground for Indians, and it was known as Quequechan, or "Falling Water." For many years the town was called Troy; but in 1834 it was changed back to a translation of its Indian name, Fall River. On the banks of the stream was found the "Skeleton in Armor," made famous by Longfellow's poem. The first cotton mill in the city was built in 1811 and from this small beginning developed an industry which 100 years later made Fall River the leading cotton center in the United States. Following the Great War the city suffered tre-

mendously but through the efforts of its people has once again made astounding progress. In 1840 the "Old Fall River Line" was in operation and for the next ninety years was a connecting link between New England and New York. In 1892 the so-called "Lizzie Borden" murder was committed, and still remains unsolved. Many books have been written trying to prove who is guilty, and there is still much interest in its solution. The Borden house is at 230 Second Street. Granite quarries furnished very fine stone which was largely used in construction of mills and public buildings. There are many beautiful churches — among them, Notre Dame is known for the murals painted by Crimonini; fine hospitals; and a water supply surpassed by none. A view from the residential section cannot be equaled in any city in New England. Narragansett Bay; and the distant Mt. Hope, where King Philip lived, Rolling Rock, the Stone Face, and many other places make Fall River extremely interesting for its Indian folklore.

Not many travelers, I dare say, will choose Route 58 north from Cape Cod to Boston, although it goes close to the Toll House; but those who do will go through CARVER, named for the first governor of Plymouth Colony, and PLYMPTON, named for a place near Plymouth, England.

In 1760 there was born in Plympton Deborah Sampson, the only Massachusetts woman who enlisted as a regular soldier in the Revolutionary Army, fighting as "Robert Shurtleff" in the 4th Massachusetts Regiment.

The very night Deborah heard of the death of her lover in the Battle of Long Island (August 27, 1776) she went to Bellingham, many miles from Plympton on the route to Worcester, and enlisted for three years. She was sent to West Point. Her brother and sister

traveled hundreds of miles seeking the sixteen-year-old girl, but without avail. Once, Deborah saw her brother, but he did not recognize her. She realized that he was looking for her, and that her family must be very anxious. She wrote to her mother saying that she was safe but giving no clue to her whereabouts. The letter was intercepted and never reached Plympton.

At the battle of White Plains, October 28, wherein Washington was defeated, Deborah took part in the bloody bayonet charge, and was shot through her clothes three times. At Yorktown she worked on a battery. She was an excellent soldier and good at all kinds of work. Once, when wounded, she took a bullet from her thigh with a penknife and sewed up the wound before the surgeon got around to her.

Her sex was never suspected, although she was called "the blooming boy," until she became unconscious in an illness. The doctor kept her secret.

While on duty near Baltimore Deborah was captured by Indians. She killed the savage who was guarding her, and escaped; but nearly died of exposure before she could rejoin her regiment.

After the War, Deborah married Benjamin Gannett of Sharon, and lived the rest of her life in a delightful house still standing there. Her grave is in Sharon, which is not far from Boston, on Route 27.

If you dine at Whitman, which is also on Route 27 as well as on Route 18, you could go from Whitman to Sharon; and a little northwest of Sharon reach U. S. 1, and enter Boston that way. Sharon is a beautiful residential center and a health resort. It will reward you in several ways; and I'm sure you'll like to stand in front of the Gannett house on East Street and imagine Deborah as a staid New England matron with stirring memories, going in and out of that very attractive house.

## CHAPTER VIII

### WEST FROM BOSTON; THE BERKSHIRES

MASSACHUSETTS is several times as wide, from east to west, as it is long, from north to south. So far, we have touched upon very little save her coast south from Gloucester — which is, indeed, nearly all of her shore line. Obviously we cannot cover the whole state in like manner; even though we have dwelt so lightly upon the wealth of interest in the districts we *have* visited.

There is scarcely a mile of Massachusetts that is not interesting, significant, rewarding; scarcely a hamlet without its stirring story, its fine old houses, its proud records of sons and daughters who have contributed notably to the forward march of mankind; scarcely a mile without beauty. Each town I do not call your attention to accuses me, as I scan the map. Each great project of education, assimilation, or other effort to better the conditions or maintain the ideals of living, seems to say, "Surely you're not going to overlook *me*?"

However, if I try to include too much, shall I not fail entirely? This little book can be at best but an introduction to old New England, leaving you to continue the acquaintance as you may. These are the starting points, around which you may make tours of exploration in each state.

The western part of Massachusetts, where the glorious

Berkshires are, is second in popularity to her coast — second only in point of the number of her visitors; many people do not concede that *any* part exceeds the Berkshires in beauty.

All roads to the Berkshires are full of interest and of scenic attractions. In our chapter on Connecticut, I indicated the route up U. S. 7 from Norwalk through Danbury to Stockbridge and Pittsfield. There is, of course, the route (U. S. 9) up the east bank of the Hudson (not to mention the route up the west shore, via U. S. 9W), but detail about those New York routes is not properly the province of this book.

Through Massachusetts, from east to west, the main-traveled roads are Route 9, the Berkshire Trail: Boston to Pittsfield, 136.7 miles, via Worcester, Amherst, Northampton, Goshen, Dalton; and U. S. 20: 150 miles, through Worcester, Springfield, to Lenox; also, Route 2, via Concord, Greenfield (near Deerfield) to Williamstown. Route 2 between Greenfield and North Adams is "the Mohawk Trail."

Needless to say it is thoroughly practicable to "zig-zag" between all three and to include other roads — as I shall indicate.

U. S. 20 is the main route from Boston via the Berkshires to Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago.

Travelers who have come to Boston via the Berkshires and want a different route when leaving Massachusetts, may go north via U. S. 1 to the eastern part of Maine; or take U. S. 3 up toward Concord, New Hampshire, and the White Mountains; or Route 2 through northern Massachusetts to Williamstown, thence by U. S. 7 through Vermont to Lake Champlain.

I shall try to outline the main points of interest en route from Boston to the Berkshires by automobile.

The recently built Sumner Tunnel is the quickest way of leaving Boston for many points north, but for the Berkshires the Worcester Turnpike is more usual.

### *The Worcester Turnpike*

Let us take Route 9, first — the Worcester Turnpike, which avoids town centers. Worcester is thirty-eight miles from Boston. At Wellesley Hills (on the pike) ten-and-a-half miles from Boston, you may detour on Washington Street, left, one mile to Wellesley where, in 1763, Samuel Welles established his home in what was then a part of Natick granted to John Eliot in 1650 as a plantation for his Praying Indians. But the Indians had long since been crowded out when Welles settled there on a vast estate which came, in 1881, into the possession of H. Hollis Hunnewell, who had married one of the Welles heiresses. Eleven years before, there had been founded by Henry Fowle Durant, a lawyer, the Wellesley Female Seminary, to give "to young women opportunities for education equivalent to those usually provided in colleges for young men." The name was changed to Wellesley College before the institution was ready to open. The initial enrollment was 314, and two hundred were refused for lack of room. It was not only the first woman's college to open scientific laboratories for student experiments, but actually among the first colleges for either sex to do so, being preceded only by Harvard and Massachusetts "Tech." (At that very time when Wellesley College opened, Alexander Graham Bell, living at Wellesley and teaching vocal physiology in Boston University, was making his experiments which resulted in the telephone. An earlier resident of Wellesley was W. T. G. Morton, Boston dentist, who was co-

discoverer with Dr. Charles T. Jackson, Boston chemist, of the use of ether as an anæsthetic. Morton died, in poverty, in New York in 1868.)

There is much to see at Wellesley — too much for a short visit; but a glimpse is better than nothing at all, for these backgrounds have been dear to a multitude of young women who have greatly enriched American life.

The Hetty H. R. Green Hall is the Administration Building. See the Blue Lounge there, with Albert Herter's beautiful murals illustrating Katharine Lee Bates's poem, "America the Beautiful."

Miss Bates, born at Falmouth (and buried there) entered Wellesley a year after it opened, graduated in 1880, studied abroad at Oxford, and began teaching in 1885. She taught for forty years, during twenty-five of which she was head of the department of English at Wellesley, and more than that — a beautiful, inspiring influence in the lives of thousands of young women. This memorial to her is the gift of Caroline Hazard who was president of Wellesley during part of the time Miss Bates was teaching there. "America the Beautiful" might well have been written at Wellesley, but it wasn't — it was written at Colorado Springs, in 1893. Many people would like to see it and its lovely "singable" music supersede the un-singable "Oh, say . . ."

See the Houghton Memorial Chapel; and Sage Hall courtyard; and the Carnegie Library, which houses more than 150,000 volumes! and Alumnæ Hall, designed by Cram and Ferguson. See Lake Waban and the Hunnewell Italian gardens.

The Samuel Welles house still stands, on Washington Street. A boulder beside the town library marks the site of W. T. G. Morton's house. And there's a Buttonwood Tree, whereon Dr. Morton was once hanged in

effigy by his fellow townsmen because he didn't pay his bills!

Most travelers will wish to see Babson Institute, which started in a residence in 1919 and now occupies a dozen big brick buildings of stately design, in Babson Park, a tract of 135 acres. See the huge relief map of the United States, in the Coleman Map Building.

And don't leave Wellesley without remembering that Alice Freeman Palmer left deep upon it the influence of her lovely life.

A little over fifteen miles from Boston, Route 9 comes to a junction with Route 27. If you were to turn off, left, for a mile and a half, you'd come to Natick, and then to South Natick where, on Pleasant Street, is the old Stowe house, built in 1816, of which Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote in *Old Town Folks*.

Before you get to Framingham Center you pass the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Muster Field which has been used since the musters for the Revolution. The State Teachers' College at Framingham is the oldest normal school in this country.

Every few miles Route 9 crosses other routes, all of which lead to interesting places. But we must not diverge.

WORCESTER, the "Heart of the Commonwealth," is very important industrially, has always fostered things cultural in a distinguished way, and is noted for her many fine citizens who are outstanding not only in the creation of wealth but in the use and distribution of it. I believe that many persons who know Worcester well would say that it is one of the cities in the United States which might most profitably be studied as an exemplar of American life in many of its best phases.

Like all great industrial centers it has a large and very varied foreign population: Irish, French-Canadian, Swed-



ish, Polish, Italian, Greek, Armenian, Syrian, Albanian, Lithuanian; many Jews; many Negroes. So Worcester, like practically every other town and city in New England, has had her big problem of assimilation and Americanization, and like all industrial communities she has had to meet the never-ceasing changes in manufacturing conditions, with all that they entail for employers and for the workers dependent on them.

I'd like to bring to your attention some of the many episodes in Worcester history which illustrate how alert her people have been, these many generations past, to the earliest stirrings of great movements, local and national and world-wide. But that would require a volume.

The city's devotion to music is well known throughout the world. Its Musical Festivals have brought to it many of the greatest artists. Scores of famous persons have lectured there (a roster of them would in itself make a fascinating volume). The Worcester Art Museum is notably rich in treasures. The American Antiquarian Society has one of the most complete collections of printed Americana in the country. The John Woodman Higgins Armory has a fine lot of medieval armor.

There are six institutions of learning, including Clark University, Worcester Tech (one of the best in the country), and Holy Cross College.

George Bancroft, historian and Ambassador to Great Britain, was born in Worcester.

Now Route 9 goes through Leicester, a manufacturing town identified with woolen industries; and Spencer, where shoes and slippers are made. Then you come to BROOKFIELD, where you may like to pause for luncheon at Brookfield Inn, which has entertained many distinguished guests since it was opened in 1771. When

the inn was seven years old, a Brookfield man, Joshua Spencer, was murdered, at the instigation of his wife, Bathsheba, by three soldiers of the Revolution. Bathsheba and the soldiers were hanged, after listening to a long sermon denouncing them; and as they went to the gallows a terrifying thunderstorm gave the attendant crowds reason to believe that Heaven was even more indignant than the preacher. While your luncheon is being prepared you could visit Joshua's grave in the village cemetery beside Route 9. Massasoit is believed to have died at Brookfield — then called Quabaug.

Route 19, which you soon pass, is the Old Bay Path, traversed by Burgoyne, Washington and others.

After you pass through Ware, you have on your right a road (not numbered) which leads to the dam of Quabbin Reservoir, storing 415 billions of gallons of water. It has a shore line of 177 miles.

Then, AMHERST, named for the victorious British general in the French and Indian War, Lord Jeffrey Amherst, a man of "great renown" who captured Ticonderoga and Crown Point, marched on Montreal, and was immediately appointed Governor General of British North America. He went back to England in 1763, and lived to the age of eighty at his place in Kent, which he called "Montreal."

Amherst is the geographical center of Massachusetts. And if you were to take up residence for a time in the excellent Lord Jeffery Inn you would be within easy reach of a great deal that is most interesting in the heart of the grand old Commonwealth: close to Hadley and Northampton, to Deerfield on the north, to Holyoke and Springfield on the south. And you'd delight in the beauty of Amherst and in its "atmosphere."

Noah Webster lived in Amherst while he was working

on his Dictionary. He was a native of West Hartford, a graduate of Yale, and a member of the Connecticut bar. In 1783, when he was in his mid-twenties, he published at Hartford *A Grammatical Institute of the English Language*, comprising a spelling-book, a grammar and a reader, which served the double purpose of simplifying and standardizing English spelling, and ministering to the new-born nation's pride in its history, its ideals. Soon it was adopted in most schools, and the income from it was the chief support of Webster's family during the long years he was working on his Dictionary. Years after he died, his *Grammatical Institute* was selling more than a million copies a year. Daniel Webster, twenty-four years younger than Noah and from a quite different part of New England, not improbably learned to spell and got his first command of English with Noah's *Grammatical Institute*.

Amherst College was founded while Noah Webster was living at Amherst. Its chief purpose was to prepare students for the ministry. It prepared Henry Ward Beecher; the men it sent forth to carry Christian ideals to other lands included Daniel Bliss, who founded the great institution that is now the American University of Beirut, Syria, and Joseph Neesima, who founded the Doshisha, the first institution of higher Western learning in Japan. Also, Robert College in Istanbul (Constantinople) owed a very large part of its early success to George Washburn, class of 1855. These were the traditions of Amherst when young Calvin Coolidge came there, a nineteen-year-old freshman, in 1891. Did you know that while he was at Amherst, Coolidge won the prize offered by the Sons of the Revolution for the best essay by an American college student on "Principles fought for in the War of the American Revolution"?

Emily Dickinson was born in Amherst in 1830. Her father was treasurer of the new college, of which her grandfather had been one of the founders. Emily had an outwardly ordinary girlhood; she went to a public school in Amherst, played with the neighbor children, learned housewifery, embroidered bookmarks, made a herbarium, and wrote sentimental letters. In South Hadley Seminary, which she entered when she was sixteen, she studied chemistry, physiology and English composition, and was "cramped, curbed and repressed in every natural desire or impulse."

Her father served two terms in Congress, and Emily had a taste of Washington and Philadelphia life when she was in her early twenties. Then came the unhappy love affair which completely changed her life. Soon after she was thirty, she had practically withdrawn from the world, venturing out of the house only at dusk to tend her garden, and unseen by any except her family and a very few friends. She died here, in 1886. During her lifetime she allowed only three or four of the hundreds of poems she wrote to be published. In 1892 her friend Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson published a small selection "with a success almost unparalleled in American literature." In 1924, nearly forty years after her death, her complete poems and her *Letters* were published, and she took her place as one of the few really great American poets.

Her home, built by her grandfather in 1813, was the first brick dwelling in Amherst. It is not open for inspection, but you may look at it and imagine the shy mystic stealing forth at twilight to tend her plants. If you are specially interested in Emily Dickinson, you may present yourself at the home of her niece, just across the lawn, and ask to see her memorabilia.

Emily Dickinson was less than a year old when the Fiske family (of the faculty) had a daughter born whom they named Helen. Helen married, when she was twenty-one, Captain Hunt of the United States Engineer Corps. Mrs. Helen Hunt had no ideas about writing till she was nearing forty and had been bereft of her husband and two sons. Then she put forth a little volume of meditative verse which Emerson praised. In 1875 she married William Jackson, a banker, of Colorado Springs. After that, she wrote much, and was an impassioned pleader for the red men in their mistreatment by the United States. This caused her to be appointed a special commissioner to investigate the conditions and needs of the Mission Indians in California. What she felt about that situation found expression in *Ramona*, published in 1884.

Her home at Amherst was at 83 Pleasant Street.

Eugene Field spent his motherless boyhood with relatives in Amherst, and may well have seen the recluse, Emily Dickinson, steal forth at dusk. (You can imagine how Amherst talked about her!)

In recent years, Amherst has had Robert Frost as professor of English to maintain its poetic tradition. Also, that prose poet, Ray Stannard Baker, who wrote, under the name of "David Grayson," his *Adventures in Contentment*, drew inspiration from Amherst and poured it forth again for many to share.

Clyde Fitch wasn't a poet, but he was a keen observer of his fellow beings, and a clever dramatist. He had been but four years out of Amherst (where he graduated in the year that Emily Dickinson died) when Richard Mansfield produced his "Beau Brummel." Some of us can (and *do*!) remember his "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," in which Ethel Barrymore had one of her first opportunities as a star. In the Morgan

Library, next to College Hall, you'll find a Della Robbia Madonna which belonged to Clyde Fitch.

The Jones Library, on Amity Street, is well worth a visit if you are interested in seeing how full of charm a public library can be.

Many visitors will find their way quickly to Massachusetts State College, far-famed for its Agricultural School and especially for its model dairy farm.

The Lord Jeffery is not merely a delightful inn; it permanently houses the George A. Plimpton collection of maps and documents pertaining to the British occupation of Canada.

Four-and-a-half miles beyond Amherst, on Route 9, is HADLEY, which lies in a great bend of the Connecticut opposite Northampton and is famous for its beautiful West Street, a mile long and a hundred yards wide, with a Green down the center, double rows of magnificent old elms, and five Colonial houses with particularly beautiful doorways.

"Fighting Joe" Hooker, of Civil War fame, was born in Hadley. And the regicides Whalley and Goffe were hidden and protected there, the former for ten, the latter fifteen years. There is a dramatic story about General Goffe's only appearance among the townsfolk. It was in September, 1675, when there was a sudden assault by Indians. All seemed lost for the settlers, when "an unknown man of advanced years, in ancient garb, with flowing white hair, suddenly appeared, and in commanding tones directed the defence." The invaders were driven off in headlong flight. Then the townsfolk looked about for their deliverer; but he had disappeared.

I never can think of Hadley without recalling a story of one of its daughters, from South Hadley, who migrated to a mid-Western town which she was forever

comparing, unfavorably, with South Hadley. One Wednesday evening, in Prayer Meeting, an elder rose to pray, concluding his petition with: "And at last, Lord God, take us all to the Heavenly Home thou hast prepared for us — *or, at least, to South Hadley!*"

Mount Holyoke College, the oldest college for women in America, is at South Hadley. If you have time to ascend Mt. Holyoke you will be rewarded with a superb view.

NORTHAMPTON is just three miles from Hadley. To many persons its chief interest is Smith College. To many others nothing is more interesting than the background of Calvin Coolidge: the Masonic Block where he had his law office, the two-family frame house at 21 Massasoit Street in one half of which he lived till he went to the White House, and "The Beeches" which he bought when he "did not choose to run" for further tenure of the Executive Mansion at Washington, and where he died.

Smith College opened at about the same time Wellesley did — 1875 — with fourteen students. Today it has approximately 2,000. I'd like to write the tribute to Smith College it richly deserves. But I'm not equal to it — nor is our space. It has left a noble impress on American life and thought, and will doubtless continue for many years to pioneer in those forms of education which seem most essential to the advancement of American womanhood and all those it serves.

Miss Sophia Smith, founder of Smith, lived in Hatfield, near by. She died in 1870, and left half a million dollars for the foundation of a woman's college at Northampton. Her uncle, Oliver Smith, who died in 1845, left \$370,000 (an immense fortune for that time).

Jonathan Edwards used to preach in Northampton, and even children swooned in the streets because he had convicted them of sin.

The Manse, built in 1684, where Jonathan Edwards lived, has only recently been closed. It is at 54 Prospect Street, and many students knew it as a tearoom.

And, don't miss Wiggins Old Tavern, with its Currier and Ives prints, its Rogers groups, and its air of long ago. Good food in interesting surroundings, and in the courtyard a reproduction of an old country store such as constituted the forum of every small community when our grandfathers were young. Yes, and long after that!

Seventeen miles north of Northampton, on U. S. 5, is DEERFIELD, which, from 1672 to 1704, was "the northwest frontier of New England, the spearhead of English civilization in an unknown and hostile country." We shall say more about it later in connection with Route 2, from Boston to Williamstown. But even if you are following Route 9 you should turn north on U. S. 5 from Northampton to see Deerfield. When you leave there, continue on Route 2 to Williamstown, then take U. S. 7 south into the Berkshires or north into western Vermont.

### *The Berkshire Trail*

Between Northampton and Pittsfield on Route 9 you have nothing of outstanding interest (except Florence, where Corticelli silk came from, and Prophylactic toothbrushes) till you get to Cummington, twenty miles beyond Northampton. But if you take that road, note the Whale Inn, before you get to Goshen. An excellent place to pause if you're hungry. But the problem is how to get hungry, with temptation all along the way!

CUMMINGTON, where William Cullen Bryant, when he was eighteen, wrote *Thanatopsis*, has one of the few old covered bridges left in Massachusetts. "The Play-



house in the Hills," founded in 1922 by Katherine Frazier, teaches music, dancing, writing, painting and sculpture to persons who seek methods of self-expression. It is on the site of William Cullen Bryant's birthplace. Near by is the beautiful white Colonial house which was his home. Did you, by any happy chance, "grow up on" his *Library of Poetry and Song*? I did; and nothing could buy from me my memories which cluster round it. I wore it almost to tatters, but I have it still — both the book and the memories.

Beyond WINDSOR, where there's a beautiful gorge called Windsor Jams, you descend into a valley and as you go you have a glorious view of the Taconic Mountains west of Pittsfield.

DALTON is four miles east of Pittsfield. The Crane Paper Mills were established there in 1801, and since 1846 have manufactured currency paper for Uncle Sam. They make, as you doubtless know, many other kinds of superlative paper; and on their place, in an interesting old Stone Mill built about a century ago, they maintain a museum of paper-making which is well worth a visit.

And now you've come to PITTSFIELD, past many magnificent estates of the Crane family.

### *The Upper Post Road*

U. S. 20 follows, in part, between Boston and Worcester, the Upper Post Road which was an alternate to the Old Post Road between Hartford and Boston. It begins at the State House on Beacon Hill, follows Beacon Street due West to Kenmore Square, then out Commonwealth Avenue. Five miles from the State House it passes the U. S. Arsenal, where several thousand persons are employed. At WATERTOWN, just beyond, is the Massa-

chusetts School for the Blind, whose first director was Dr. Samuel G. Howe, assisted by his wife Julia Ward Howe. Helen Keller was once a student there. It is a truly wonderful institution in a lovely setting overlooking the Charles River, and well repays a visit. Celia Thaxter once lived at Watertown.

Next you come to WALTHAM where the largest watch factory in the world is, on the bank of the Charles River. And beyond Waltham you go through a rolling country, well-wooded, where there are many handsome estates.

If you haven't been to Concord, you may detour, to your right, at Wayland and take Route 126 (just as, if you haven't been to Lexington you may reach it in a short detour from Waltham, by Route 128). And if you've missed Sudbury and the Wayside Inn on a special tour out of Boston, you may turn off (right) a little less than three miles west of Wayland, and find the Inn only a third of a mile north.

At MARLBOROUGH there is a large branch of the Dennison factory whose main place is at Framingham, a few miles southeast, on Route 9. Students of social economics find much to interest them in the industrial partnership plan of the Dennison Company.

Now you go through an area raising many fruits and vegetables and much poultry. At NORTHBOROUGH, in 1884, were found part of the remains of a mastodon, now in the Natural History Society's museum at Worcester. If you want to visit Worcester, take Route 9 where it crosses U. S. 20 a short way past Northborough. Otherwise, U. S. 20 takes you through pleasant country with few places of note, to Springfield. But if you are interested in social-industrial problems you will find several communities along your way that are making fine ex-

periments: the Ludlow Manufacturing Associates, for instance.

SPRINGFIELD may or may not tempt you to pass through it or to pause. It is a city of about 150,000, finely situated on the east bank of the Connecticut River; it has a history nearly as long as Boston's in point of years, but not of events that are commonly known. And it has published for well over a century a newspaper, the *Springfield Republican*, celebrated throughout the English-speaking world wherever fine journalism is appreciated. Millions of people who have never seen a copy of the paper have heard its name and praise, as they have that of the *Hartford Courant*, and *Boston Evening Transcript* and others that I might mention.

The Alexander house, 284 State Street, built in 1811 for Colonel James Byers and presented to the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities in 1939, is interesting to see.

An industrial town, Springfield has a large and varied foreign-born population, many of them skilled workers. The United States Armory and Arsenal occupies a site selected for it by George Washington.

But everyone interested in the automobile industry (and whom does that leave unincorporated?) should know that Springfield was its birthplace.

April 19 is a great day in Massachusetts, when the ride of Paul Revere and William Dawes is fittingly commemorated. Quite as memorable in another way was the ride, on April 19, 1892, of Charles E. Duryea, who on that day successfully tested America's first gasoline buggy — now in the Smithsonian Institution. This epoch-making trial took place at 47 Taylor Street, in Springfield. (You may find Taylor Street by turning off Main Street, right, several blocks beyond Memorial Bridge.

If, for instance, you have entered town by State Street, past the site where the crucial battle of Shays's Rebellion was fought in 1786, when the malcontents were prevented from seizing the munitions in the Arsenal; and have driven past the Arsenal, and on, past Saint-Gaudens' great statue, "The Puritan," continue on State Street to Main Street and then turn, right, toward Taylor Street.)

Charles E. Duryea was an Illinois farm lad who did a lot of dreaming about "how to get where he wanted to go, sitting down." In his graduating thesis, in 1882, he declared: "The humming of flying machines will be music over all lands, and Europe will be distant but a half-day's journey."

Probably a good many persons smiled, indulgently or otherwise.

When Charles could muster money enough, working as a carpenter, millwright and bicycle repairer, he moved to the capital, Washington, so he could haunt the Patent Office. Later, he lived at Chicopee, Mass., just above Springfield, on the Connecticut River (where Edward Bellamy came from, who wrote *Looking Backward*); then in Springfield.

In August, 1891, when he was not yet thirty, he started work on his engine. The following April *it worked*.

The Duryea Motor Wagon Co. was incorporated in September, 1895, with a capital of about \$25,000. This was America's first motor-car corporation.

Skeptics said the contraption wouldn't work in winter. So H. H. Kohlsaat of the *Chicago Times-Herald* offered a prize for a road race, on Thanksgiving Day, 1895, to be run between Chicago and Evanston, and return. There were more than eighty entries, but just six cars started, and only two finished. The Duryea won Amer-

ica's first automobile race; the other car was a rebuilt Mueller-Benz from Germany. There was eighteen inches of crusted snow on the ground that day.

The following April Detroit, at its Horse Show, looked curiously at the winning "buggy" which needed no horses. Later in that season (1896) P. T. Barnum used it in his street parades and in the ring. His circus posters featured the horseless carriage as once he had featured Tom Thumb and Jumbo.

The first track races for automobiles were held that summer and Duryea cars won all the prizes—with a speed of twenty-five miles per hour in five-mile heats.

Later that memorable year (1896) there was a race from London to Brighton, on November 14, in which there were fifty-eight entries from several countries. Thirty-three started. The Duryea won, by over seventy minutes, in a run of fifty-two miles, winning the first gold medal for speed with a gasoline engine.

(For all these facts I am indebted to an article by Mr. M. J. Duryea, in the February, 1940 issue of *Yankee*.)

I find that priority in the motor-car business is a subject on which many people have different ideas. But I'm satisfied to follow Mr. Duryea and the Smithsonian. If you are, you'll want to see 47 Taylor Street.

If you tarry at all in Springfield you'll probably like to remember that John Brown settled there in 1847, opening a warehouse for wool and organizing the United States League of Gileadites, to assist runaway slaves. He lived in Springfield for two years, in a cottage close to the shacks that sheltered Negroes; and during those years hundreds of black fugitives passed through Springfield via the Underground Railway.

Lovers of stained glass will find many fine examples

in Springfield, notably in the Church of the Unity on State Street, and in Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, in Summer Avenue, where twenty-four windows on the theme "The Light of Christ in the Life of Civilization" show Frank Kellogg, Briand, Stresemann and others who have sought to establish "peace, not the sword." Fine windows in Christ Church Cathedral, also, including one by La Farge. . . .

Springfield College is also known as International Y.M.C.A. College. Dr. Luther H. Gulick founded it. He was, as you probably know, a great pioneer in physical education combined with spiritual. He created the Child Hygiene Department of the Russell Sage Foundation, was the originator of summer camps for boys and girls, and pioneered in many other hygienic matters. He and one of the professors at Springfield College, James Naismith, are credited with having devised the game of basketball; and Mr. and Mrs. Gulick founded the Camp-fire Girls.

In the Springfield Cemetery is another example of Saint-Gaudens' work: the bronze relief commemorating J. G. Holland, who was first editor of the *Springfield Republican*, and then of *Scribner's Monthly* which in 1881 became the *Century*. As an editor Dr. Holland exercised wide influence; and as an author he enjoyed great popularity, though his writings are little read now.

And you may be interested to know that the colt Justin Morgan, founder of the first notable family of American horses, was foaled in West Springfield, in 1793, and not taken to Vermont until he was two years old. There, between the time of his arrival and his death, in 1821, he laid the foundation of the Morgan breed of horses which, according to Edwin Valentine Mitchell in *The Horse and Buggy Age in New England*, "not only im-

mortalized the name of his schoolmaster-owner but spread the fame of Vermont all over the earth."

Justin Morgan the man was born in the vicinity of Springfield in 1747. He did not live long enough to see his colt develop into one of America's most distinguished horses; and he died penniless.

Mr. Mitchell tells much about Morgan horses, in his fascinating book.

WEST SPRINGFIELD, on the other side of the river, has something you must not miss: STORROWTON. You cross the river on the Memorial Bridge and find yourself on Memorial Avenue. U. S. 20 turns north at the western bridgehead, to Park Avenue. Don't follow it; continue on Memorial Avenue to the Eastern States Exposition Grounds (if you like fairs and it's the season you'll want to see this one of course), and there you'll find Storrowton, the gift of Mrs. James J. Storrow of Boston. In this charming spot eleven original Colonial and early-American buildings have been restored and grouped around a village green. There's the Potter Mansion where you may spend a night or a week-end. There's the old country store where you may hunt for treasures or buy a striped peppermint stick. There's a little red schoolhouse, and a white meetinghouse and a blacksmith shop, and a Cape Cod cottage, and a stagecoach barn where old-fashioned dances are held on Friday nights. And so on. Open June to October. At other times, if it's "hungry time" thereabouts, you might like to try Willowbanks, at 109 Main Street, West Springfield (closed on Mondays).

In WESTFIELD, seven-and-a-half miles farther on your U. S. 20, there's the Edwin Smith Historical Museum in the Athenæum, overlooking the Green; there you may see a typical Colonial kitchen, brought from Connecticut,

and a living room typical of a New England home in Revolutionary days. A number of dolls of the period are also shown.

Nothing else calling for comment till you get near LENOX. . . . When you pass Laurel Lake, look off to the northwest, where the handsome home of Edith Wharton was; there she entertained many notables, including Henry James. And, about two miles before you come to Lenox, you can glimpse, across Lake Mankeenac, the red roof of the house in which Andrew Carnegie spent his last days.

But it might well be that instead of following U. S. 20 to Lenox, you would leave it at WORONOCO, fifteen-and-a-half miles west of Springfield, and take Route 23 to Great Barrington, South Egremont, and beyond—to Hudson, New York. This was known to Colonial times as "The Great Road," and followed the first trail cut over the wild hills to connect Great Barrington and other frontier settlements with eastern Massachusetts; it is now called "The Knox Trail," because over it General Knox brought the cannon from Fort Ticonderoga which had much to do with Washington's success in driving the British from Boston.

In the first five miles after leaving Woronoco, the road climbs 1,500 feet. The mountain laurel which abounds in this lovely region is usually in bloom about the third week in June.

The Laurel Hill Stock Farm, about five miles west of Woronoco, is one of the places where the famous Morgan horses are bred. BLANDFORD, settled by Scotch-Irish, used to call itself "Glasgow"—but an English Provincial Governor changed its name and christened it in honor of the ship that brought him over. Much



dairying about here, and a great deal of fruit-growing.

OTIS has a nudist colony—but don't let that deter you; you won't see them. If you are a special enthusiast on old wallpapers, ask to see the one in the Squire Filley House next to the Episcopal Church; its scenes show the Coliseum at Rome, the Campagna, some olive groves, and a sunset in full color. About two miles farther, on Route 23, is the main entrance to Otis State Forest. Otis, by the way, was named for Harrison Gray Otis whose houses on Beacon Hill we have noted. Poultry-raising flourishes in the vicinity.

Some two miles beyond the Forest entrance is a road leading to Morley Brook and Gilder Pond, where Richard Watson Gilder had a fisherman's retreat (yes, another, in addition to the home on Buzzards Bay and the island at Mashpee on Cape Cod!) and was visited by his friends Grover Cleveland and Joe Jefferson. I wonder how much this generation knows of the Gilder family, which played so eminent a part in American literary life when this century was new? Richard, the poet, was editor of the *Century* magazine; Jeannette and her brother Joe were editors of the *Critic* and wrote voluminously on books and the drama. You really were not a part of the most interesting life of that day unless you knew (and were known by) the Gilders. And a rich experience it was to know them!

Piedmont Pond, which Route 23 skirts, is almost covered in summer with pink and white water lilies. Monterey was named after the American victory at Monterey, Mexico, in the Mexican War.

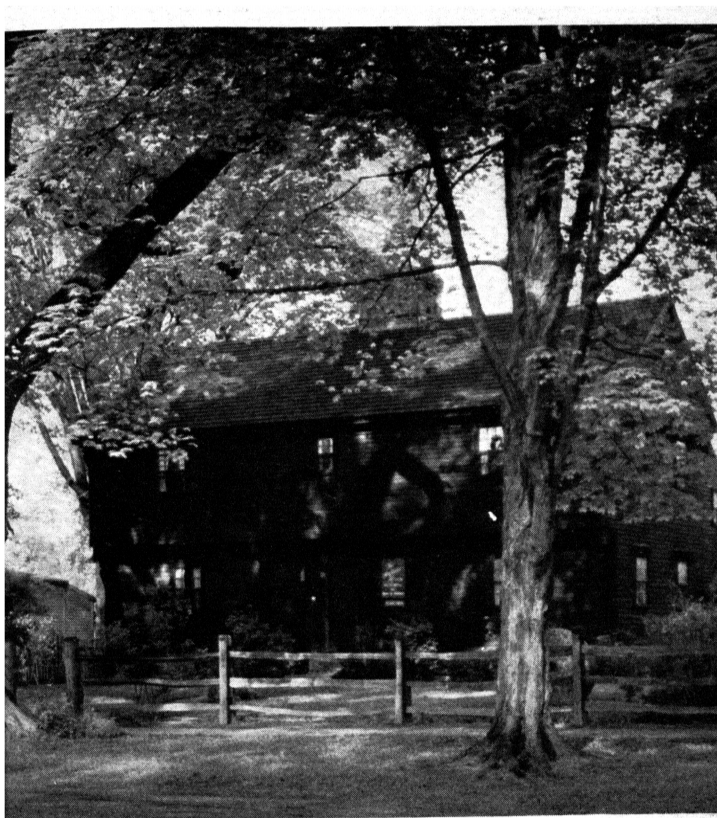
Thirty-one miles from Woronoco you come to the junction with U. S. 7, and to Great Barrington, of which we shall speak in more detail under the heading THE BERKSHIRES.

The third route across Massachusetts is Route 2, out Beacon Street, Boston, over Harvard Bridge to Cambridge, and thence, passing close to Lexington and to Concord, it reaches FITCHBURG, where educators may stop to visit the New High School and see what they can of the "Fitchburg Plan" at work. Under this plan, boys in mechanical training courses work three days a week in classrooms and three days a week in Fitchburg factories, where they are paid the same as other workers of their ability.

There is not much of great interest between Fitchburg and GREENFIELD, a matter of nearly fifty miles. But if you have little folks along, you might take them from Fitchburg to WINCHENDON, on Route 12, and lunch at "Toy Town Tavern," which is 1,100 feet above sea level, has 300 acres of ground surrounding it, and overlooks the Toymaker's Village. Winchendon is only three miles south of the New Hampshire State Line, on the Route for Keene.

Many visitors to northern Massachusetts will not pass NORTHFIELD without a visit. It is almost at the New Hampshire Line, a short distance north of Route 2; turn off, right, at a point between Farley and Miller's Falls, some nine miles east of Greenfield, and take Route 63 to Northfield.

Dwight Lyman Moody was born in the village of EAST NORTHFIELD, in 1837, was left fatherless at the age of four, had a scanty schooling, and when he was seventeen was selling shoes in Boston. There, the next year, he was "converted." When he was nineteen he went to Chicago, and dedicated all his time and efforts to City Missionary work and to work among the soldiers during the Civil War. He was president of the Chicago Y.M.C.A. for four years after the war; then Ira Sankey



*Photo by Hanson & Walsh*

DEERFIELD MOST VISITORS TRY TO SEE



joined him, and together they carried on, in America and in England, those revivals in which Moody's simple, earnest preaching and Sankey's sweet singing of the hymns which he himself wrote swayed millions of listeners in the direction of a better life.

In 1879, moved by the difficulties of poor girls who yearned for education and opportunity, he opened Northfield Seminary, which now occupies 1,200 acres with seventy-nine buildings, and has more than 500 students, who earn part of their costs by helping with the housework. (Near by is the Mount Hermon School for Boys, founded by Moody in 1881; it has a campus of 1,300 acres, 80 buildings, and hundreds of students, each of whom works two hours a day on the farm or buildings.) See the beautiful chapel, gift of Mrs. Russell Sage, and Gould Hall, given by Mrs. Finley Shepard (Helen Gould), and the birthplace of Moody, his home in later years, and his grave.

Religious conferences which attract Bible students from all over the world are held at Northfield, where the Auditorium seats 3,000 people. During the first two weeks in August you will find the summer conference in session.

Moody died at the close of 1899, and with his death his work as a revivalist of great power ceased; but his work as an organizer of education goes on and on, at Northfield and at the great Moody Institute in Chicago, and all over the world wherever Moody graduates go to spread the Gospel.

GREENFIELD, formerly a part of DEERFIELD, is only three miles north of the lovely old "ghost town" that most visitors to Massachusetts try to see, if they possibly can. (Mind you don't miss the place to turn off.)

The first settler in Deerfield came in 1669 — from

## 310 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

Dedham. Four years later, there were twenty families, numbering 125. Then came King Philip's War, when so many were massacred at Bloody Brook in 1675 that the town was abandoned and the garrison withdrawn. But the survivors wanted to go back, and the town was re-established in 1682. Then, in 1704, came the great raid, when half the town was burned, forty-nine of the inhabitants were slaughtered, and 111 were carried away captive.

Life flowed back into the stricken town, but never again with sufficient vigor to seem stronger than death — except for the schools, which bring some 500 youngsters to beautiful old Deerfield for their pre-college training and keep the residents mindful that there are always tomorrows, and youths to try molding the world nearer to their hearts' desire.

Don't miss a single foot of "Old Street," which is a mile long and overarched by grand spreading elms. Nothing modern has been allowed to obtrude on its ancient beauty. The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association has an interesting museum at Memorial Hall; don't forget to ask about the Deerfield Industries, which keep alive many of the old arts and crafts; or to visit the graveyard, one of New England's oldest, with its hard to decipher but quaint epitaphs.

When you leave Deerfield, dreaming of other days, and return to Greenfield, you have ahead of you, on the old Mohawk Trail, some of the most beautiful scenery in the grand old "Bay State." It is forty-three miles to Williamstown, and less than three miles beyond Williamstown is the New York boundary.

At Shelburne and SHELburne FALLS, the scenery is magnificent and there is the Sweetheart Tearoom, where chicken and waffles are served in a dining room over-

looking one of New England's best views. Power generated by the falls operates trains through the Hoosac Tunnel, near by, and turns industrial wheels as far as Worcester.

Twenty miles beyond Greenfield is the boyhood home of Charles Dudley Warner, lovingly described by him in *Being a Boy*.

Then comes Mohawk Park, with a large statue of a Mohawk Indian; and the Mohawk Trail State Forest, of more than 5,000 acres. Twenty-six miles from Greenfield the road begins to climb over Hoosac Mountain, and in six miles the ascent is over 1,200 feet.

NORTH ADAMS is strikingly situated between Mt. Greylock (crown of the Taconic range, and the highest peak in Massachusetts) and Hoosac Mountain. Two miles beyond it is a restoration of old Fort Massachusetts — built in 1745, to "protect" the Bay Colony's north-west frontier, and burned by the French and Indians in 1756! A mile farther, State 2 crosses the Appalachian Trail. And then — two miles more — comes WILLIAMSTOWN, home of Williams College.

The Williams Inn makes Williamstown an objective for many travelers; it is one of the most charming in New England, and situated on the campus of Williams; State 43 goes to "Swiss Meadows," the mountain-side farm of Mrs. Cornelia Stratton Parker, who takes a few paying guests between June 1 and November 1, and likes to talk with them of such *Ports and Happy Places* as she has so charmingly written about. The Haller Inn at Williamstown is also exceptionally pleasant (twenty guest rooms, fifteen with baths); there's also Forget-Me-Not Inn in an attractive residence.

Few colleges have so beautiful a situation as Williams, the campus of which covers some 350 acres. In every

direction from it are splendid trails and climbs and bridle paths and motor roads.

The college was founded by Colonel Ephraim Williams, who, on the eve of leaving for the French and Indian War, added to his will a bequest for the establishment of "a Free School forever in the township west of Fort Massachusetts, called West Hoosac, provided it be given the name of Williamstown." He was killed, leading his troops in the battle of Lake George, six weeks later. The school did not get started until after the Revolution had been won and Washington was President. Three years later, in 1793, it was given a charter as Williams College, and entered on its distinguished career.

Williams is often called "the college of gentlemen." Presumably, *all* colleges turn out gentlemen; but Williams has always emphasized in its ideals those qualities which are most associated (at least in the minds of persons who may by now be "the Old School") with the title of "gentleman."

The world-famous Institute of Politics, founded in 1921, has brought to its summer courses a great many distinguished speakers and listeners.

The Williamstown Summer Theatre, started in 1936, is run entirely by drama students of Williams and Bennington (Vermont) Colleges.

There's a Bridle Trail, of 400 miles, from Williamstown to Provincetown.

### *The Berkshires*

Strictly speaking, "The Berkshires" are the Berkshire Hills (mountains, if you like) which fill the western end of Massachusetts. But when "the Berkshires" are talked about, and written about, what is usually meant is not



the hills as hills alone, but the region — which, by common consent, is one of the loveliest in America.

A volume should be devoted to the Berkshires. Many volumes *have* been!

Practically everyone who knows the region not only loves it but is an ardent, jealous lover — an enthusiast. How many good friends of long standing I am about to lose when they discover that I'm trying to make a *few pages* "cover" the Berkshires I shudder to think; but on the other hand, I doubt if many persons who love the Berkshires want them "popularized" any more than they are at present. Some of them would almost certainly thank me if I carefully (but not thoughtlessly!) omitted to mention the Berkshires at all. So, perhaps I shall be able to keep some of my Berkshire friends, if not all. Especially, I reflect, as the people who read a book like this are, for the most part, the kind that are welcomed wherever they go; they're not at all the sort who spoil lovely places, not only by active spoliation (destruction, litter, carelessness, unsightly "get-ups," and so on) but by their very presence in an environment where they do not belong.

The Berkshires may not have been designed especially for very "nice" people — cultured, quiet, aristocratic; but such are they who have most identified themselves with this region. Not undemocratic people, mind you; not selfish; but with a strong repugnance for many of the things which I am wont to characterize as "Coney Island." I'm sure that many of them would gladly contribute to a Fund for Sending Those Who Like It to Coney Island — if by so doing they could keep such as like Coney Island from coming to the Berkshires.

The Berkshire Hills, a part of the Appalachian system, are a south continuation of the Green Mountains

of Vermont. The Appalachians, you know, extend from Canada to Georgia. In Connecticut, they are the Litchfield Hills; in Vermont, the Green Mountains; in Massachusetts, the Berkshires. But the Litchfield Hills and the Berkshires and the Green Mountains are as unlike as three successive sections of one mountain chain could well be. The Litchfield Hills are separate masses with small valleys between, or they are occasional plateaus raised *above* small valleys. The Berkshires are more like a long bulwark averaging about 1,500 feet in height, intersected at intervals by deep valleys, and rising occasionally in peaks which reach 2,000 to 3,000 feet — once, in the case of Greylock, 3,505 feet.

Lakes are numerous and lovely. Many persons who know the English Lake region well have compared the Berkshires to those Cumberland lakes and mountains; and the Berkshires have had somewhat similar association with letters.

The earliest settlements in the Berkshires were in the south, close to the Connecticut border, in 1725. A little later, John Sargent came as a missionary to the Indians at Stockbridge. Then the trail was cut which became "The Great Road" and is now Route 23. Over it, in October, 1777, Burgoyne's defeated troops were marched after his surrender at Saratoga.

Suppose we assume that you have entered the Berkshires at the South, either by U. S. 7 from the Litchfield Hills in Connecticut, or by U. S. 44 from Poughkeepsie on the Hudson, or by Route 23, coming from Springfield, Massachusetts, or by Route 82 from New York.

You may not realize it at once, but as your acquaintance with the region progresses you will feel that it is a little world of its own. It has, indeed, delightful neighbors, from

whom it probably would not have withdrawn itself; but Nature seems to have designed it for self-completeness. And this is one of its many charms for those who love it. When they are there, the other world they know seems shut out and far away.

SHEFFIELD, on U. S. 7, is the southernmost town in the Berkshires, and one of the oldest. Walter Prichard Eaton, who has written so beautifully about New England as well as about the drama (which he teaches, at Yale) and about other things, has a home at Sheffield and believes that the loveliest spot in all these hills is close to his house, "where the great wall of Mount Everett lifts its forest steeply up from the plain; and down through the dark hemlocks leaps a wild, clear brook, over hundred-foot waterfalls; while far across the valley to the east the lower hills grow amethyst with the reflected sunset."

If Walter Eaton were twins I'd say that one of the twain should be continuously busy writing about places, whilst the other devotes himself to drama. But that might leave some of the rest of us unemployed! Some ten years or so ago he wrote a booklet about the Berkshire and Litchfield Hills, for the New Haven R.R., which is now, unhappily, out of print. I have cherished my copy, which has long seemed to me a distinguished exemplification of all that commercial, or advertising, writing could be, and seldom is. (Perhaps this is the best possible place for me to tell you that, though you can't get Walter Eaton's booklet on this region, you can get several handsome and helpful publications free, by writing to *The Berkshire Hills Conference, Inc., Berkshire County Court House, Pittsfield, Mass.* Beautifully illustrated, these booklets include *The Lure of the Berkshires*, *The Berkshires*, devoted to places to stay and things to do

there, *Delightful Hotels in Berkshire, Berkshire Skiing*; and there are others.)

And, speaking of delightful hotels in the Berkshires, there's a lovely Inn (Sheffield Inn) in the town Walter Eaton thinks the fairest of them all; and also Sheffield Rest Farm, which is just the kind of place you may have dreamed about and have not known how to find.

The main street of Sheffield is one of the most beautiful in all Massachusetts. There are two old covered bridges near by, each more than one hundred years old. And that vicinity is among the best in the State for those who love hiking; several fine trails lead up Mount Everett from the Berkshire School for boys, and there connect with the Appalachian Foot Trail which runs through Vermont and Massachusetts.

Five miles north of Sheffield is GREAT BARRINGTON, which is the business and shopping center of the southern Berkshires and has become a great sports center, too. It was settled in 1726; and when the Great Road was developed there was much travel through Great Barrington, which saw a lot of movement during the French and Indian Wars.

In 1815, when the War of 1812 was recently over and the battle of Waterloo had just been fought, young William Cullen Bryant, then one-and-twenty, settled at Great Barrington to practice law, and soon became town clerk. He disliked the law; but on the whole he was happy in Great Barrington, for there he met and married Frances Fairchild, with whom he enjoyed a fine companionship for nearly half a century. In 1825 they went to New York to exchange the law for letters as a livelihood. The following year Bryant became one of the editors of the *New York Evening Post*, which soon passed to his complete control, editorially and financially.

"American poetry," in the opinion of Richard Henry Stoddard (native of Hingham, and himself a poet, as well as critic of literature), "may be said to have commenced in 1817 with Bryant's *Thanatopsis*" — printed that year in the *North American Review*, but written five years before.

What Great Barrington calls "the William Cullen Bryant House" (though it was a venerable dwelling when he first saw it) is now used as a tearoom (in summer) and stands in the garden behind the Berkshire Inn.

Great Barrington, a very popular sports center practically the whole year around, has so many delightful places to stay that it is hard to choose among them. There's the Berkshire Inn, mentioned above; there is G Bar S Ranch, the only dude ranch in Massachusetts, which is on the edge of a 1,200-acre state forest and close to many a glorious trail; it can accommodate ninety guests, has thirty very fine Wyoming horses with cowboys from Cheyenne in charge; there, too, the rates are moderate. Then, there's Oakwood Inn, in six acres of beautifully landscaped gardens. And there's "Shangri-La Cottage" on the shore of Lake Buel, east of town; and "The Corner House," on Main Street in town. And three miles west of Great Barrington, on Route 41, is the unspoiled old village of South Egremont that artists love. There is the Egremont Inn, and Olde Egremont Tavern (200 years old) in a tract dedicated to winter sports and summer recreations; these two and the Berkshire Inn are under one management, that of Olde Egremont Corporation. The Egremont Inn was once a station for stage coaches; next to it is a village smithy dating back to 1730. The Earl of Egremont for whom this cluster of "Egremont" villages was named, was a friend of the

Independence cause in the Revolution; and on the Green of Great Barrington was made what some call the first armed resistance to Great Britain, in 1774. In Egremont, too, is the famous Jug End Barn, once a "princely" barn and now a jolly hostelry on a 1,400-acre estate ideally supplied with facilities for all sports. At Jug End Barn you may have a private room or sleep in one of the bunk rooms; the rates are moderate, the fun is excellent.

Truly a great center, this, and enjoyed throughout the year by those who love skiing, riding, skeet shooting, hunting, trout-fishing, trail-blazing. The New Haven Railroad runs a Week-End Tour, beginning June 1, to Great Barrington. Great cycling thereabouts, too.

It's only ten miles to STOCKBRIDGE, where the Berkshire Playhouse, one of the leading summer theaters of the country, puts on excellent productions every evening all summer; and where in August there's the Berkshire Symphonic Festival, of which I'm presently to tell you a little more.

Four miles north of Great Barrington U. S. 7 climbs Monument Mountain, from which there are many fine views even if you don't attempt to ascend "the Devil's Pulpit," of which you've probably seen "hair-raising" pictures. Monument Mountain is a State Reservation, and a happy hunting-ground for climbers and hikers. Westerners may smile at a "mountain" 1,710 feet high; but it serves many purposes so well that you may decide greater height for any mountain would be superfluous.

It is a little comforting to know that as early as 1734 the white colonists had compunctions about their dispossessed red brethren even over here in this unsettled Berkshire region, and laid out a plantation six miles square for the Mohican Indians, who had been edged away from the west bank of the Hudson River; and for

four white families. In 1739 the new "Indian town" was incorporated as "Stockbridge." And in that year the Reverend John Sergeant, first missionary to these Indians, built the Mission House, which is now the chief "sight" of Stockbridge.

Before we go on to say more of Stockbridge, whose succeeding groups of settlers were so notable, let us remember that after the Revolution, in which many of the Indians fought valiantly and well on the American side, the white men wanted the Indians' land and persuaded the reds to move to New York, where they built New Stockbridge, fourteen miles south of Utica. But there, too, they were not happy, and by 1830 most of them had gone to Wisconsin.

However, brief as was their association with Stockbridge, the Indians are much remembered there; though not so much as Jonathan Edwards who came there to preach to them in 1751, after his parishioners in Northampton voted, more than 200 to 23, to dismiss him, and the town forbade him to preach again in that community. Jonathan didn't make much of an appeal to the Indians. Whether he had anything to do with their dissatisfaction (which began soon after he got there) I can't say. He spent some eight years at Stockbridge, and then left to succeed his son-in-law, the elder Aaron Burr, as president of the College of New Jersey (now Princeton University). But he died of smallpox when he had been there but a few months. During his residence at Stockbridge (where he lived, not in the Mission House as is often stated, but on another location, on Main Street, now marked by a sundial) he was often visited by his grandson, the younger Aaron Burr, who was bereft of both parents before he was three.

Mission House, which originally stood on the hill be-

hind the village, was moved to the main street by Miss Mabel Choate and converted into a memorial to her parents, who for many years were summer residents in Stockbridge. I'm not sure in which of his many capacities Joseph H. Choate is best known to this generation — whether as lawyer in some of the most famous cases this country ever knew; or as Ambassador to Great Britain (1899–1905), where he accomplished much for international amity; or as a wit and storyteller. Perhaps when many of his notable achievements are remembered by only a few, he will still be quoted as the author of that famous reply to one who asked him who, in all the world, he'd rather be if he were not to continue being himself. "Mrs. Choate's second husband," he answered, promptly.

Miss Choate did a great deal more for the Mission House than move it and restore it. She surrounded it with a very fine old herb and flower garden, with such shops and outbuildings as it originally had, and filled it with such furniture and utensils as must have been in it long ago.

Stockbridge consists, as a village, principally of one wide main street under overarching old elms. At one end of the street is the eighteen-hole golf course, and the burial ground of those Indians whom Death overtook here before they could get away to another campground; and the monument to Jonathan Edwards. And at the other end of the street is the Berkshire Playhouse, whose presence, had he been able to foresee it, would probably have caused poor Jonathan to fear that God had given up hope of his creatures and withdrawn his mercy from them.

Founded in 1928, the Berkshire Playhouse has built for itself an enviable reputation for the high quality of



its plays and players. It is open through July, August and part of September, performances are held every evening at eight forty-five and Wednesdays at two-thirty also. The prices are practically the same as on Broadway, for a thoroughly professional standard obtains and the company numbers many who are among the best in the American theater.

The Berkshire Symphonic Festival was founded in 1934 and has become one of the major events in music in America. Miss Gertrude Robinson-Smith of New York (for many years a summer resident of Stockbridge) is president of Berkshire Symphonic Festival, Inc., and one of her associates in the work is Albert Spalding. Serge Koussevitzky is the conductor, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra plays under his baton here as in Boston. Three concerts are given, each of them three times a week, the first three weeks of August, on Thursday and Saturday evenings at eight-thirty and Sundays at three-thirty. But don't "drive up" and expect to buy a ticket! They are bespoken, and sold, well in advance. Write the Festival office in Stockbridge as soon as you know you will be in the Berkshires at that time.

And be no less foresighted in the matter of accommodation! For in addition to the regular colony of Berkshire summer residents and vacationists, many people come from afar to enjoy these concerts in the idyllic surroundings of which I shall tell you presently, on our way to Lenox.

At Stockbridge itself, there's the Red Lion Inn, on the site of a tavern similarly named, established in 1773. And Heaton Hall, under the same management; and there's The Laurel, small but convenient and comfortable; and Oaklawn Inn. At West Stockbridge there's the Card Lake Hotel, a small old-fashioned hotel catering to nice

people of limited income. Near Stockbridge is Hillcrest Farm Inn, on an eighty-acre farm with thirty cows and an orchard (modern conveniences and modest prices).

All the Sheffield, Great Barrington, Olde Egremont places are used by Festival guests. Many stay at Lenox, at Lee, at Pittsfield and thereabouts. I know (from experience) that if one writes to Mr. Lester Roberts of the Curtis Hotel, Lenox, for accommodations and he has none left, he will recommend other places where they may possibly be obtained. I dare say other hotel managers do the same. And I'm sure the Berkshire Hills Conference, Inc., at Pittsfield, would be helpful. Best of all, let a travel agent do the worrying. He will charge you nothing for the privilege (that is, you pay only published tariff rates) and will save you time and expense. Another thing about an agent is that it's his business to know which hotels are and which are not restricted to a Gentile patronage (most of those in the Berkshires *are*).

Now, before we move on the few miles to Lenox, let us indulge ourselves in a small amount of "remembering" about some of the famous residents of Stockbridge besides the Indians and grim old Jonathan.

Thousands have recently read Rachel Field's novel *All This and Heaven Too*, many of the scenes of which were laid in Stockbridge.

When Longfellow was visiting in Stockbridge he was told that what the grasshoppers say is "Sedgwick, Sedgwick, Sedgwick!" And that may indeed be true, for it's a great name thereabouts, as those who have read Nathalie Sedgwick Colby's *Remembering* know. But if ever it took precedence over Field with the grasshoppers, it may well have been not only because the Sedgwicks were reverently regarded but also because "Field" was harder

for a grasshopper to say — talking, as he does, with his legs, doesn't he?

The Field Chime Tower in Stockbridge is a memorial to the Reverend Dudley Field, so tenderly portrayed in *All This and Heaven Too* — father of David Dudley Field, the noted lawyer, and of Stephen J. Field, United States Supreme Court Justice, and of Cyrus W. Field, promoter of the first transatlantic cable; and of Henry M. Field, preacher, author, editor, whose French wife was the heroine of Rachel Field's story; and of Jonathan Field, president of the Massachusetts Senate during the Civil War.

Tales of the Fields in Stockbridge and in New York were part of the pabulum of my early years, partly because of the Atlantic cable and partly because Henry M. Field's religious weekly, the *Evangelist*, used to be read aloud to us (in parts) on Sunday evenings after we had recited *The Shorter Catechism*. Henry was a great traveler and wrote about his travels delightfully; I liked hearing about his experiences, but how much more I would have thrilled to them had I known the unmentioned romantic history of Mrs. Field!

Matthew Arnold didn't like many things in America, but he liked Stockbridge (perhaps because it reminded him of England), and used to walk two miles to enjoy a certain view across the Housatonic gorge to Monument Mountain "and through a deep gap to the far blue dome of Mount Everett." This view he got from a farm which later became the home of the celebrated sculptor, Daniel Chester French. (Do you know that French was only twenty-three when Concord ordered "The Minuteman" of him? And that he had had just one month's instruction in modeling?)

Just north of Stockbridge (one half-mile) is the Stock-

bridge School of Drama, housed in a remodeled barn. And some five-and-a-half miles farther is Lenox, to which the lovely lake known as "the Stockbridge Bowl" is nearer than to Stockbridge itself; and there is "Tanglewood" where the Berkshire Symphonic Festival has its unique music shed seating over 6,000 people; it is open on nearly all sides.

All about are beautiful estates, but not quite so vast or so "baronial" as in the days before the comparatively recent "Depression."

LENOX, settled in or about 1750, was like Egremont named for a British peer who was a friend of the Colonists: Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, descended illegitimately from the Merry Monarch, Charles II. It is a veritable paradise for those who love horseback riding, and for those who love to walk in beautiful woods and study birds and wild flowers. What was once the Whitney Game Preserve is now a State Forest of 12,000 acres, stretching eastward from Lenox, for miles, and known as October Mountain Reservation. (See it in October if you can! You really should see all this region in the fall and in the spring, as well as in summer; and you should come in winter if you're fond of winter sports.) "Tanglewood," where the Festival music shed is, is on the site of the cottage where Hawthorne wrote *The House of the Seven Gables* and read it aloud, evenings, to his adoring wife. There he was visited by Longfellow, Holmes and Herman Melville.

"Up this very road," wrote Walter Eaton in that booklet now unobtainable, "galloped the dashing Fanny Kemble, niece of Sarah Siddons, grandmother of Owen Wister, to tie her horse to a tree and talk with the shy, dark-eyed novelist. Now lift your eyes and look southward! You see the same view they did — a slope

of pasture, a clump of pines; then the lovely mirror of Stockbridge Bowl; and far beyond that, in a gap of the hills, the blue dome of Mount Everett. The English Lake Country holds no fairer prospect."

Golf courses in the Berkshires are superb, and many of them are open to visitors. Tournaments are frequently open too. And there's much polo.

While I'm enumerating features of this region, I mustn't omit to say that it has many fine schools.

In Lenox there's the famous Curtis Hotel of which you've probably heard, with eighty-seven per cent of its rooms capable of conversion into suites, most of them with private bath. There's a terrace for lunching and dining; and dancing in the grill every night except Sunday. There's also the St. Lawrence Inn, accommodating just twenty guests in a fine old residence, and Stonewall Lodge catering especially to tourists, and the Village Inn, which stays open all year.

Then, in the vicinity, there's LEE, where there's the Greenock Inn, an old-fashioned sort of rambling hotel with long porches and shady trees, 100 rooms, 60 with private baths. Lee is very convenient to "Tanglewood" and a pleasant place to stay.

PITTSFIELD is only six miles north of Lenox; and Pittsfield, a town of nearly 50,000, is the center for a number of fine highways leading in every direction. It lies more than 1,000 feet above sea level, and has a steady stream of motorists.

You'll find Wendell Avenue in Pittsfield, to remind you that the grandfather of Oliver Wendell Holmes bought the township in 1735. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" spent many summers in Pittsfield. Herman Melville, author of *Moby Dick*, was much hereabouts. So was Longfellow. An uncle of Melville's at

one time owned Broad Hall, now the clubhouse of the Pittsfield Country Club. But it was not there that Melville wrote *Moby Dick* — that, and others of his books, were written at "Arrowhead," on Holmes Road, a mile from "Holmesdale" where Oliver Wendell Holmes spent many summers and did a lot of writing.

The highest situation in Pittsfield is South Mountain, much of which is owned by the Coolidge family; and there Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, of whom her native city, Chicago, is justifiably proud, sponsors those distinguished concerts of chamber music which delight Berkshire dwellers every Sunday afternoon in the summer months. The South Mountain Music Colony attracts noted musicians and music-lovers from all over the world and has added no little distinction to the proud history of this remarkable region.

South Mountain, "Holmesdale," and "Arrowhead" are all on your way in to Pittsfield if you approach from Stockbridge. In that direction, too, is Walton Wild Acres Sanctuary, a bird and game sanctuary where you may fish for trout and build a fire to cook them. Indeed, picnicking has every facility accorded it in the Pittsfield vicinity: north of the city is Pontoosuc Lake Park, for boating, bathing, fishing, picnicking; and Pittsfield State Forest, covering more than 2,000 acres, where winter sports are excellent, and in spring the woods are lovely with mountain laurel and azaleas, while in autumn they flame with such a glory of color that people come from far and near to marvel at them.

Pittsfield is on the main line Boston and Albany R.R. and very conveniently reached by passengers from the West traveling by New York Central between Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and Boston. It is also the terminal of that branch of the New Haven Railroad which leaves

the main line at Norwalk, Connecticut, and goes north through lovely western Connecticut into the Berkshires. To Pittsfield from New York is about three-and-a-half to four hours, and from Pittsfield to Boston is about the same. By motor the time is not much more. Also, the whole Berkshire district is served by eight or more interstate bus lines. U. S. 20, from Boston to Chicago, runs through Pittsfield. From New York, you'd probably use Henry Hudson Parkway, the Bronx River Parkway to and through the Eastern Parkway to Route 82, to Millbrook, Sharon, South Egremont, Great Barrington, Stockbridge, Pittsfield. This route gives you seventy miles of parkway and is very beautiful.

Now, about places to stay in and near Pittsfield. There's Hotel Wendell in Pittsfield, a large, city-type hotel with 300 rooms, most of them with private bath. And there's Hotel Allen, with 70 rooms. And The Lodge, 101 Wendell Avenue, a home on a quiet street, which caters to permanent or transient guests. And also Grey-moor, 48 Appleton Avenue, which does the same—likewise Clinton Hall, 179 South Street. Verona Tourist Cabins on U. S. 20, a mile west of the business center, are in beautiful grounds and have all conveniences. Even if you have a "trailer"—which New England in general doesn't cater to, nor encourage—you may park there.

As you traverse U. S. 7 between Lenox and Pittsfield, you pass The Bradford House, which accommodates overnight tourists; and Rose Bank Tourist Cabins, on the banks of a trout stream.

North of Pittsfield, in the direction of North Adams and Williamstown, are many pleasant places to stay: Ormesby Farms, at Cheshire on Route 8 to North Adams, ten miles north of Pittsfield, is a lovely private estate of 500 acres which takes paying guests, and gives them

exceptional hospitality in a luxurious and beautifully appointed country home. And there's Unkamet Farm, near Pontoosuc Lake; and Breezy Knoll Inn on the lakeside; also Pontoosuc Lodge.

Seven miles southwest from Pittsfield, at Richmond, is Penrhyn, formerly a fine private estate and now owned and managed by Peter de Roos, erstwhile of the Knickerbocker and Princeton clubs of New York City. This isn't a "drive-in" place; the guest list is carefully supervised. But if this sort of thing, so popular in England, appeals to you, write Mr. de Roos and see if he will take you.

East of Pittsfield you have the exceptionally pleasant Irving House in its shaded lawns at Dalton, and Kilfane Lodge, accommodating forty, at Hinsdale on Route 8; and also at Hinsdale, Burns' Place, accommodating twenty.

These are not all, of course; but they are enough to give you an idea how varied are the types of accommodation available.

Some of the farm guest houses in the Berkshires seem to me to be exceptionally desirable for the summer quarters of a family, because they offer all the attractions of farm life in close proximity to many facilities for sports and many opportunities for cultural enjoyment. A place where Mother can rest, read, see good plays, hear fine music, play golf, study birds and flowers; where Father, when he comes, can fish to his heart's content, or hike, or ride, or play some swell courses; where Big Daughter can have a good dance when she feels like it, and swim, and ride, and play tennis, and maybe hang around the Music Colony or one of the summer theaters, or watch artists at work; where "Bud" can be a cowboy, if he likes, or blaze a trail in the woods; where Small Sister can hunt eggs and paddle around (or in) a safe pond, and ride home on a load of hay — Well! A community



that offers all this, and more, is certainly a place to settle down in, and to stay awhile; especially since it's notably healthful, and even more notably beautiful.

### *Sport and Recreation in Massachusetts*

FISHING in Massachusetts is grand in salt water, no license is required and scores of ports have boats for hire. Fresh-water fishing is quite largely controlled, either by private ownership of individuals or clubs, or by the Division of Fisheries and Game, 20 Somerset Street, Boston, which issues licenses and gives advice on where fishing may be done.

HUNTING is allowed in sixty-four State Forests, and licenses are issued by the same office, on Somerset Street. If you want to hunt in Massachusetts, apply there for permission and a copy of the regulations.

RIDING: The principal trail is that of the Cape to the Berkshires, 400 miles from Provincetown to Willams-town, by way of the north shore of Cape Cod, Bourne, Plymouth, Milton, Sharon, Medfield, Framingham, Groton, Adams. Other trails of like extent are projected and some of them may have been developed by the time you want them. The plan is that there shall eventually be a network of bridle and hiking trails throughout the grand old state. But in addition to the Cape to Berkshires trails there are more than 500 miles of bridle trails in Massachusetts, not counting many miles of old roads through woods and back country which are very suitable for horseback riding.

BICYCLING: There are no trails specifically designated for bicycling. But there is a well-planned loop tour of New England laid out by the American Youth Hostels Inc. See next paragraph. There are also "bicycle train" trips.

**Hiking:** Hiking is in high favor and many organizations are actively engaged in fostering it: the New England Trail Conference, 60 Fearing Street, Amherst, Mass.; the Berkshire Chapter of the Appalachian Mountain Club; the Massachusetts Forest and Park Association, 3 Joy Street, Boston; the Connecticut Valley Trails Conference; the outing clubs of schools and colleges; and—very energetically and effectively—the American Youth Hostels Inc., Northfield, Mass. Youth Hostels originated in Europe before the World War and the movement was nearly a quarter of a century old when it reached America, in 1934. Abroad it existed in nineteen countries which had 4,500 youth hostels. Then, Isabel and Monroe Smith were invited to the International Conference of Youth Hostel Associations in London, Ramsay MacDonald presiding—and America became a part of this great “family” of youth. And now we have about 200 hostels, making it easy for youth to see this great land of ours safely, healthfully, inexpensively, and to meet and mingle with other youth with which they must share the making of Tomorrow.

When European hostels were first conceived, friendly farmer folk acted as “house parents,” allowing their barns or parts of their homes to be used as hostels; and in America today the hostels are, for the most part, farm homes specially adapted to this purpose, with youth-loving farmers and their wives in charge. Boys and girls have separate sleeping quarters, but common eating and recreation rooms. Each carries his (or her) own sleeping sack. Hikers (or bicyclers) do their own cooking. The movement has the highest endorsements, and is a great institution. The President of the American Association is Mary E. Woolley, for thirty-seven years President of Mount Holyoke College. The President of the United

States and his wife are Honorary Presidents of the American Youth Hostels.

Anyone may use the hostels who enjoys the outdoors, has an AYH pass (one dollar for those under twenty-one and two dollars for those twenty-one or over), and who "travels under his own steam" — not by auto, train or bus except to the start of the hosteling adventure. The hostels are located about fifteen miles apart. They are all listed in the AYH Handbook, which costs fifty cents; and the Association publishes a sixty-four-page quarterly magazine, the *Knapsack*, which goes, free, to every member, giving much interesting news and other helpful reading matter. The average daily expenditure of hikers, "bikers," and other self-propelled travelers belonging to the AYH, is one dollar. For full particulars write *American Youth Hostels, Inc., Northfield, Mass.*

PICNICKING is well provided for. Some forty of the sixty-nine State Forests have picnic areas equipped with fireplaces, tables, benches, sanitary facilities; some have tent sites, trailer parks, cabins, and places to swim.

BEACHES: Massachusetts has more than 1,000 miles of ocean front. There are eight beaches owned by the State, for public use, and eight others controlled by different departments of Public Works, etc.

YACHTING: Opportunities for this sport are great, and the state has in it more than 100 yacht and boat clubs. Races and regattas are numerous throughout the summer.

TENNIS is popular everywhere, and there are many courts available for public use.

GOLF: Massachusetts had the first course in America, laid out in 1882 for the Country Club of Brookline. Today she has more than 200 courses throughout the state, varying from six holes to thirty-six. The "sportingest" courses are in the Berkshires.

HORSE AND DOG RACES have begun to be popular in the last few years, with pari-mutuel betting.

SUMMER THEATERS number nearly fifty in New England, and Massachusetts has some notable ones of which mention has been made in connection with the places where they are to be found: Cape Cod, the Berkshires, and so on.

MUSIC: Boston, the year round, offers music unexcelled in the world. Worcester has a world-renowned Musical Festival each year. The Berkshires have the beautiful Symphonic Festival at Stockbridge in August each year. It isn't possible to list all that Massachusetts offers the music-lover. If you are specially interested, write *The New England Conservatory of Music, Huntington Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.*

## CHAPTER IX

### DOWN TO MAINE

IF you go from Boston to Maine, as many travelers do, you have a wide choice of ways to make the journey:

There's the Boston and Maine Railway, and others we need not mention here. And there are bus services galore. And there are the Boston and Maine Airways. And from New York, the Eastern Steamship Lines, Inc., with a beautiful ship from New York twice a week to Portland. The principal motor road north and along the Maine coast is U. S. 1.

The Boston and Maine Transportation Co. offers "Scenic Bus Tours" of three, four, five, and seven days, which give the Maine Coast, together with White Mountains, Green Mountains, and — in the seven-day tour — the Berkshires. These are inexpensive, averaging around \$7 a day for everything, including hotel rooms with bath, meals, sight-seeing and transportation.

That company also operates point-to-point bus services between New York and Boston and northern New England. For instance, it gives you three departures a day from Boston as far as Belfast, one of which goes on to Bar Harbor and to Bangor. To give you some idea of the *time*, the bus which leaves Boston at 7.45 A.M. gets to Portland at 11.15 A.M. and to Bar Harbor at 4.55 P.M. There are many other bus services, some for regular

transportation between points and some for sight-seeing tours.

The Gray Line Sight-Seeing Company of Boston operates all-expense vacation trips to Maine and the White Mountains and the Gaspé Peninsula. Ask your travel agent, or write the *Gray Line, Hotel Brunswick, 520 Boylston Street, Boston.*

Among other tours you might like to investigate are those of the Rawding Lines, Incorporated, whose main office is in Hotel Bradford, Boston, with a branch at 535 Fifth Avenue, New York. They are excellent!

### *By Auto along New Hampshire's Coast*

Now, in driving your own car from Boston to the New Hampshire border and along New Hampshire's fifteen miles of seacoast into the state of Maine, you'd choose between two roads: U. S. 1 runs inland; State Route 1A is closer to the shore, so that most persons prefer it.

If you have not visited Marblehead, Salem and Cape Ann (Gloucester) you can see them on your way to Maine and spend the night at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. This is a very delightful way to lay your plan. You would leave Gloucester on Route 121 and pass through Essex to Ipswich, where you'd rejoin Route 1A. Whether you take U. S. 1 or Route 1A you pass through NEWBURYPORT, called "the city of Captains' Houses," so many shipowners and shipmasters built stately homes along High Street, many of them crowned by that feature familiar in all towns of sea-faring folk: the Widow's Walk, a galleried cupola from which a wife (or widow?) might watch, hoping for a well-known sail returning from far parts.

There was a time when Newburyport was a serious rival of Boston's; but that prosperity was undermined by many political and economic causes, most disastrous of which was the Jefferson Embargo Act. Some of the prosperity came back, through shipbuilding, in the great days of the clipper ships — but not for long. Nowadays the Merrimack is given over to dreams, and the harbor is silted-up with sand.

A native of Newburyport was Adolphus Washington Greeley, Arctic explorer, who in the early 80's reached the farthest north yet attained — and nearly perished of starvation before he was found and rescued by the expedition commanded by Captain Winfield Scott Schley. That rescue of seven survivors was a story which held the world enthralled for many days.

Don't miss High Street. And you'll like to remember, as you pass through Newburyport, that it is the home of one of the most popular authors writing of New England today: John Marquand. It is worth a detour here, if you have not done so before, to see the Tristram Coffin House at Newbury, built about 1651; and the Short House, built about 1733. The Pettingill-Fowler House, at the corner of High and Winter Streets, was built about 1792 and belongs to the Historical Society of Old Newbury. It is open on weekdays, afternoons June–November. Admission ten cents.

It is only four miles from Newburyport to the New Hampshire border. You may want to make a slight detour northwest from Newburyport to visit Amesbury, where Whittier lived for fifty-six years, did most of his writing, and is buried. (His house is open weekdays ten to five). And in the Friends Meeting House on Greenleaf Street, you may see the Quaker poet's pew.

Two miles north of Newburyport on U. S. 1 is

SALISBURY; and you should not go through Salisbury without recalling Major Robert Pike, and Whittier's poem *How the Women Went from Dover*. In 1662, Major Waldron of Dover (New Hampshire) ordered three Quaker women — Anne Coleman, Mary Tomkins, and Alice Ambrose — to be drawn at the tail of a cart from Dover all the way down through Boston to Dedham; and to the constables of eleven towns he ordered that the women be whipped "upon their naked backs not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them, in each town." Salisbury was the second town on their way, and there the leading man of the vicinity, Justice Robert Pike —

Of all the rulers the land possessed,  
Wisest and boldest was he and best —

trampled the wicked order underfoot and cried: —

"Cut loose these poor ones and let them go;  
Come what will of it, all men shall know  
No warrant is good, though backed by the Crown,  
For whipping women in Salisbury town!"

The persecution of Quakers in that section gave New England's revered Quaker poet of a later day matter for several poems. More than forty years before writing this one, he wrote "The Exiles," telling the story of Thomas Macy who sheltered a Quaker in a storm, and fled — to Nantucket. You may see the house that Macy fled, if you visit Amesbury; for it's close by, and Whittier knew it well, of course.

At Salisbury, after you have honored the memory of Justice Pike, you must choose between U. S. 1 to Portsmouth via Hampton, and Route 1A along the shore. Most people prefer the latter; but you may like to



know that U. S. 1 closely follows the old highway over which a lone horseman carried the mail between Boston and Portsmouth until the coming of the public stagecoach, in 1763.

Starting from Charlestown, to avoid ferrying, the "Portsmouth Flying Stagecoach," belonging to Bartholomew Stavers, carried six persons inside. It left Charlestown every Friday morning between six and seven; the fare was thirteen shillings and sixpence per person to Portsmouth and nine shillings to Newburyport. And Stavers advertised that at "inns on the road, good entertainment and attendance will be provided for the passengers in the coach." Returning, the stage left Portsmouth every Tuesday morning. Evidently the "running time" was three days for the fifty-four miles which you will now do easily, even with thick traffic, in little more than two hours.

The stagedrivers frequently were the "shopping service" for people who lived along their line; and it must have been fun when the stage stopped to deliver a new bonnet, for instance, to see if it seemed to "suit." (Maybe the driver didn't find that out till the return journey.)

Up this road in December, 1774, went Paul Revere, to tell the Committee of Safety in Portsmouth of the British order forbidding further export of gunpowder to America.

The first town after Salisbury on U. S. 1 is SEABROOK, a quaint place where twenty acres of gladiolus bloom from May to September. Then comes the village of HAMPTON FALLS, where as many as 125 horses were kept in the days when the posting station was there and stagecoaches changed horses at Wells Tavern. In "Elmfield," on the right of the road, Whittier spent many summers, and there he died in 1892. Ralph Adams

Cram, distinguished architect, was born at Hampton Falls; as was Franklin B. Sanborn, friend and biographer of Emerson, Thoreau and other Concord sages. Hampton comes next, and from there you may detour a short distance west to the lovely old town of EXETER, settled in 1638, where the far-famed Phillips Exeter Academy is, founded in 1783. From North Hampton to the sea are many estates occupied in the summer only; two miles beyond it you run through the western outskirts of the old town of Rye. Then in a few minutes you enter PORTSMOUTH.

If you take State 1A to Portsmouth you will see Seabrook Beach, then Mile Bridge over Hampton River, and Hampton Beach, a popular bathing resort. Then GREAT BOAR'S HEAD and LITTLE BOAR'S HEAD. This is the stretch of shore described by Whittier in "The Tent on the Beach." Many beautiful estates are along here, among them that of Massachusetts' former Governor Alvan T. Fuller, motor magnate.

Opposite the Hotel Farragut at RYE BEACH is a playhouse where the Farragut Players do interesting work during the summers. At JENNESS BEACH, three miles beyond, it is sometimes possible, when the tide is very low, to see the "Drowned Forest" with the original Atlantic cable running through it. At RYE BEACH NORTH, see the old Rand store which no longer does business but is maintained just as it used to be a century and more ago. At ODIORNE'S POINT, Champlain touched in 1605 and Captain John Smith in 1614. There, in 1623, was the first settlement in New Hampshire. About two miles beyond Odiorne's Point, you come to the junction with Little Harbor Road, one mile east on which is the stately Benning Wentworth Mansion described by Longfellow in his poem "Lady Wentworth"; for years it was the summer home of Francis Parkman, the historian,

and now it belongs to Mr. Templeman Coolidge, artist. One day its romantic history will doubtless furnish a novel for some author in search of a subject. Near by is the far-famed Hotel Wentworth, where delegates to the Russo-Japanese Peace Conference were entertained in 1905, and where many other distinguished guests have been entertained. Perhaps your plan is to halt there for luncheon and for the afternoon and night — and even for the following day, so you may visit the ISLES OF SHOALS, or spend at least a day exploring the treasures of PORTSMOUTH; which are considered practically inexhaustible, by those who know it well.

Between The Wentworth and Portsmouth you pass through New Castle, with a population of 300 and something, and an "air of long-ago." East of the Square is Fort Constitution, which was called Fort William and Mary when 400 patriots, roused by Paul Revere in December, 1774, seized it and carried away 100 barrels of gunpowder which were later to be used at Bunker Hill. The fort is a grass-grown ruin now. The picturesque approach to Portsmouth is across three bridges spanning islands in the Piscataqua River — which is really not a river but an estuary — on a peninsula in which Portsmouth lies.

Portsmouth's population doubles in summer, and traffic through it to Maine is extremely heavy. The beautiful city has many fine old houses, mostly of the late eighteenth century, and some quaint little side streets with antique shops where tourists like to "hunt."

The United States Navy Yard, devoted mainly to the building of submarines and repairing of battleships, employs some three thousand men and provides Portsmouth with a good share of its trade and the most colorful element of its social life. (Admiral Cervera and

his staff were prisoners of war at the Navy Yard for a time after the Spanish-American War.)

In the stately white mansion which is the Commandant's Quarters, the first Admiral of the United States Navy, David G. Farragut, died, in 1870. The unpretentious room where the Treaty of Portsmouth was signed, September 5, 1905, is much visited by tourists.

Literally, the Navy Yard is not in New Hampshire but in Kittery, Maine, across the river. I am indebted to Porter Sargent for this story about the signing of the Treaty, which I think you will like to have:

It is a foreign custom in concluding a peace to toast the respective sovereigns in champagne. The Envoys thoughtfully provided the champagne, but when the demand was made upon Uncle Sam to provide the glasses none were forthcoming and the solemnity of the occasion did not permit of the indignity of drinking out of bottles, so the conclusion of the treaty was held up while messengers were hastily sent from prohibition Maine to New Hampshire.

The terms of the Treaty make interesting rereading. It recognized Japan's "paramount political and economic interests" in Korea; and provided for the evacuation of Manchuria by both parties. But Russia refused to pay any indemnity beyond £4,000,000 for the maintenance of Russian prisoners. The Japanese public were indignant at the terms, there were riots at Tokyo, the police buildings were burnt, the Prime Minister resigned.

Your approach to the Navy Yard is via Memorial Bridge which was erected in 1923, as a World War Memorial. The current beneath the bridge is deep and swift. The tide rises eight feet, and flows up the river (or estuary, or whatever you prefer to call the Piscataqua) fourteen miles, to Dover and Exeter.

The steamer for the Isles of Shoals leaves the wharf at Market Street on weekdays during June–September at ten and five, Sundays at ten-thirty and four-fifteen. Fare for the round trip is a dollar and a half. The Isles are nine miles off shore. They are bleak, windswept and wave-beaten. You may not feel any interest in them unless you belong to the generation that knew and loved Celia Thaxter or are interested in the Unitarian Conferences there. I once spent my birthday there, and have always cherished the memory of it. But I'm not sure that many persons with limited time and the Maine Coast beckoning would feel sufficiently rewarded for a day devoted to the Isles of Shoals.

Now, as to the "sights" in Portsmouth: There are some that most travelers would be sorry indeed to miss; and there are others that probably will not appeal to any but the leisurely wayfarer with an insatiable appetite for old houses.

If you enter Portsmouth from the south, via Marcy Street, turn (right) at Hunking Street. Number 51 Hunking Street was the birthplace of Tobias Lear, who became private secretary to General Washington and the tutor of Martha Washington's children. Lear was thrice married, the last two times to nieces of Martha Washington. It is his pen to which we are indebted for a picture of Washington's deathbed scene. It was his hand the Father of His Country held, as he slipped across the Bar. At the end of Hunking Street, turn north again on Mechanic Street at Number 140, in which is the Wentworth Gardner House (open daily June–September 10 A.M.–5.30 P.M., admission twenty-five cents) built in 1760, restored and renovated by Wallace Nutting, who did so much beautiful photography in New England; it was owned for a time by the Metropolitan Museum of

Art in New York City, and is now the property of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities. See it by all means, if you love old houses, old furnishings.

Near it is a graveyard dating back to 1761.

Now, back to Marcy Street and west on Court Street past the site of the Pitt Tavern, where the Tories used to foregather; John Hancock was once a guest there; so was George Washington, and Lafayette, and Louis Philippe. The Thomas Bailey Aldrich House (Number 386 Court Street) has been carefully restored to look as it did when he lived there as a boy. Even his clothes and boyhood books, as well as the furniture and china of his grandfather's day, have been put back in their places; and in the garden is grown every flower mentioned by Aldrich in his poems. If you love *The Story of a Bad Boy*, you will find delight in a visit to its scenes. (Open daily 9 A.M.—5 P.M.; twenty-five cents.)

Turn, left, when you come to Pleasant Street, and note the Governor Langdon House, at Number 143. It is not open, but you may want to look at it. John Langdon was one of the leaders among those who seized the gunpowder at Fort William and Mary when Paul Revere came from Boston with the news that England would send no more to the Colonies. His cousin, Samuel Langdon, President of Harvard College, took the powder to Cambridge, to be used at Bunker Hill. At the outbreak of the Revolution John Langdon, who was a prosperous shipowner, declared:—

“I have one thousand dollars in hard money; I will pledge my plate for three thousand more; and I have seventy hogshead of Tobago Rum, which will be sold for the most they will bring. They are at the services of the State. If we succeed in defending our firesides and our

homes, I may be remunerated; if we do not, then the property will be of no value to me."

As President of the United States Senate at its first session in 1789, he administered the oath of office to Washington and Adams.

Continue on Court Street to Middle Street and turn right on Middle Street to the near-by corner of State Street, where you'll find the two-story, gambrel-roofed house where John Paul Jones boarded while superintending the building of his *Ranger* in 1777. The *Ranger*, sent to tell the American commissioners in France that Burgoyne had surrendered, was the first ship of the Colonies to receive a salute of recognition. It was built by Captain Tobias Lear, whose son — Tobias Lear the younger — was secretary to Washington.

Return, east, on State Street, passing a number of old houses, to Chapel Street, and turn up Chapel Street. At the northeast corner of Chapel and Daniel Streets you have the handsome Warner House, the oldest brick house in Portsmouth, built in 1718; the bricks said to have been brought from Holland. Benjamin Franklin, in 1762, set up on it one of his first lightning rods; some say *the* first. It was one of the finest houses in New England, in its day.

Farther up Chapel Street is St. John's Church, built in 1807 to replace an earlier chapel many of whose treasured possessions are preserved in the newer edifice.

Return on Chapel Street to State Street and turn east to Memorial Bridge.

There are many other things to see in Portsmouth; but if you are making but a brief stop there, these that I have named will give you a slight idea of the whole.

So, now, to Maine! From which we shall return to other parts of New Hampshire, in subsequent chapters.

## CHAPTER X

### MAINE AND ITS COAST

MAINE is much the largest of the New England States, almost as large as all the others together. Great sections of it are still unpopulated and have been but partially explored. Its much-indented coast line measures about 2,500 miles and has hundreds and hundreds of islands. Nearly three fourths of the state's entire area is woodland — fifteen million acres of it. About one tenth of the area is water. There are over 2,200 lakes and ponds, and more than 5,000 rivers and streams. There are more than a hundred mountains which rise to a height of over 3,000 feet.

U. S. 1 is 551.8 miles long in the state of Maine, from Kittery to Clair, on the Canadian Line. In a book of such dimensions as this, no one could do justice to so vast and varied a state; and in a single section of a small book I must be content to point the way only to the portions most frequented by visitors. But I shall try to suggest how great are the opportunities.

Visitors are Maine's best "crop." She appreciates them, and does her utmost to invite them and to make them glad they came.

She has a lot to offer, and she knows it. But she's not haughty about it. Up in Maine most of the natives make you feel that the greatest enjoyment they have out of



all their beauty and sport is sharing it with the people who come there. Some visitors think Maine folk "aloof." But I'm sure they must be visitors of the sort who don't distinguish between hospitality and familiarity; who fail to respect the dignity and proper pride inherent in all New Englanders; who take everything that's different from what they're accustomed to as "quaint" and even "amusing." No one with that point of view can travel happily or successfully anywhere.

Few people who live in Maine (except certain summer residents) have found life easy. There's "plenty of over-comin'" to be done, but it's done sturdily and not doggedly. There's not much great wealth and not much dire poverty. There's a very great deal of culture, and a great deal of admirable character, and a lot of merited self-respect.

I know men who feel that one of the richest experiences in human nature they will ever enjoy is with the guides who look out for them as they hunt and fish in Maine.

I know women who spend summers in Maine as much for their enjoyment of "Maine folks" as for their delight in Maine scenery and pleasures — and food.

There's a world-wide way of getting on with people new to us: we show them respect and they show us welcome. It isn't often possible for the wayfarer to meet the aristocracy of any section in which he finds himself for a brief time. But the simple folk we may always scrape acquaintance with, if we know how. And they're likely to be the most rewarding. For cultured people if they have "means" are traveled people, and conform — consciously or unconsciously — to certain standards that are international. Many of Maine's most interesting people today have never been far from home — though most of them have far-faring ancestors. They give us a

"slant" on life that's all their own, and full of flavor.

The finest possible preparation for a Maine visit is to read *Maine Summer*, by Edwin Valentine Mitchell, long an eminent bookseller in Hartford, and a summer resident of Boothbay Harbor. As an author he is utterly charming and most informing. And more recently, there is *Trending into Maine*, by Kenneth Roberts, full of "intimate" glimpses which will make you feel like an initiate.

When you have crossed the center of Memorial Bridge at Portsmouth you are in the state of Maine—the Memorial Bridge is the bridge over Badger's Island, where the *Ranger* was built for Captain John Paul Jones, whose crew was mainly of Kittery men.

At Kittery, besides recalling the Portsmouth Treaty, you will probably wish to see several of the fine old houses, especially those associated with Sir William Pepperell, the only New Englander ever made a baronet. His birthplace is down at Kittery Point, in the center of the village; it was built in 1682, and there he was born fourteen years later. When he was twenty-one he was commissioned captain of militia. He joined his father in the business of shipbuilding and general trading, and soon became one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the province. He was commander-in-chief of the New England forces which in 1745 besieged and captured Louisburg, away out on Cape Breton, thereby depriving France of her most important fortress after Quebec. For this he was knighted by George II.

In 1742, he built for his daughter and son-in-law what is known as the Sparhawk House, next to the First Congregational Church in Kittery. It is classed among the really fine Georgian houses of America. Across the street is the house built after his death in 1759, for

his widow, Lady Pepperell, who survived him thirty years, always using her title and demanding the deference she felt was her due.

Arrived at the Kittery end of the bridge, you face the apex of a grass triangle in which is the World War Memorial. On your left, Boston-bound traffic comes toward you along the Portland "pike," a broad-laned and crowded highway. You skirt the triangle, turning right, and enter the pike beyond.

Ten to fifteen minutes later, you come to three filling stations at the junction of two highways, the one on your left leading to Ogunquit, Kennebunk, and so on, to Portland; and the one on your right leading to York, via the Shore Drive.

But if you wish to visit OLD KITTERY and KITTERY POINT, you should turn sharp right at the northern end of the grass triangle by the bridgehead, and thus proceed to the Sparhawk House, the First Congregational Church, the Lady Pepperell House. (The house of Sir William Pepperell's father, built in 1682, where Sir William was born, is at Kittery Point.)

Eight miles beyond Kittery is Sewall's Bridge (1757) said to be the first pile bridge in America; in the house beside it lives Miss Elizabeth B. Perkins, of New York, to whom "Old York" is indebted for many restorations and other historical activities.

"York" (of which nothing is visible from the main road except a gas station) consists of OLD YORK VILLAGE, settled about 1624; YORK HARBOR, the seat of many very fine summer homes; and York Beach, which has amusement concessions — whereas Long Beach, between York Beach and York Harbor, has not, and is regarded by many as one of the finest in Maine, with delightful bathing.

Some people think Old York Village "good for" at

least half a day of lingering. Facing the green, "on land leased from the parish in 1766 for a thousand years, less one," is the house known from 1781 to 1788 as the Wilcox Tavern — a gem of a house, standing above the corner of an old village graveyard wherein you'll find many graves of notables, including Judge David Sewall who graduated from Harvard in 1755 and in 1789 was appointed by President Washington as Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts and Judge of the United States District Court of Maine.

A scant hundred yards away stands Judge Sewall's Colonial mansion, Coventry Hall, one of the finest examples of that type of architecture.

Two miles beyond is the home of the Reverend Samuel Moody who constrained his son, Joseph, already entered on a brilliant legal career, to enter the ministry — for which he felt himself unworthy. Hawthorne told Joseph's story. (It was Joseph's habit to keep his face covered with a linen cloth when abroad in public places, and even in the house, in the company of others.)

Directly opposite the Wilcox Tavern (now a private home) perched atop a little hill, stands the "Old Gaol," erected in 1653 and now restored and filled with historic relics. Below, and facing the graveyard, is one of York's first schools, the little building recently removed to this spot from its original location a few miles away. It has been made complete in every detail — thanks to Miss Perkins — to the school benches, on which sit little, childish figures dressed in clothes of the period, under the watchful eye of a grim-visaged, bespectacled schoolmaster with his birch rod handy. "Hornbook" spellers, "dunce" in a corner, a little Indian pupil — even a "comfort station" in the yard!

By the time you get there, old "Jeffers' Tavern" will

doubtless be on the village Green. It was taken down in the autumn of 1939 from its former site on the "Old King's Highway" (now a long-abandoned post road through back country behind Wells) to be re-erected where more people can enjoy it.

These are by no means all the reasons for loitering in Old York Village, but they are enough, I hope, to indicate to you that it's no place to go dashing by, even though you may have no acquaintance among the residents at York Harbor.

The Marshall House at York Harbor has a situation that may well be described as magnificent, on what is practically an island with the great quiet inner harbor behind it and the ocean in front of it, and only a strip of beach connecting it with the mainland. For three generations it has been a favorite resort with New Englanders, though this hotel is only some twenty-five years old, having replaced an older one in 1917. There are some handsome cottages suitable for a family and their guests spending a month or a season. And the same management has also The Emerson and cottages in the village of York Harbor, accommodating 100 guests. And the Hill Croft Inn is well liked by discriminating people.

York has a fine country club, and has had many noted summer residents. It deserves the gratitude of all who cherish unspoiled and dignified loveliness, for the vigorous battle waged by some of its residents to save it from such desecrations as many of its neighbors have suffered. Let Kenneth Roberts tell you about this battle in his chapter titled "Vacationland and Real Maine," in *Trending Into Maine*.

At York Corner is the Maine Publicity Bureau Information Building, where you may ask questions and

receive replies and booklets about any of Maine's multitudinous attractions.

You will probably want to ask for the State Highway Map. Some may want the booklet on Fishing, Hunting and Canoeing. There's one to be had on *Delicious Maine Foods, Served the Maine Way*. One on *Hotel, Camp and Farm Board*. One on *Salt Water Fishing*. To my mind, the booklet not to miss is the handsome one of 116 pages called *Maine Invites You*; in it you will find an amazing amount of interesting suggestions.

CAPE NEDDICK is about ten miles from Kittery, and has a gravel road leading to Perkins Cove and its art school, its cottage colony, its antique shops.

Fifteen miles from Kittery, on U. S. 1, you come to OGUNKUIT, which in recent years has become tremendously popular and widely known as a resort of artists, actors, musicians, and those who like to consort with them. It has sixteen hotels, innumerable boarding houses, a summer theater which employs, in addition to its regular group (one of the largest in Maine) many nationally known stars of stage and screen, and a dramatic Workshop which attracts many students of the theater and puts on several interesting presentations each summer. The Whistling Oyster at Ogunquit is perhaps the oldest tearoom and gift shop on the Maine Coast. Among Ogunquit hotels are Sparhawk Hall, 160 rooms, the Lookout, with 150, the Cliff House, with 100; and many smaller places.

WELLS, five miles farther on, is a small settlement with a long past. On the way to it from Ogunquit you pass a lot of what "ruins" seashore, for some of us, but seems to be its main attraction for many others.

Another stretch of five miles on U. S. 1 takes you to KENNEBUNK (until 1821 called Arundel), whither you

may wish to go to see the Storer House, where Lafayette was entertained and where Kenneth Roberts, author of *Northwest Passage*, was born. Visit The Blue Wave, a gift shop known far and wide, offering beautiful and unusual things from all over the world, but especially from the Orient — whither sea captains and their crews from this Maine coast so often sailed. If that doesn't attract you, be on the lookout, somewhat less than two miles north of Wells, for the junction of State 9, and take that road to Kennebunkport, where Kenneth Roberts now lives, and Booth Tarkington, and Margaret Deland, and other writers — also a number of artists. Tarkington's private art collection, the chief treasures of which are English paintings of the eighteenth century, is rated the most important private gallery in the state.

The pictures are not on view; and though everybody tries to get a look at the house, and buys picture postcards of it to send home, I hope no one is intrusive. For nearly everyone is indebted to Booth Tarkington for past pleasures, and should be expectant of his next output; to interfere with it in any way is to injure ourselves and a great many other people.

One thing I have which I'd like to share with all mankind who need it is a horror of intrusion. How I came by such an extraordinary degree of it I don't know. It may have been a handicap, at times; but I don't mind, and in New England it is an advantage. I'd rather be bound and tied by it than have to remember that I had ever invaded anybody's sacred privacy — let alone the privacy of someone who needs it for the creation of things that delight and benefit a multitude of people, as authors do.

So I always feel guilty when I tell about the home of a living celebrity — and "let myself go" happily, when I

tell about the home of one whose security against intrusion is forever assured.

It is probably a fine, friendly impulse which prompts much of the urge to come near to one who has made himself popular; but we may *feel* friendly without getting in a busy person's way and hindering his work or spoiling his mood for it.

Perhaps you think this suggestion is no proper part of a travel book. But I believe it *is*! Anyhow, I couldn't bear to tell about the home of a living and working author, without adding this hint.

At the Garrick Playhouse, a summer theater on Temple Street, plays being considered for Broadway are sometimes given try-outs. The Perkins Mill, on Mill Lane, has been grinding since 1749, when there were only four houses in Kennebunkport. The Old Fort Inn at Kennebunkport is a very fine hotel, offering its patrons all the comforts, sports and entertainment; and there are several more.

Two miles or so beyond, on State 9, is Cape Porpoise whose inns are famous for their lobster dinners.

For BIDDEFORD POOL, where there are fine estates and summer cottages of every description, take State 208, about seven and a half miles beyond Cape Porpoise. Otherwise, continue on State 9 to Biddeford, which in industrial importance ranks second in the state of Maine. The great Pepperell plant, employing thousands, occupies fifty-six acres and manufactures sheets and other products known the wide world round. Across the Saco (pronounced Saw-ko) River from Biddeford is its twin city, Saco, with some manufacturing, but largely a residential community.

If you like homes of well-loved authors, you may make a detour from Saco to visit HOLLIS and see "Quillcote,"



built about 1805 where Kate Douglas Wiggin lived for nearly forty years and did much of the writing that made her so widely beloved — especially *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. Almost opposite “Quillcote” is the little red brick house where “Rebecca” lived — now in private hands and not a museum.

The author was born in Philadelphia, but her family moved to Hollis when she was a little girl.

Do you know that delicious wee book of hers called *A Child's Journey with Dickens*? I wish I could show you my copy of it, presented by that delightful artist, E. F. Payne, who was for a long time president of the Dickens Fellowship in Boston; it is specially illustrated by him with frontispiece and tailpiece, exquisitely drawn. If you have read that bit of Kate Douglas Wiggin reminiscence, probably nothing could keep you from Hollis. It begins thus:

When I was a little girl [I always think that these words, in precisely this juxtaposition, are six of the most charming in the language] I lived, between the ages of six and sixteen, in a small village in Maine. My sister and I had few playmates, but I cannot remember that we were ever dull, for dullness in a child, as in a grown person, means lack of dreams and visions, and those we had a-plenty.

She writes of the Saco River as “one of the loveliest rivers in the world” (and when she thus wrote, she had seen many rivers in many parts of the world) and of its Salmon Falls as “a baby Niagara.”

Her name then was Katie Smith, and her sister's name was Nora. They loved outdoors, and they loved books, and most of all they loved the books of Charles Dickens. Almost everything they owned was named after one of Dickens' characters.

Katie's excitement when she heard that Dickens was coming to America probably cannot be imagined by any child of today. She prayed fervently for him, while he was on the ocean, that he might not only cross safely but that he might not be seasick.

He was to give one reading in Portland, from which Hollis is distant but sixteen miles, and Mrs. Smith was going. On the day of the reading Katie accompanied her mother into Portland, because on the following day they were going to Charlestown, Massachusetts, to visit an uncle; and Dickens was in the next car on the way to Boston! Mrs. Smith was absorbed in a book and Katie slipped away to that next car and found a seat whence she could watch her idol, who was accompanied by Mr. Osgood, Boston publisher. Presently Mr. Osgood excused himself and went to the smoker, and Katie slid into his seat.

You must read the little book to know what else happened on that journey. But I'll tell you this much: when Dickens asked Katie if she had minded very much not hearing him read, she nearly cried. And then she looked up at him, and he was nearly crying, too!

When they parted at the journey's end, Katie wondered how she was to go on living in a "dull and dreary world" from which that magic presence had vanished; and as we read about that parting our hearts ache, too.

When Katie was seventeen she went to California to join her family who had moved thither while she was in school. And in San Francisco, in 1878, she established the first free kindergarten on the western coast. *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, published in 1888, established her in wide favor as a storywriter. *Rebecca* appeared in 1903. Kate Douglas Smith became Kate Douglas Wiggin in 1881. She died in England in 1923, and was brought

back for burial in the churchyard of Tory Hill Meeting-house, near Emery Corner, a few miles from Hollis. This is the church of her story *The Old Peabody Pew*. The Celtic Cross marks the lot where "Katie" lies; and on the cross are these words: "THE SONG IS NEVER ENDED."

If you like "popular" beaches, you will like OLD ORCHARD BEACH, which is four miles from Saco on State 9; it has a pier, and every manner of catchpenny device; also a magnificent beach, perhaps the longest and finest in New England. I don't mean to be unfair to crowded beaches because I happen not to like them.

You may continue on State 9, a little over five miles, to Dunstan, whence it is nine miles to Portland. Or, if Old Orchard Beach does not attract you, you may keep to U. S. 1 through Saco to Dunstan and in to Portland. About a mile and a half beyond Dunstan, on the right side of U. S. 1, there is a delightful tourist camp, called the "Danish Village" and patterned after the picturesque little homes of a small medieval town in Denmark. See it, by all means, as an example of what a tourist camp can be. At least, it's attractive when no tourists are there! Somehow, tourists are seldom "sightly."

Close by is the junction with State 207, which leads, in about a mile, to the village of Scarboro and, almost five miles farther, to PROUT'S NECK. Many of Winslow Homer's pictures were painted thereabouts. Homer was born in Boston, of Maine parents, and in 1884 settled in the studio at Prout's Neck, which he built himself and where he lived until his death in 1910.

This town has a hotel, the Bear Inn, accommodating about seventy-five persons, which some very discriminating persons consider one of the choicest hostelryes on the Maine coast. It belongs to Mr. Phineas W. Sprague, who

owns much property in and around Prout's Neck; it is a hobby of his; and its table is supplied — as is his own — from his farm.

It is thought that Champlain and De Monts, though they missed Portland Harbor on their cruise along this coast in June, 1605, anchored under the lee of Stratton Island, opposite Old Orchard, and exchanged hostages with the Indians, whose methods of corn-planting Champlain described. The Indians he saw had a palisade around big wigwams, and lived a "settled" life, cultivating corn, squashes, pumpkins and tobacco.

### *Portland*

And now — PORTLAND. Portland has about 70,000 inhabitants — not a great many for Maine's largest city. Its history is of scant interest, for the most part, to others than its own most zealous citizens. Some Englishmen of whom we know little lived there whilst other men of their race were settling Plymouth and Boston. Indian massacres emptied it in 1676. Forty years later it was settled again, and became quite prosperous. In October, 1775, a small British fleet bombarded and burned it. Two years later, upwards of 700 people were living there "under conditions of extreme hardship."

On July 4, 1786, it took the name of Portland (having previously been called Falmouth) and began to be prosperous. In 1803, President Jefferson chose a Portland man, Commodore Edward Preble, to command the forces sent to conquer the Barbary Pirates. The celebrated *Constitution* was his flagship, and one of his young officers was Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, uncle of Longfellow. The Lieutenant was killed off Tripoli in September, 1804. Preble brought the Barbary powers to sue for peace on

any terms, and Pope Pius VII said of Preble that he had "done more for Christianity in a short space of time than the most powerful nations have done in ages."

Portland basked, briefly, in the reflection of Preble's glory. Then, Jefferson plunged it into the depths with his Embargo, forbidding all foreign commerce. What he had hoped to do was to starve Great Britain into a change of policy; what he actually did was to reduce our exports by forty million dollars in one short year — 1807 to 1808. Portland's ships rotted at their moorings; her citizens were fed from soup kitchens.

Then came the War of 1812, and fortunes were made overnight in privateering. Portland had 25,000 population at the time of the Civil War, and contributed one fifth of them to the defense of the Union.

On the afternoon of July 4, 1866, a great fire almost wiped out the city, and colonies of tents had to shelter the thousands of homeless.

It was rebuilt, and during the World War had great prosperity. Today its best "industry" is probably tourists; the tourist and the sportsmen "frequently come near trebling its population at the height of the summer season." And throughout the year it is an important commercial center whose trading population, coming from roundabout, almost equals that of its own citizens.

The sights to see in Portland are not many. If you are not using your own car, there's Town Motor Tours, 155 High Street. This company has many fine tours in seven-passenger limousines, visiting Portland, Poland Spring, the beaches, and even going as far as Bar Harbor, east, or the White Mountains, west.

If you have entered by U. S. 1 you will find at the fork when you have left Vaughan's Bridge an office of the Maine Publicity Bureau, in its own picturesque

building. Take Danforth Street, to your right, till you come to State Street, where in the days of 1812 and following were built the mansions of Portland's prosperous merchants and seafaring men. At the corner of Danforth and State Streets was the girlhood home of Fanny Dunlap who married James Russell Lowell in 1856, three years after the death of his first wife. In 1860 it was the residence of Portland's mayor, who there entertained the Prince of Wales (Edward VII).

The Shepley House, at 162 State Street, was built in 1805 and is the best preserved of State Street's old houses. The house at Number 166, now a Monastery, was once occupied by William Pitt Fessenden who married Longfellow's sister and was in 1864 appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Lincoln.

At the junction of State, Congress and Pine Streets is Longfellow Square, with a bronze statue of the beloved poet by Franklin Simmons, who spent much of his life in Italy and in 1898 was knighted by Italy's king.

Now turn, right, and follow Congress Street to High Street, where you may or may not wish to turn right again and see the L. D. M. Sweat Museum attached to the rear of the Sweat Mansion, built in 1800. The mansion was left to the Portland Society of Art by the late Mrs. L. D. M. Sweat on condition that its furnishings be kept intact and unchanged. In the museum are all the works left by Franklin Simmons, and the marble figure by Paul Akers called "The Dead Pearl-Diver" which young Akers produced at Rome and Hawthorne described in *The Marble Faun*. There are paintings by Gilbert Stuart, Winslow Homer, John Singer Sargent, and others. And a collection of sixteenth-century Belgian tapestries.

Return, now, to Congress Street, at Number 487 in

which is the dignified old house — the first brick house in Portland — built by General Peleg Wadsworth, grandfather of Longfellow and father of the gallant young lieutenant killed off Tripoli. Longfellow, though born at the home of his father's sister, not far from this Congress Street mansion, was brought in earliest infancy to the home of his mother's father and lived there till after he was fourteen. Thence he set forth, on horseback, accompanied by a Negro servant, to begin his schooling at a tender age; and thence, when he was but fourteen, he departed for Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine.

The house is open to the public weekdays June 1 to September 15, 9:30 A.M.—5 P.M., for twenty-five cents, and is very well worth a not-too-hurried visit.

Near by, at 69 Brown Street, is the birthplace of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, former publisher of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Continuing along Congress Street you come to Monument Square, with its lofty monument by Franklin Simmons to the Portland men who fought in the Civil War.

The Portland City Hall and Municipal Auditorium are at 380 Congress Street, and in the latter, with a seating capacity of over 3,000, is the Kotzchmar Memorial Organ (gift of the late Cyrus Herman Kotzchmar Curtis); it is one of the largest organs in the world, with over 6,500 pipes, and carillon, and multitudinous stops. During the summer many well-known organists visit Portland to give recitals on it. Herman Kotzchmar was for forty-seven years organist of the First Parish Church in Portland, and a composer and teacher besides.

The Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, at 307 Congress Street, is the Mother Church for the entire Catholic diocese of Maine; and near by, from Congress to Federal Streets, is the old Eastern Cemetery, where

Commodore Preble is buried and there is a memorial to young Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth.

Hancock Street runs into the cemetery's south side. At the corner of Hancock and Fore Streets is the house where Longfellow was born. And at 15 Hancock Street is the birthplace of Thomas B. Reed, a member of Congress for twenty-two years and Speaker of the House for three terms.

The Grand Trunk Station is at Fore and India Streets, where the stockade and forts of early times stood.

The Portland Waterfront is near by, and should be visited — probably when you go there to take steamer for an island trip in Casco Bay. But on your tour of general sight-seeing it would be better to turn left to Fort Allen Park and Eastern Promenade with its fine panoramic view of Casco Bay. At the end of Eastern Promenade is Washington Avenue which follow to the first turning beyond Tukey's Bridge; then, left on Baxter Boulevard, an automobile route circuiting the Back Bay section. Continue in it to Bedford Street; at Number 85 is the Deering Mansion, built in 1804 and one of Portland's best-preserved old homes. Close by is the public park, Deering's Oaks.

Take State Street, on the park's eastern edge, to Longfellow Square; then Pine Street to West Street, and West Street to Western Promenade where are some of the city's finest homes.

Follow Western Promenade to Bowdoin Street. At 32 Thomas Street (left from Bowdoin) is the Williston Congregational Church where, in 1881, the Reverend Francis E. Clark organized the Society of Christian Endeavor.

If you are a booklover you will not leave Portland without paying tribute, at least in your mind, to Thomas Bird



Mosher, who for many years issued beautiful books and the monthly publication called the *Bibelot* which brought to many of us, "to have and to hold," gems of literature we could not easily have come by in any other way. Mosher, who used the same colophon as Aldus, of Venice, printed his *Bibelots* from hand-set type on handmade paper. He never troubled about copyrights; but most authors were too delighted to see their works as he set them forth to do any complaining about royalties. Andrew Lang once did, I believe, and was howled down by his countrymen, who felt that Mosher did a better job than anybody in Great Britain.

For a trip to Cape Elizabeth, take Brackett Street, one block southwest of State Street, and cross the Million Dollar Bridge. Follow the trolley line to Shore Road, passing Fort Preble and Fort Williams, the latter the home of the United States Fifth Infantry, one of our oldest and most storied regiments. On the rocky point of Cape Elizabeth, where the surf is formidable, is a Coast Guard Station where fourteen men serve the coast from Biddeford Pool to the Kennebec River.

There are several different steamer tours to islands in Casco Bay. Ask about them at your hotel or at the office of the Maine Publicity Bureau. They take about 3 hours; any native of the Bay will tell you there are 365 islands. (Actually, there are 222 large enough to land on, and only 138 have sufficient acreage to be classed as islands rather than rocks.)

The trip to Orr's Island is forty-four miles in smooth water, with stops at nine islands — the first being Peak's Island, the most densely populated of them all — with hotels, inns and all the appurtenances of a popular summer resort. Then Little Diamond Island and Great Diamond Island, the latter having a summer cottage

colony and a good golf course. Next comes Long Island, 1,000 acres in extent with good roads and a number of hotels and inns. Then, Little Chebeague Island, and Great Chebeague Island which is the second largest in the Bay and much frequented as a resort. Cliff Island is also a resort; and to your right, as the steamer leaves Cliff Island, is Eagle Island where Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary had his home for many years.

Next comes a stop at South Harpswell which is not an island but a bit of far-extended mainland. Near by is Haskell Island where once there were so many rats that they literally ate up the only inhabitant, an old lobsterman named Humphrey. Then two young fishermen went to the island with a dozen husky cats, who ate the rats and also all the birds. The cats got so numerous and so fierce that no one dared land on the island. One night some one came and poisoned them. Never has a rat or a cat been seen on Haskell Island since that day. But the mainland is the happy hunting ground of cats; you've never seen so many long-haired beauties in your life!

Bailey Island is next. I went there once to visit my good friend Clara Louise Burnham, who had a cottage on the island and spent many summers there. Sitting on her front porch she assured me there was nothing but sea between us and the northwest coast of Spain. Many persons feel that the bridge to the mainland has robbed both Orr's and Bailey of their charm.

Mrs. Burnham was not the first of her family to make a home on Bailey Island. The pioneer among them was, if I mistake not, an aunt, who bought property there from a native, a woman, and paid seventy-five dollars for it. The island was paralyzed by the extent of this real estate transaction, and asked the suddenly-wealthy seller what she was going to do with so much money. She re-

assured them, handsomely. "I shall just put it in bank," said she, "and not let it make a mite o' difference."

Fresh-caught lobsters were twenty-five cents a dozen, in those days; and other costs of living were in proportion.

Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote a novel called *The Pearl of Orr's Island* which has been read by few persons for sixty years or more, but whose title has been sufficiently remembered to give the island more interest than anything else ever associated with it.

Visible between Bailey Island and Orr's Island, in the far distance, is Ragged Island, where Edna St. Vincent Millay has a summer retreat. (She was born at Rockland.)

### *Portland to Mount Desert*

Most lovers of sailing know that there are few stretches of water in the Western World more thrilling to cruise than the Maine coast from Portland to Mount Desert. If you are a devotee of that splendid sport you ought by no means to miss sailing a boat along that shore. Inquire at your hotel or at the Maine Publicity Bureau about chartering a boat for the purpose. And if you can't sail a boat, see what can be done about getting a good skipper who knows those shores to take you. For it's true of every grand coast that it can't be truly appreciated except from a small boat capable of sailing fairly close to the cliffs and promontories.

Probably a good many visitors to Portland will be glad of a reminder that a tour of six miles out on State 25 will take them to the industrial town of Westbrook where Rudy Vallee lived as a child. His home was on Monroe Avenue and his father was proprietor of a local drug-

store. Some miles farther, beyond Fryeburg, at whose Academy Daniel Webster was a preceptor in 1802, at a salary of twenty dollars a month, is lovely Kezar Lake on the shore of which "Rudy" has the lodge about which he occasionally tells in his broadcasts.

Some visitors will not think of leaving Portland without a visit to Sebago Lake on the borders of which Nathaniel Hawthorne grew up. Many who might not go for his sake, will go to visit the Gulick camps, one for boys and one for girls. Luther Gulick, a pioneer in physical education, founded the child hygiene department of the Russell Sage Foundation, did much for the advancement of the Y. M. C. A., and with Mrs. Gulick founded the Campfire Girls. Their first camp on the lake, called Wohelo, is said to be the pioneer camp of its kind in the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Gulick are dead, but their son Halsey maintains their camps; and there are many other camps near by. Some 4,000 boys and girls spend their vacation there.

Hawthorne's uncle, Richard Manning, was a storekeeper at Raymond, on the lake, and in 1812 built a home for his widowed sister. Hawthorne was then about eight years old. There were few children in the vicinity; and in later years Hawthorne declared that "here I first got my cursed habit of solitude." But he loved the place, and after his experience in Europe he wrote in his diary "never have I seen a place that enchanted me like the flat rock from which I used to fish."

RAYMOND is indeed a village with a beautiful outlook upon the White Mountains. SEBAGO LAKE is the source of Portland's water supply. It is some fourteen miles long and eleven miles wide, fed by more than twenty lesser lakes in the vicinity; it is an original home of the landlocked salmon and has a State Fish Hatchery where

salmon eggs are hatched. As many as 90,000 two-year-old fish are released from the hatchery at one time. They are game fighters, and often attain a weight of eight pounds. Trout, bass, pickerel and other fish also abound.

Via the Roosevelt Trail (U. S. 302) Raymond is 21.8 miles from Portland. One who wishes to savor a phase of Maine life and charm, quite different from what her famous coast affords, could not do better than to take a day, or more, for a trip to Sebago Lake. From the railroad station at Sebago there is a very lovely boat trip through Sebago Lake and the Songo River into Long Lake, one stop on which is at Naples, where there are several delightful hotels and camps in a beautiful region.

One of the places you might enjoy for a stay is the Chute Homestead and Camps, near Naples. The estate covers nearly 200 acres, and the Homestead is a century old. On the shore of Long Lake (just north of Sebago Lake) are cabins among the pines, ranging in size from one to six rooms, and each with bath, hot and cold water, open fireplace, electric lights, screened-in porch. There are tents, too, for those who love them — tents with wood floors, and completely screened. The farm and dairy produce of the Chute family supplies the abundant table. The lake is lovely indeed, the woods are exquisite, there is grand fishing, and swimming in mild water, and boating and canoeing; fine golf; riding; all sorts of games like tennis, croquet, shuffleboard; there's dancing in the barn loft recreation hall. (Open from April 15, for the early spring fishing, till October 15, for the glorious autumn foliage.)

And there's Naples! Naples, at the southern end of Long Lake, ten miles beyond Raymond, is in itself worth traveling far to make acquaintance with. Until recently, all public buildings in Naples (which has a population of

some 650 souls) had two entrances, so the Republicans and the Democrats could enter separately and neither be contaminated by brushing elbows with the other. And in school the children of Republican parents sat on one side, the Democratic offspring on the other, and for a time there had to be two teachers, one for each camp of hereditary opinion. What a place for a Montague-Capulet story, with a very young Democratic Romeo smuggling peppermints to a Republican Juliet! It's not quite that way now; but if you like your politics "hot" you can probably have 'em that way at Naples, if you stay long enough to get acquainted. But maybe you don't have to go to Naples for that!

Another trip to consider before leaving Portland is the one via State 26 to POLAND SPRING, twenty-eight-and-a-half miles. This takes you through SABBATHDAY LAKE VILLAGE, one of the few remaining Shaker settlements in the country.

Poland Spring water is known all over the world. In 1794 Jabez Ricker bought a homestead from the Shakers. Two days after the Ricker family arrived, two travelers stopped at their door asking for breakfast; and after them came so many others that Jabez and his brother opened the Mansion House, a part of which is incorporated in the hotel of today that bears the same name. Near it, and the big Poland Spring House on Ricker Hill, is the State of Maine Building brought from the Chicago World's Fair of 1893.

Perhaps, if you are motoring, you'd like to tarry a while at Poland Spring; then, instead of returning to Portland, go on into Lewiston-Auburn, to AUGUSTA, and thence down to BRUNSWICK.

LEWISTON and AUBURN, "twin cities," face each other

across the Androscoggin River at LEWISTON FALLS. Lewiston, with a population of about 35,000, is the second-largest city in the state. Auburn has about 18,000 inhabitants. Both are industrial, though Lewiston is more preponderately so than Auburn. Between sixty-five and seventy per cent of Lewiston's population is of French-American origin, and many of them speak little or no English. Her city officials are usually French-Canadian, and Democrats — in a Republican state. In 1932, Lewiston provided Maine with a Democratic Governor; in 1936, a native of Auburn defeated him for election to the United States Senate. Auburn on the other hand has only twenty-five per cent French-Canadians in her population, and is Republican. The two cities have about 14,000 workers in more than 100 industrial plants — largely textile in Lewiston, and shoe-manufacturing in Auburn.

Bates College is in Lewiston. It is co-educational, and noted for the number of its graduates who enter the teaching profession, also for the vigor of its students as debaters. Its twenty-six buildings spread over seventy-five acres, well away from the center of the city.

From Lewiston to Augusta is thirty miles through beautiful lake country rich in apple orchards.

AUGUSTA, on the Kennebec, is forty-five miles from the sea. No need, I'm sure, to remind anyone that it is the State Capital, with a State House designed by Bulfinch. It has a population of about 17,000, of whom only fifteen per cent, approximately, are French-Canadian. More than half of all the residents of Augusta own their own homes, and it has a pleasant residential air.

Indians called the place Cushnoc, and the Plymouth Company established a trading post there in 1628. John Alden was agent there in 1634; Miles Standish fre-

quently came. Governor Bradford is said to have come once, at least; and Governor Winslow's brother John was commander of the post for six years.

It was said that the Pilgrims paid their debts to the London company which financed the *Mayflower* largely from the sale of furs brought from the Kennebec.

Cushnoc's new name, given it in 1797, is said to have been in honor of Pamela Augusta Dearborn, a daughter of General Henry Dearborn for whom Fort Dearborn in Chicago was named.

On the site of the Plymouth trading post a palisaded fort was erected in 1754 as a protection against the Indians. It was commanded by Captain James Howard, who was Augusta's first permanent settler. A descendant of his, William Howard Gannett, supervised the restoration of that Fort Western, which you may visit.

Other than that, Augusta hasn't a great deal to show visitors.

The *Kennebec Journal*, which has its offices at 20 Willow Street, near the fort, is said by some to have been the first paper to advocate Abraham Lincoln for the presidency. That seems unlikely, but may be true. An Ohio paper makes the same boast. James G. Blaine, a native of Pennsylvania, was editor-in-chief and part owner of the *Journal* from the time of his marriage to an Augusta girl, Harriet Stanwood, in 1854, when he was but four-and-twenty. Four years later he was elected to the Maine Legislature, where he soon became Speaker of the House; and in 1862 he was elected to Congress.

You will probably enter Augusta, if you are driving, via Western Avenue. One block to your right (south) is Capitol Street. Turn off to Capitol on Amherst Street or Sewall, and drive along it to the State House, which you may or may not care to visit. From it to the river



stretches State Park, a twenty-acre tract with more than a mile of paths beneath thousands of trees.

And across Capitol Street is the Executive Mansion, which was the Blaine home, purchased by him in the year he first went to Congress. Three of the Blaine children were born there, and three grandchildren. Blaine had the great sorrow of losing three of his children, two sons and a daughter, within two years of his own death. A surviving daughter is Mrs. Walter Damrosch, another is Mrs. Harriet Blaine Beale who in 1919 presented the old home to the State as a memorial to her son, killed in action in France in September, 1918. The study is preserved as it was in Blaine's time. The silver service in the state dining room was recovered from the cruiser *Maine* ten years after it was sunk in Havana Harbor. The Executive Mansion may be visited daily except Saturdays and Sundays, from two to four.

Turn out of State Street at Child Street (a few feet away) and note the Macomber Playground for children, maintained by the city, where in 1930 was instituted a "court" in which children act as policemen, lawyers, jury, in cases of infraction of the rules. Many playgrounds throughout the country have adopted that plan.

If you'd like to see the immense Jacataqua Oak beneath which young Aaron Burr, a youth of nineteen on his way with Benedict Arnold to Quebec, made love to Jacataqua, an Indian princess being held at Fort Western, turn left from State Street, on Green Street (Kenneth Roberts tells that story in *Arundel*). Otherwise, turn, right, out of State Street into Bridge Street and cross the Kennebec to its east bank, on which — close to the river — are Fort Western and the *Journal* offices. Then retrace your way to State Street and turn south on it. State Street is your way out of town for U. S. 201, your road for

Brunswick, which may seem out of your way — but no one should miss Brunswick.

Some distance northwest of Augusta, on State 134, is Mount Vernon where, in 1925, Elizabeth Marbury bought a farm of sixty-eight acres, and remodeled and refurnished the house, which in her will she left as a rest home for working women. Near by is Maine Chance, where Elizabeth Arden has a very luxurious place at which women who can afford a good price may go in for an intensive course of physical training and beauty treatment.

South of Augusta is Gardiner, the home of Laura E. Richards who wrote *Captain January*, that Maine classic, *Tirra Lirra*, and many other books. Mr. and Mrs. Richards also earned the gratitude of many parents because of their excellent boys' camp, Camp Merryweather, at North Belgrade Lakes.

Those who do not make the detour to Lewiston and Augusta keep on U. S. 1 for 27.7 miles from Portland to BRUNSWICK via FREEPORT, where much crabmeat is packed.

Two miles from Freeport is the so-called DESERT OF MAINE, where very fine sand is gradually covering a large and ever larger area. Some forty years ago it was about thirty feet square. Now it has a radius of six miles. The tops of trees once seventy feet high now rise above the sand like bushes, but are still alive.

About a mile beyond Freeport is the junction with a dirt road which leads to Shiloh (ten miles), the home of a religious sect called The Holy Ghost and Us. The group is small, now, and does not welcome curious visitors.

BRUNSWICK has much wherewith to reward her visitors, and much to make her citizens proud. Among her noted sons were John S. C. Abbott and George Palmer Putnam.

Perhaps you "grew up," as I did, on the exceedingly numerous biographies the Abbott brothers—John and Jacob—wrote. They were not very good biographies, but they were the sort a youngster would read, and re-read; and that's something to have accomplished. Brother Jacob, you know, wrote the Rollo books, which we incline to laugh at today; but they had an enormous influence for good. George P. Putnam founded the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, which has played a fine part in America's literary history.

### *Bowdoin College*

And what shall one say of Bowdoin College? Incorporated in 1794 and hoping for the patronage of a wealthy family, it was named for James Bowdoin, late Governor of Massachusetts (there was no "State of Maine" till March, 1820) who had died in 1790. John Hancock, who succeeded Bowdoin, disliked him so that he declined to sanction the incorporation of a college bearing Bowdoin's name. It was not until Hancock had died and Samuel Adams was Governor that Bowdoin got its charter.

Governor Bowdoin's son, the Honorable James Bowdoin, was the first American to make a private collection of European art, and he bequeathed this, as well as land and money, to the college. His father, the Governor, had been the first president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

In Massachusetts Hall, Bowdoin's first building, lived the President and his family, the faculty of two, and the first class of eight boys.

In 1825, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Nathaniel Hawthorne graduated from Bowdoin. In 1824, it had as a

graduate Franklin Pierce, who was destined to sweep the country in 1852 with 254 electoral votes for the presidency as compared with only 42 cast for his opponent, General Winfield Scott, hero of the Mexican War.

Later from Bowdoin graduated Admiral Peary, Commander Donald B. MacMillan, Speaker Thomas B. Reed, Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, and many others who won renown.

If you enter Brunswick from Augusta you cross the Androscoggin River and find yourself at once in Maine Street, after having had a good view from the bridge of the Falls of the Androscoggin.

You may want to detour to your right at Oak Street, to see the Gilman Mansion, a twenty-four-room white Colonial structure begun in 1798 by Samuel Melcher, 3rd, who was then a very young man and only on the threshold of his career; he designed some of the stateliest houses and loveliest churches in Maine. The interior of the Gilman house is a treat to see, and permission to do so is not infrequently accorded by the gracious owners.

Then regain Maine Street and take Dunlap Street (left) to Federal, which is Brunswick's chief residence street, lined with fine old elms. Maine Street, 198 feet wide, is one of the widest streets in New England, exceeded only by the one in Keene, New Hampshire.

At 63 Federal Street is the house where *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was written. Calvin E. Stowe was one of the professors at Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, where Lyman Beecher was president, when he married Harriet Elizabeth Beecher, in 1836. She was twenty-five years old at the time. They lived on in Cincinnati, just across the Ohio River from slave-holding Kentucky, till 1850, when Mr. Stowe was elected to a professorship at

Bowdoin. Almost immediately on taking up residence there, Mrs. Stowe began, for serial publication in the *National Era*, an antislavery paper of Washington, D. C., her story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It appeared in book form in March, 1852, and was soon translated into at least twenty-three languages. Years afterwards, she was accosted in her garden by an old retired sea captain who said he wanted to shake hands with the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. "I did not write it," Mrs. Stowe answered, gently. "God wrote it." "Amen," said the old captain, reverently.

Mr. Stowe preached in the First Parish Congregational Church, close to the college. It was while sitting there in her pew one Sunday that his wife had a vision of the death of Uncle Tom as she related it, later, in her book.

Her residence in Brunswick lasted only two years. Then the Stowes moved to Andover, Massachusetts.

It was winter and bitter cold when the Stowes arrived in Brunswick. And "Long before her pen could be allowed to touch paper," as Annie Fields recorded in "Days with Mrs. Stowe" in *Authors and Friends*,

... the door of the house must be unlocked, the fire made, and her little children warmed and fed. The walls too must be freshly papered and painted with her own unassisted hands, and a long table spread which could serve as a family dining-table and her own and only place for writing. Here, as Mr. Fields once said in one of his lectures, "a New England woman once wrote a great novel while beset with difficulties, pinched by poverty, and surrounded by hard work from sunrise to midnight, year in and year out. She was a pallid, earnest, tired little body, who sat in a white cottage down in Brunswick in the state of Maine. She had been busy all day, perhaps painting a room, for her means would not allow her to hire it done. Besides that labor she cooked for the family, and had done all her other household duties, without assistance, and with-

out flinching or groaning. The children were hushed to sleep; all was still about the house, and she trimmed the solitary lamp for a long session at her writing-table.

"Thus she sat many a night and wrote, and wept, and wrote again, until she had poured out her soul before the Lord for humanity's sake."

I am sure you will wish to picture her at her inspired writing — God dictating to her — as you visit what was once her home.

At 76 Federal Street Hawthorne had a room during part of his student days. In another period he lodged in the dormitory known as Maine Hall; Longfellow was in North Winthrop Hall.

When Longfellow was first made a teacher at Bowdoin he set up housekeeping in the Chamberlain house at Maine and Potter Streets, nearly opposite the First Parish Church. He was only eighteen when he graduated; and a year later he went to Europe to prepare himself to teach. When he was twenty-two he was elected Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin, and Librarian of the college. Two years later he was married to Mary Potter of Portland, a former schoolmate, and took her to the Chamberlain house to live. Three years later, he was offered the Smith Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard, and once more went abroad to study. At Rotterdam, towards the close of 1835, Mrs. Longfellow died.

The College is reached via Maine Street and guides may be had on application at Massachusetts Hall; but they are not necessary. The College Library, in Hubbard Hall at the south end of the campus, has many fine collections. The Walker Gallery, adjacent, has noteworthy murals, many choice paintings, and a valuable collection of archæological objects.

If you enter Brunswick via U. S. 1, you go in on Pleasant Street. Turn left at Union Street to Oak if you want to see the Gilman Mansion; otherwise, continue on Pleasant Street to Maine, then on School Street to Federal, and turn right for the Harriet Beecher Stowe house.

Nine miles beyond Brunswick is BATH, an old ship-building town where you probably will have no great temptation to linger, though you may want to cast a glance at Number 3 North Street, corner of Front Street, where the opera singer Emma Eames lived for nine years.

In the vicinity of Bath, however, there are several attractive places to stay; one of them is Sebasco Lodge and Cottages on the 500-acre Sebasco Estate, twelve miles south of Bath. There you have, in one place, lake, mountain, wood and sea; sporty golf, game deep-sea fishing, canoeing, sailing, surf bathing or swimming in quiet waters, and pastimes as varied as picking blueberries or strolling along a balsam trail.

East of Bath, you cross Carlton Bridge over the Kennebec; toll fifty cents. On the other side of the river is Woolwich.

Nine miles from Woolwich on U. S. 1 is WISCASSET, a charming little town with beautiful old homes and seafaring history, a courthouse in which Daniel Webster used to "orate," and a little white church which would tempt anyone to worship. If you are there in August inquire about the day on which the old homes are open (\$2 admission) to raise money for the Public Library. Some ten miles above Wiscasset, on the Sheepscot River, is Head Tide, the almost incredibly picturesque village where the poet, Edwin Arlington Robinson, was born.

Some travelers will make a slight detour, from Wiscasset, by an unnumbered road running south from the east end of Wiscasset bridge, to NORTH EDGECOMB, less than a mile, where — opposite the post office, on the high riverbank — is the Marie Antoinette House, built in 1774 by Captain Joseph Decker, planned later for shelter for the Queen if she could be rescued and brought to America. It stood first on Squam Island, and was later moved to where it now stands. Decker's daughter, who inherited the house, was the wife of Samuel Clough, captain of a merchantman named the *Sally*, which frequently visited France.

When some of the Queen's friends believed that their efforts to rescue her were about to succeed, they engaged Captain Clough to take her on the *Sally*. And so hopeful were they that they smuggled aboard the ship some of Marie Antoinette's personal belongings and other articles which they thought she should have to make her home overseas more comfortable. Captain Clough seems to have set sail so hastily, after he learned that the rescue plans had failed, that he had no time to put off the Queen's effects; in course of time they came into use in the Clough household. Some are there now; others are in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

A local legend that Talleyrand and the little Dauphin came over on the *Sally* and were guests at the Clough House for some time may be dismissed as certainly not more than half-true. The *Sally* might have picked up Talleyrand in England, where he had been for more than a year before the death of the Queen; he came here from England soon after the execution of Louis XVI, and remained here till November, 1795. As to the Dauphin, who may indeed have been brought to America, it is certain that he did not come before 1794.



There's a tradition that it was Captain Clough who brought home from a voyage to China the Oriental cat which, mating with a Maine feline, produced the "coon cat" so prized today in many Maine households.

About three quarters of a mile beyond the Clough house is the junction with State 27, which you may follow for ten miles to BOOTHBAY HARBOR, one of the most popular resorts on the coast. From there you may take a boat to Squirrel Island, in twenty minutes; or one to Monhegan Island in about two hours. Both islands are interesting, and popular with summer visitors. Monhegan Island has an art colony, whose leading spirit is Rockwell Kent. Its early history is full of interest, and merits a chapter in itself—which I must not try to write. Captain John Smith spent several months there in 1614, chasing whales, which he couldn't catch. John's Island, John's Bay and John's River were all named after him.

There are in this vicinity so many summer camps for children that a very considerable number of parents who like to be near their youngsters, or who come to visit them, add not a little to the holiday crowd at Boothbay Harbor. There's a hotel you might like at Ocean Point: the Atlantic House; it is breeze-swept, informal, close to balsam woods as well as to seashore, and not expensive.

A unique place for a sojourn while at Boothbay Harbor is The Sprucewold, a log cabin hotel and cabin colony on the crest of Spruce Point overlooking the sea in nearly every direction.

Boothbay Harbor is one of Maine's greatest yachting centers. And to have a yacht while living in a forest is something one doesn't often achieve! You may rent a cabin there for a season, and take your meals in the Lodge, or do your own housekeeping with a maid furnished you by the management. It was aboard Com-

modore Benedick's yacht, *Oneida*, in Boothbay Harbor, one July night in 1887 that one of his guests, Edwin Booth announced his desire to do something for "players," and the plans of The Players, in Gramercy Park, New York, were laid. Lawrence Barrett, Laurence Hutton, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Parke Goodwin were among those present.

If you stick to U. S. 1 and do not detour at Wiscasset, you pass through Newcastle, and Damariscotta, and Nobleboro. A little over twelve miles beyond Nobleboro is a junction with State 137 which leads (left) to Warren, where Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy — then Mrs. Patterson — spent some time in 1864 and gave a number of lectures which some regard as the beginning of her career as the founder of Christian Science.

On U. S. 1, five miles beyond that junction with State 137, is the Maine State Prison. In the sales room across the road you may buy articles made by the prisoners. Then comes THOMASTON, a beautiful old town on St. George's River. The first landing of English explorers in New England was made there in 1605, when Captain George Weymouth and his party ascended St. George's River and marched overland to the mountains immediately north. On the Thomaston Mall is a boulder with a bronze tablet telling about this. The house of General Henry Knox, Washington's Secretary of War, has recently been reconstructed.

ROCKLAND is some four miles farther on U. S. 1. It is the center of a granite industry and famous for its lime quarries and kilns. Beautifully situated, on the west shore of Penobscot Bay with its many islands, Rockland has a fine harbor which is the official trial course for United States battleships. Maxine Elliott and her sister, Lady

Forbes-Robertson, were born at Rockland. So was Edna St. Vincent Millay.

The Samoset Hotel at Rockland is one of the best-known and most popular hotels on the whole Maine coast. It is located at Rockland Breakwater, right on Penobscot Bay, and is owned by the Maine Central Railroad. Directly back of it are the Camden mountains, overlooking a lake-studded country. Sports of all kinds are provided, and Nature outdoes herself in varied charms. It's a luxury hotel, yet not expensive. Are you surprised by the name? Perhaps you've forgotten that Samoset, who startled the Pilgrim Fathers by greeting them in English, came from hereabouts and had learned his English on Monhegan Island.

### *The Maine Coast*

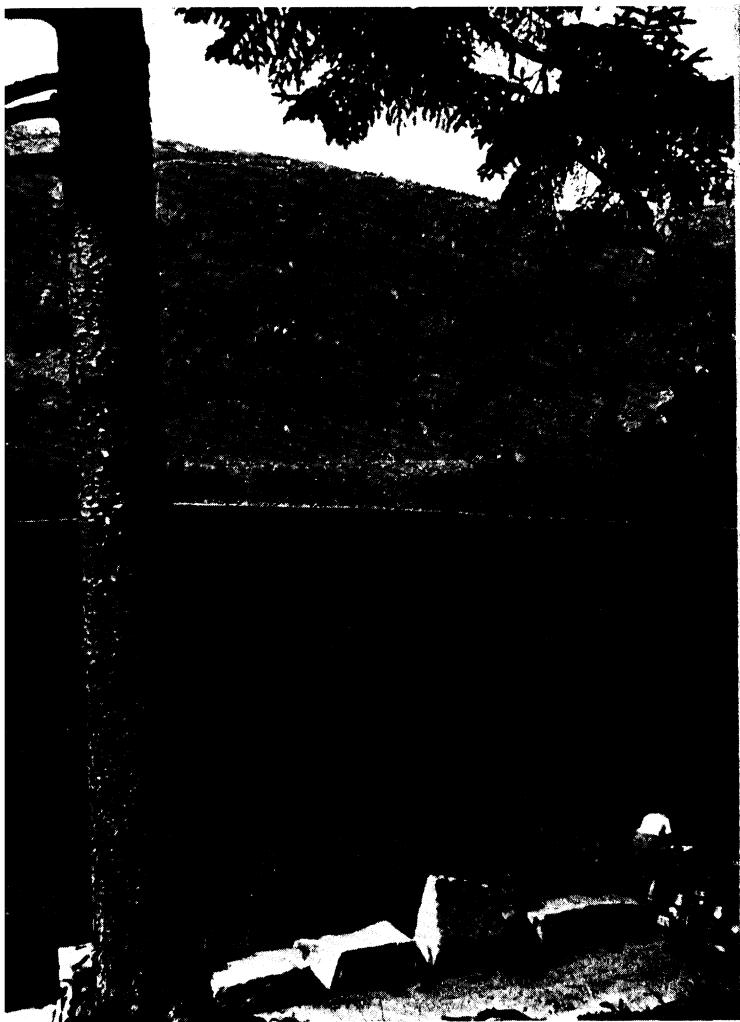
From Rockland there is steamer service to the numerous small wooded islands in Penobscot Bay—Vinalhaven, Swan's Island, and so on. North Haven, about twelve miles from Rockland, has a number of summer estates and a fashionable villa colony who may land there by private plane, if they choose. For years Dwight Morrow had his summer home there, and to it Anne Morrow Lindbergh devoted a chapter of her book, *North to the Orient*. Vinalhaven, south of North Haven, is connected with it by ferry; from its granite quarries came the great monoliths of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. It has many fine summer homes. Deer Isle was once quite primitive—which is why some people liked it so well; but there is now an excellent modern bridge connecting it with the mainland. It, too, has granite quarries which have yielded stone for many important structures in this country, including

Triborough Bridge in New York. Deer Isle granite is a lovely shade of pink. Sardines are caught and packed at Deer Isle. And it is said that many a yacht of American millionaires has been manned "from captain to cabin boy" by Deer Isle natives. The island is almost *two* islands, barely connected. And though it is only nine miles long by five miles wide, it has nearly 100 miles of good roads. Stonington, on the southern tip, is the chief settlement, and there is the Eastern Penobscot Archives Museum belonging to Dr. B. Lake Noyes, who has devoted years and dollars to making the collection. If you're looking for a "setting" for a good lively yarn of "once upon a time," with many salty characters and plenty of slave-running, smuggling, and what not, I recommend Deer Isle to your earnest consideration.

From Deer Isle the steamer goes on, south, to Isle Au Haut which Champlain sighted, and named, in 1604. At its northern end, the bold cliffs tower to a sheer height of more than 550 feet and from their summits there is a superb view. Scarcely 100 yards from the sea, on the eastern shore, is Turner Lake, amber-colored and fringed by silver birches, maples and cedars. Some people believe that Captain Kidd buried treasure at the spot called Money Cove; but no one has ever found any. I begin to believe that Captain Kidd never had any treasure, but was a predecessor of Barnum. Maybe he was an advocate of digging as an aid to health and beauty.

Northeast of Isle Au Haut is Swan's Island, which Champlain also visited. It has small hotels and other types of accommodation for summer visitors.

Three miles north of Rockland on U. S. 1 you come to Witham's Lobster Pounds, where you may fish from off the rocks and then have a lobster luncheon, with lobster of your own selection, boiled in seawater.



*Photo by Black Star*

MOUNT DESERT — DRAMATICALLY BEAUTIFUL



CAMDEN, six miles beyond Rockland, is one of Maine's loveliest towns with a summer colony that includes many noted persons. Edna St. Vincent Millay was a senior in Camden High School and eighteen years old when she wrote *Renascence*. Mrs. Edward Bok has done a great deal for the place; and, largely through her influence, many musicians—including Josef Hofmann—have summer homes there. Good music is heard in the old Camden Opera House, which has been remodeled into a handsome modern auditorium. Mrs. Bok is the daughter of the late Cyrus H. K. Curtis.

The Camden Inn is a very pleasant place to stay.

Eighteen miles farther on you have BELFAST, a popular place with fine summer residents. It has some nice old houses, and a fine view of Penobscot Bay.

Now, if you are pressed for time and feel you must omit Mount Desert, you may continue up the west shore of Penobscot Bay and river to Bangor, which is thirty-five miles inland.

BANGOR will not reward you very much; but it is on U. S. 2, the route I think you may wish to take westward if you are hurrying now to the White Mountains.

However, you will almost certainly be better pleased if you see more of this famous coast. Leave U. S. 1 at STOCKTON SPRINGS, ten miles north of Belfast, and take State 3 east through Sandy Point, and over the Penobscot River on the Waldo-Hancock Suspension Bridge (car and driver fifty cents) through Verona, where Peary's ship for his final Arctic expedition was built, to BUCKSPORT. The old Jed Prouty Tavern there was built in 1804 and has given hospitality to many distinguished guests. In 1889, Richard Golden, a native of Bucksport, produced at Union Square Theater, New York, a comedy, of which he was part author and the star actor,

called *Old Jed Prouty*. He revived it in 1901. Other Bucksport actors are William Farnum (*Ben Hur!*) and Dustin Farnum (*The Virginian!*).

Were this *my* trip it would be there I'd spend a night. Then, next day, if I had to hurry I'd take State 3 again, 20 miles, to Ellsworth, from which it is 20 miles south (still on State 3) to Mount Desert.

But, before going on to Ellsworth, I'd certainly try to detour to visit CASTINE, on the east shore of Penobscot Bay, than which no town in Maine has a more romantic history. Dutch, English, French, Americans, Indians have occupied its soil, and five naval battles have been fought in its harbor. Sir John Moore, once a captain in the British garrison here at Fort George, later became the hero whose burial at Corunna, Spain, inspired what Byron called "the most perfect ode in the language." Paul Revere commanded the artillery in 1779 when a Massachusetts contingent tried in vain to take Castine.

From Castine to ELLSWORTH is one of the most beautiful trips on the whole Maine coast, encircling the famous Blue Hills. This is the Mary Ellen Chase country. Here also Ethelbert Nevin lived, and the musicians of the summer colony still hold weekly concerts in the former studio of Franz Kneisel, concert-master of the Boston Symphony orchestra from 1885-1903, and founder of the Kneisel Quartet.

(This detour will add some forty miles to your tour between Bucksport and Bar Harbor, but it's well worth it!)

### *Mount Desert*

MOUNT DESERT ISLAND has been called "one of the most dramatically beautiful spots in the world." Eighteen pic-



turesquely shaped hills and twenty-six lakes and ponds vary the scenic charms of a wooded island that is cut nearly in half by a sound or fjord. The island is fifteen miles long and from four to twelve miles wide, with an area of 100 square miles. It was discovered by Champlain in 1604, while he was on an exploring expedition westward from the French settlement at the mouth of the St. Croix River, and named by him *Isle des Monts Deserts*. Henry of Navarre, on being told about it, declared it French soil and included it in a grant he made to the Sieur de Monts, who was with Champlain on that voyage. The grant was called Acadia, and included not only the island, but the rest of what we now know as the state of Maine, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton, New Hampshire and Vermont. Quite a present! (Henry authorized De Monts to explore and take possession of all lands in North America lying between the 40" and 46" parallels of north latitude. Later, Henry revoked the grant, then made it over again.) But Champlain persuaded De Monts to abandon Acadia and settle on the St. Lawrence, at Quebec.

A colony of French Jesuits established itself on the island in 1608, but was broken up by the Governor of Virginia, eight years later. After that, the island was a desert indeed, for more than seventy years, when Louis XIV granted it to Cadillac (who was later to found Detroit). Cadillac came to live on his domain, but did not remain long. In 1713, Louis XIV was obliged to cede a large slice of Maine, including the island, to the English, who paid little attention to this beautiful spot for half a century. Then, the Royal Governor of Massachusetts came, was enchanted by it, and somehow acquired it. His property in America was confiscated in the Revolution, but later his son succeeded in recovering half the island, and a granddaughter of Cadillac managed to get

control of the other half. There were, however, few residents; though Abraham Somes of Gloucester had brought his family in 1763 and built a house at Somesville, near the head of Somes Sound.

About 1850, a few artists and summer folk visited the island and in winter kept talking so eloquently of its striking beauties that more people went, and more, till it became not merely frequented, but so fashionable as to vie with Newport.

Bar Harbor is on the east coast, with a fine view across to the mainland. It has many splendid estates, and a beach, and in the town are smart shops and gay crowds.

The Shore Walk corresponds to the Cliff Walk at Newport. There is also an Ocean Drive of twelve miles which takes in some of the finest scenic points on the island.

Seal Harbor, where many musicians stay and near which Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has a large estate, is on the south shore; near there Edsel Ford also has a beautiful place. There, you will want to find the Jordan Pond House, which many people hold to be the grandest place in all the world to enjoy broiled live lobster, popovers for tea outdoors in the sunset, and other good things. At many places on the island are also Pounds, where you may picnic on the rocks or in the woods. You first select your own lobster from the live ones in the Pound, and it will be brought to you cooked.

On Mount Desert is also Northeast Harbor, with a colony which used to include President Eliot of Harvard and Viscount Bryce; and Southwest Harbor. The trip up Somes Sound by boat, some who have traveled widely think, is unsurpassed by any water trip in this country.

On the island south of Bar Harbor is Acadia National Park of some 5,000 acres, a wild-life sanctuary with an amazing variety of animal and vegetable life and an al-

most endless series of drives or walks with breath-taking views. Cadillac Mountain, in the park, is reached by a good road, and on the summit there is ample parking space from which you may enjoy wide sea views and maybe glimpse Mount Katahdin, 110 miles away up in Baxter State Park.

On Main Street in Bar Harbor you will find a Publicity Bureau with information on hotels, boarding houses, sight-seeing trips, buses, boats for hire, and so on.

If you have gone by train (Boston and Maine) to Ellsworth, you'll find bus service between there and Bar Harbor. The Bar Harbor Airport is seven miles south of Ellsworth, and about  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles north of Mount Desert Narrows which are spanned by a drawbridge and by which you cross if you motor.

You must, of course, return to Ellsworth by the same route.

From there, U. S. 1 goes on, 124 miles, through Cherryfield and Columbia Falls and Machias, to Calais' (pronounced Kal'is, in these parts) on the Canadian border. And from Calais it continues, 210 miles, running close to the New Brunswick border, to Fort Kent on the St. John River over which there is an International Bridge to Clair, New Brunswick. However, motorists who want to visit New Brunswick are much more likely to enter it from Calais to St. Stephen and to proceed along the north shore of the Bay of Fundy toward Nova Scotia.

If you want to see something of Campobello Island, where the Franklin D. Roosevelt family has a summer home, leave U. S. 1 at WHITING, seventeen miles beyond Machias, and take Route 189, to LUBEC, eleven miles, a picturesque village which used to be (and may still be!) a haunt of smugglers. Should you wish to visit CAMPOBELLO ISLAND, which is actually Canadian terri-

tory, you may ferry across from Lubec in a few minutes. On the island you will find thirty miles of excellent roads, many fine summer residences, and a succession of magnificent views. You have doubtless heard much about Franklin Roosevelt's fondness for this place—for the fine sailing thereabouts and for the grand fishing off those shores, in Passamaquoddy Bay and the Bay of Fundy.

East of North Lubec is West Quoddy Head, the easternmost point of the United States.

You may prefer to continue on U. S. 1 after Whiting to PERRY, which is forty miles beyond Machias, and there take Route 190 to EASTPORT, a distance of a little over seven miles.

If you do this, keep a lookout on your left for a road, about three quarters of a mile south of Perry, leading in two miles to Pleasant Point, an Indian reservation where about 300 Passamaquoddy Indians live. They farm a little, but live mainly by working at the deep-sea fishing which is the principal industry thereabouts. Ordinarily they do not show any picturesque or characteristic Indian customs or dress; but on special occasions they have tribal ceremonies, although they are really devout Roman Catholics.

You will not find them responsive to such advances as most people unaccustomed to Indians are wont to make; but if they feel in you a genuine respect for their people, a genuine desire for such acquaintance as leads to better understanding, you may make a memorable encounter with one or more of them.

I never cease to marvel at the number of people I meet who have very nice manners for most occasions but none at all for "foreigners," for the poor and unfortunate, or for children; to all of these they "condescend" so obviously that they forfeit every possibility of friendliness.

I'm sure they do not all *mean* to be supercilious, patronizing; but there must be something quite wrong in their mental attitude — something that can't be concealed. I don't believe that children, in general, are particularly hurt by being condescended to; I think they're just disgusted and repulsed. I'm not sure that Indians mind it; they have a sense of dignity which probably causes them to thank God that they are not as some other (white) men are. The poor and unfortunate *are* hurt, but this is not the place to enter into that, as not many people when traveling have many encounters with the unfortunate. But one cannot travel at home or abroad without meeting those we consider "foreigners" — though of course we ourselves, when traveling, are the "foreigners"; and one cannot (God be praised!) travel anywhere without finding children. I often *wince* at things I overhear; mourn when I realize how much in life is lost by certain of us who don't know what we've missed or why we've missed it.

When I suggested a visit to Indians, I thought: "Suppose there should be, among my readers, some who'd seem unwelcome intruders, not because they'd *mean* to be, but because they wouldn't put themselves in the other fellow's place, wouldn't understand his feelings. . . ."

Superfluous anxiety on my part, probably! But, having mentioned it, I think I'll let it stand. You may rub shoulders with someone who needs this admonition, and contrive to pass it on to him.

Another reason for taking this detour on Route 190 from Perry is that on MOOSE ISLAND, which the Route crosses en route to Eastport, is QUODDY VILLAGE — which was the headquarters of the Passamaquoddy Tidal Power Development Project, suspended in February, 1937, after a year's work on it. The tides in Passamaquoddy Bay

are not so high as those in the neighboring Bay of Fundy; but they are extraordinarily high (thirteen to twenty-three feet) and the Project was to harness this tidal power, at a cost of nearly \$40,000,000, thus generating more electricity than is at present supplied by all the power stations in Maine. There were those who believed that this power would be a great boon to Maine farmers, would encourage more industries to locate in this section, and would help to develop the mineral resources of Maine, which have scarcely been tapped yet; and there were those who believed that this vast expenditure was not justified, and were able to have it halted. The equipment at Quoddy Village has since been utilized by the National Youth Administration for a largely self-governing group of young New Englanders trying to fit themselves self-sustainingly into a scheme of living that once seemed to have no place for them. In the village is a model of the "Quoddy Plan."

EASTPORT is a fishing town, and beloved by artists. It has an Art School, and there are two factories which manufacture, from herring scales, a coating for artificial pearls.

In the St. Croix River, on which Calais is situated, is the island whereon Champlain and the Sieur de Monts landed on June 26, 1604, intending to establish there a trading post and settlement. The severe winter that followed made them think the place unsuitable, so they sailed off southward, in the spring.

## CHAPTER XI

### AROOSTOOK AND THE MAINE LAKES

ABOUT seventy-five miles north of Calais is PRESQUE ISLE in the Valley of the Aroostook River. This is a great country for potatoes and raises nearly fifteen per cent of all those consumed in the United States, a larger amount than is produced in any other state, though the acreage planted to potatoes is exceeded in five other states. Potatoes account for more than half the cash value of Maine's total agricultural output; and eighty-five per cent of that output comes from Aroostook County. Delicious blueberries there, too, and apples, and Maine corn. Wait till you've eaten Maine corn on the cob boiled in milk!

Fine hunting and fishing up there, too; and many good camps.

At Houlton, forty-five miles south of Presque Isle, is the beginning of U. S. 2, the route you may be taking to New Hampshire. Near Houlton is the receiving station of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the first long-wave receiving station of its kind. One third of all long-wave traffic routed by way of England is handled there, some of it for Australia.

A section of U. S. 1 goes northwest from Ellsworth to Bangor, twenty-six-and-a-half miles, via Lucerne-in-Maine.

If you do not go east of Mount Desert you have sixty-six miles to "do" from Bar Harbor to Bangor. My suggestion for an objective on the day you leave Mount Desert would be Bethel, 138 miles from Bangor, on the edge of White Mountain National Forest. That would give you a day's run of just over 200 miles. If you can't do that, you will find a delightful haven for the night at the Belgrade, in the Belgrade Lakes region, or at the Elmwood in Waterville, near by. Colby College is in Waterville. Fine camps all through the Belgrade Lakes region. It was here that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Richards had that Camp Merryweather at which many a youngster drank deep of inspiration which he has carried with him all through life. Mrs. Richards is the beloved Laura E., daughter of Julia Ward Howe.

Champlain piloted his little sixteen-ton vessel up the Penobscot to BANGOR in 1604, but nothing happened there for many years. In fact, as late as 1818, the most important news in the *Eastern Argus* on the first day of the new year was that "Mr. Holmes had a new suit of clothes before he went to Congress."

Yet, in the 1850's Bangor was probably the leading lumber port in the world, while in the sixties and seventies it was second only to Chicago.

In those days, a section of the city compared with San Francisco's Barbary Coast in its most colorful era. The first steamboat which reached Bangor from Boston was later employed to carry pilgrims from Alexandria, Egypt, to Mecca, and later as the royal yacht of the Sultan of Turkey.

Of "things to see" there are few. Perhaps the most interesting is the Bangor House, corner of Main and Union Streets, which had a lot of goings-on in it during the lumber-boom days.



The University of Maine is at Orono, eight miles northeast of Bangor. And five miles farther from Bangor on the same route, U. S. 2, coming down from the northeast, is Old Town, on the Penobscot; there, in the river, is an island on which is an Indian reservation where about 400 of the remaining Penobscot Indians live. They own the island; and though they neither vote nor pay taxes, they send a non-voting representative to the Maine Legislature. Visitors welcome. Some seven miles south of Bangor, on the section of U. S. 1 that runs north from Stockton Springs, is DOROTHEA DIX MEMORIAL PARK on the site of the farm where she was born in 1802. That great woman, whose memory should be forever honored, had been for some years a teacher in Boston and a writer, when — in 1841 — she became interested in the condition of jails and almshouses, and especially of the pauper insane. She was able almost at once to secure improved treatment for these wretched folk in Massachusetts. During the next six years she visited eighteen State penitentiaries, 300 county jails and houses of correction, and over 500 almshouses. Through her efforts immense reforms were accomplished. In 1854 she brought about sweeping reforms in the care of the insane in Scotland. Soon thereafter her work was extended through most of Europe, including Russia and Greece and Turkey; and even to Japan. During the Civil War she was superintendent of women nurses. Maine may well be proud of Dorothea Dix. Few women have done so much for humanity.

*From Bangor to Canada through North Maine*

Should you be bound, not for the White Mountains, but for Quebec, you would still take U. S. 2 from Bangor

as far as Skowhegan (sixty miles) and there pick up U. S. 201, on which it is about 99 miles to the International Boundary, and 93 miles more to Quebec. This is the route long used by the Indians between Maine and the Quebec region, and by the early Jesuit missionaries; also by Benedict Arnold's expedition to Quebec in 1775. Pretty much all along the way are attractive places to stop for meals and to spend the night; and from JACKMAN, sixteen miles south of the International Boundary, there is an excellent highway (which does not show on most maps of Maine) to Rockwood on the shores of magnificent MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

Both the Jackman region and the Moosehead region are superb vacation and sport grounds and well supplied with camps, cottages, and fine hotels. Hay fever is unknown there.

Another route you may like to consider is State 7, north from Newport (twenty-eight miles west of Bangor) to Dover-Foxcroft (twenty-seven-and-a-half miles), and thence on State 15 to Greenville, thirty-four miles more, at the southern extremity of the Moosehead region and on the greatest of all New England lakes.

MOOSEHEAD lies, thirty-five miles long, hemmed in by rugged mountains and virgin forests. It has a shoreline of about 350 miles, and is more than a thousand feet above the sea. The air is splendidly invigorating. Steamers ply up and down the lake, and in its midst rises Mount Kineo. The whole Moosehead region is superb. And the Mount Kineo Hotel, owned by the Maine Central Railroad, is splendidly located and delightfully "run" by Colonel Henry N. Teague. This is also about six hours' driving distance from Rockland, on the Maine coast. If your time permits it should certainly be visited, even if you are going not to Quebec but to the White

Mountains. In that case go from Newport to Greenville, as described; up to Rockwood, twenty-five miles, and across to Jackman. Then later return on U. S. 201 to Norridgewock (seventy-eight miles), and there pick up U. S. 2 for Bethel. Even three days for this detour will give you many grand impressions of Maine, totally different from those you have had along her shore, and will show you why many people from other parts of New England come here so often. Do it, if you can; and make it more than three days, if possible. You'll revel in all the time you spend there.

Bangor would likewise be your starting place for BAXTER STATE PARK and KATAHDIN STATE GAME PRESERVE. For this you'd take U. S. 2 north, sixty-two miles, to Mattawamkeag, a junction for the Maine Central Railroad and the Canadian Pacific Railway. There you'd take State 11 for eleven miles, to Medway; then State 157 to Millinocket, twelve miles. If you think of going up to that part of Maine, write to the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Millinocket, and ask for the booklet with map and information. Accommodation is scarce, and gas stations are few.

### *From Bangor to New Hampshire*

Now, for U. S. 2 to the White Mountains. Between Bangor and Newport you pass through HERMON, where in the early 1800's there flourished a religious sect called Millerites who, in 1843, gave away all they possessed, donned ascension robes, climbed to the roof or on a hill, and waited to ascend with the Lord after his second coming. Some seven miles farther on your way is CARMEL, where the Higginsites flourished, at about the same time. They refrained from eating pork, believed in healing by

Faith, and tried to drive the Devil out of children by whipping them so cruelly that the Carmelites who were *not* Higginsites tarred and feathered the Reverend George Higgins, one night, and drove him far away.

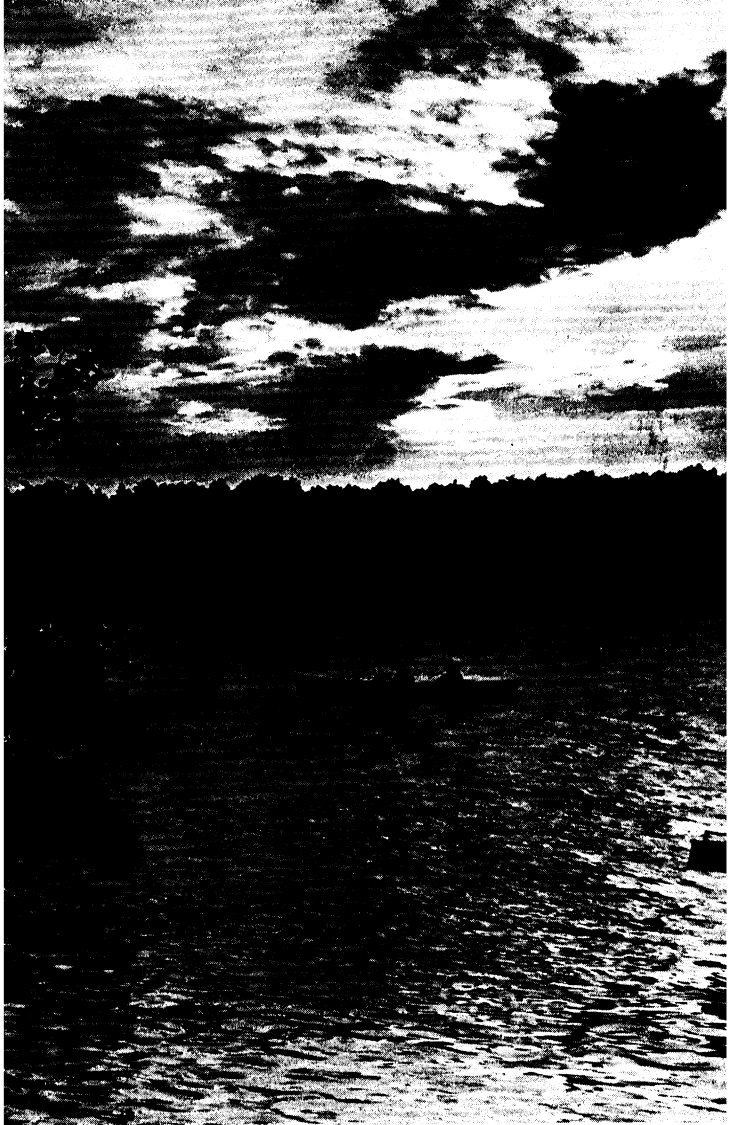
Then comes ETNA, where spiritualists have a temple seating 1100, a clubhouse, and nearly fourscore cottages.

NEWPORT has a lovely lake near the center of the town. Twenty-five miles farther is SKOWHEGAN, where Benedict Arnold had a camp in September, 1775. The State Reformatory for Women is there. Five miles north is LAKEWOOD, which has a very well-known and long-established summer theater, where many Broadway plays are given — either before Broadway has seen them or after it has approved them.

Between Farmington Falls and FARMINGTON (where Nordica was born), on the right of the road, is STANWOOD PARK, where for ten cents you may see some 500 animals representative of the state's wild life.

From Farmington many visitors will probably detour to the RANGELEY LAKES, a beautiful region of semi-wilderness with forested mountains, lovely valleys, and lakes and streams full of trout and salmon, difficult to match in the Eastern States. The town of RANGELEY is only forty miles from Farmington, on State 4. There you will find all the luxuries and gaieties at Rangeley Lake Hotel (elevation over 1600 feet, hay fever unknown) or may live in cottages or camps. There is through train and auto service from New York and Philadelphia to Rangeley, there is an airport with suitable landings for the largest passenger hydroplanes.

It's a magnificent region; don't overlook it. If you can't linger on this trip, you can at least look at it and pick a place to sojourn on another visit.



*Photo by R. I. Nesmith*

THE MAINE LAKE REGION IS FISHERMAN'S PARADISE



A fine new road leads to Errol, New Hampshire, close to Dixville Notch.

RUMFORD, on U. S. 2 at the magnificent FALLS OF ANDROSCOGGIN, is the seat of New England's largest paper pulp mills, and its high school offers the only course in New England for the study of pulp and paper manufacture. Rumford is a popular winter sports center, and has a Winter Carnival each February.

Twenty-five miles beyond Rumford is BETHEL, a charming old town made famous by Dr. J. H. Gehring, "the Master of the Inn," who set so many nerve-racked persons on the road to health, happiness and service.

It seems to me that the Bethel Inn is a perfect place to conclude a Maine sojourn. When you can finally make up your mind to leave there, you have but twelve-and-a-half miles to go to the New Hampshire border — and soon you can be in the very heart of the White Mountains.

### *Maine Sports*

Visitors — come to enjoy her beauty, her climate, her sports, her food, her interesting life — are Maine's chief source of income. Of this, she is happily aware. More than a million visitors a year spend well over one hundred million dollars in Maine; Maine does everything she knows how to do to cater to them and to please them.

The magnificence of her coast is world-renowned; yachtsmen ask nothing better than opportunity to sail along it, and it has mile upon mile of splendid bathing beaches.

Inland, Maine has — as I have already reminded you — more than 2200 lakes and ponds, and more than 5000

rivers and streams. No wonder she is a fisherman's paradise! Millions of fish are caught each year in the freshwater lakes and streams, and millions more in the ocean. Of landlocked salmon and trout alone, the State's Department of Inland Fisheries and Game liberates six million each year from thirty-five or more hatcheries.

I can't go into detail here about sports; but I can give a few general indications and tell you where to go for the rest.

**FISHING IN INLAND WATERS.** Lake Sebago is noted for its landlocked salmon. Ice out first here and earliest fishing reports always come from Sebago.

The Rangeley Lakes in Western Maine, close to the New Hampshire border, are the natural home of the fighting trout; and lately landlocked salmon have been introduced. There are also black bass and pickerel.

The Belgrade Lakes, north of Augusta, famous for bass-fishing, also yield salmon and trout.

Moosehead Lake Region, still farther north of Augusta, is great for game fish: salmon, square-tailed trout, and others.

The Allagash Region, where you are likely to be if you are an enthusiast about canoeing, has square-tailed trout and salmon.

The Katahdin Region, north of Bangor, as rich in trout as in glorious scenery, has fishing similar to that of the Allagash — which is near by.

The Fish River Region, up in the northeastern part of the state, has probably the finest salmon fishing in Maine, but not much accommodation except in sportsmen's camps.

The Grand Lakes Region, quickly accessible from Calais (in eastern Maine) is famous for salmon and bass fishing and also has many other kinds of fish.



If you're on a holiday of what we might call a "general" sort, but want to do some good, "sporty" fishing without going too far afield for it, you'll find it in the Rangeley or Belgrade or Grand Lakes or at Moosehead. In all of these you'll find accommodation ranging from de luxe to simple except at the Grand Lakes Region, where a number of simple, delightful camps are available. The Bangor Pool is renowned for its Atlantic salmon fishing and lately has become popular for its catches of striped bass on fly rods.

In general, the fishing season begins when the ice is out and lasts to dates varying from June 20 (in the case of black bass fly-fishing) to September 30.

If you are a guest at a hotel or camp, the management will give you full instructions about equipment, regulations, license, and so on. You will find a good deal of useful direction in the *Maine* volume of The American Guide Series. In the booklet published for free distribution by the New England Council and called *Your Vacation in New England*, there is a long list of pamphlets, for some of which you may want to write; as, for instance, *Belgrade Lakes Region*, from the Kennebec Fish and Game Association, Belgrade Lakes; or *The Rangeley Lakes Region*, from the Publicity Bureau, Rangeley. Best of all is the very beautiful booklet called *Maine Fishing, Hunting, Canoeing*, published by the Maine Development Commission, State House, Augusta, Maine. Superbly illustrated and full of information and of allure.

**SALT-WATER FISHING.** Rock cod, cunners, and summer flounders (plaice) are caught from rocks along the shore in Maine. Bluefish, mackerel, cod, Atlantic salmon, herring, haddock, chicken halibut, perch, sea bass, tuna, swordfish, shad, must be sought in deeper waters off-

shore. No license is required for salt-water fishing. Boats equipped for tuna-fishing are available at Ogunquit, York Harbor, Biddeford Pool and Portland.

**HUNTING.** Big game — moose, deer, and black bear — is plentiful in the north woods. Moose are to be found in Aroostook County, which reaches to the St. John River and the Canadian boundary; also farther south, in the vicinity of Moosehead Lake, and many other places.

Game wardens estimate that more than 100,000 deer were killed in a recent October in the six northern counties of Maine alone.

Black bear are numerous, even in Washington County where Calais is. Bobcats are common and occasionally one comes upon a beaver dam with beavers at work. Fox-hunting is popular, yet the number of foxes is increasing rapidly. Coons grow big in Maine, where they are hunted at night with hounds imported from the South. Hounds are also used to hunt rabbits.

Birds hunted in Maine include duck, woodcock, partridge and pheasants. The partridge, or ruffed grouse, is native to Maine and there are grouse covers near every Maine city, although there's better shooting up north, where cities are far behind. The main flight of woodcock passes through the eastern section of Maine yearly so that hunting of this gamy bird is usually particularly good. Duck shooting, popular everywhere in Maine, is specially good at Merrymeeting Bay, only four miles north of Brunswick. Some experts consider it better there than anywhere else on the Atlantic coast.

**CANOEING.** This is grand sport in Maine. Guides, costing six to eight dollars per day, will provide canoes and arrange for supplies.

An excellent place to start is Greenville, at the south end of Moosehead Lake. One trip from there, of a little

over one hundred and fifty-six miles, may be done in eight days or stretched out as much longer as you wish; grand fishing all along the way.

Another good starting-point is Rangeley. And a third is in the Belgrade Lakes, starting at Waterville.

There's a good canoe trip on the Saco River, from Fryeburg, which is close to the New Hampshire border. And one from Portland to Harrison at the top of Long Lake, in the lovely Sebago Lake Region.

HIKING AND CLIMBING. Nearly every type of trail invites the hiker in Maine, and many a peak challenges those who delight in mountain climbing.

The longest trail in Maine is the *Appalachian*, comprising the first 265 miles of the trail that is continuous from Mount Katahdin, Maine, to Mount Oglethorpe, Georgia — 2,054 miles in all. The Maine section of this great trail was the last completed, and the most difficult to lay out.

For complete information on this trail, ask *The Appalachian Trail Conference*, Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C., for their *Guide to the Appalachian Trail in Maine*, or write the New England Trail Conference, 60 Fearing St., Amherst, Mass. (enclosing ten cents) for their Map of Hiking and Bridle Trails in New England. This can also be obtained from the New England Council. The New England Trail Conference also publishes: *Cooking, Carrying, Camping on the Appalachian Trail*, a Manual for Beginners, by S. W. Edwards. Price 25 cents.

If you'd like to do a single day's hike, there's a good one of only seven miles at Rangeley, starting from Saddleback Pond. There's another in the Moosehead region, starting from Squaw Mountain Inn, two miles north of Greenville.

Almost everyone who visits Maine will want to try at

least a little section, for one day or a half-day, on this great trail. And there are many other mountain trails. Perhaps the shortest is that on Champlain Mountain on Mount Desert, starting from Bar Harbor.

RIDING. Thus far, the saddle trails cover considerably more than half the state. Each is marked by an orange board on which is a black horseshoe encircling the trail number.

State Trail Number One starts from the Bangor Fair Grounds. You might like to try it as far as the Dow Farm, 28 miles, and spend the night there, returning next day — or going on to Lakeview, on Schoodic Lake, where there's fine trout-fishing.

Another good trail begins at Augusta.

There are many others.

YACHTING. The main event of the yachtsmen's year in Maine is the Monhegan Island race, managed by the Portland Yacht Club; but every section of the coast has its races and regattas.

WINTER SPORTS. As might be expected, Maine is wonderfully "laid out" for these.

Ice hockey is a great favorite; so is iceboating, and horse racing on ice, and dog sled racing, and tobogganing — not to mention skiing, skating, snowshoeing.

Bangor is a good point of departure for near-by winter sports. So is Bar Harbor. Camden has a Winter Carnival; so has Caribou, away up northeast, on U. S. 1. Fort Fairfield and Fryeburg both have them; so do Rumford and Presque Isle.

## CHAPTER XII

### NEW HAMPSHIRE

CORNELIUS WEYGANDT, whose summer home is at North Sandwich, New Hampshire, and who wrote *A Passing America*, *The White Hills*, and *New Hampshire Neighbors*, says that "New Hampshire folk are the merriest of the Puritans," and pays them fine tribute as "fellowly" neighbors, and people with a love of mimicry and jest; people who have not forgotten the gospel of hard work, but who believe also in a gospel of laughter.

New Hampshire thinks highly of Professor Weygandt — instead of repudiating him, as communities are wont to do with people who write about them — and chose him to introduce it to all comers in its *Guide to the Granite State*. So it's safe to assume that her people will not feel you "forward" if you arrive within their borders expecting geniality and kindliness.

As a matter of fact I have seldom known anyone to be disappointed who arrived *anywhere* with that expectation; but some people are a little slower than others to make manifest how kind they are.

You know as you approach New Hampshire that you are going to revel in scenic grandeur. It's well to know, too, that you may expect to meet much genial human nature.

All approaches to New Hampshire are beautiful and

interesting and easy to travel. Your choice will be made according to where you start from, and the part of New Hampshire you want to reach first.

### *Approach from South or West*

If you are motoring from New York City to New Hampshire you will probably choose between Merritt Parkway to Norwalk, Connecticut, U. S. 7 through western Connecticut and the Berkshires, and east on Route 2 from Williamstown to U. S. 5 at Greenfield, thence north to Brattleboro, Vermont, and then Route 9 through Keene to your destination; that, or U. S. 9 up, fairly close along the Hudson, to its junction with U. S. 20, south of Albany, U. S. 20 to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and thence Route 8 to North Adams and east on Route 2 to Greenfield. There are many possible variations; but these are two of the routes from New York.

Going from Boston you would probably take U. S. 3, through Lowell, Massachusetts, to Nashua, New Hampshire, and on up to Manchester and Concord, Lake Winnepesaukee, Squam Lake, Franconia, and so on. There are also routes and buses through Keene.

East from Albany, and points west of there, go north on Route 32 to Watervliet and there pick up Route 7 to the Vermont border, where it becomes Route 9, leading due east through Bennington and Brattleboro and Keene to Concord.

### *Across New Hampshire from Maine*

West from Maine, the principal routes are U. S. 2 through Bethel to Gorham (which we shall follow, presently); and Route 25 from Portland, Maine, to Plym-

outh, New Hampshire, and on to the Connecticut River.

U. S. 2 through Maine from New Brunswick via Bangor and Bethel to Gorham is in New Hampshire the Presidential Highway, named for the Presidential Range of the White Mountains, whose eleven great peaks form a line about fifteen miles long and are the best known part of the great White Mountain area, which occupies more than 1200 square miles in the northern half of New Hampshire. Cutting this mountain mass off from its surroundings are miles of inaccessible territory pierced only by two valleys and three notches or gaps, through which one must travel sixty-five miles by motor to encircle the mass.

Across New Hampshire from the Maine Line twelve-and-a-half miles west of BETHEL, to LANCASTER, is only thirty-seven miles; about one fourth of it bordering the Androscoggin River, which comes down from its northern source in Umbagog Lake and turns east at Gorham on its rushing way through Maine to the Atlantic, near Bath.

The U. S. 2 road is very lovely, with white birches and river scenes and glimpses of grand mountains.

SHELBURNE, with a population fewer than 200, is your first village in New Hampshire on U. S. 2. The beauty of "Shelburne Birches" has been perpetuated in the water-colors of Dodge MacKnight, who painted them enthusiastically for twenty-five years.

Two miles beyond Shelburne you have, on your left, a beautiful glimpse of Mt. Washington. And three and a half miles further, at Lead Mine Bridge, is a scenic viewpoint which many people think is hardly excelled in the whole White Mountain region. This is just before you come to the beautiful little town of GORHAM, which is the tourist center for the northern mountains of the Presi-

dential Range. In the Gorham district there are 272 miles of trails, many of them ski trails that attract crowds in winter and spring and even, some years, in very early summer. If you are a climber you will be well rewarded for the ascent of Pine Mountain, less than three miles distant, from which the outlook is splendid.

Gorham was the center from which the Reverend Thomas Starr King made most of his excursions among the mountains that he did so much to bring to the attention of his countrymen. A Boston clergyman and a born nature-lover, his first visit to this section was made in 1849. Four years later he began writing articles about the mountains for the *Boston Evening Transcript*. They were warmly received, and in 1859 were published in a book called *The White Hills: Their Legends, Landscapes and Poetry*, which is still the classic in White Mountain literature. "As a general thing," he wrote, "Gorham is the place to see the more rugged sculpturing and the Titanic brawn of the hills. Turning from North Conway to the Androscoggin Valley is somewhat like turning from a volume of Tennyson to the pages of Carlyle."

You may want to turn north from Gorham up the Androscoggin through Berlin and Errol, and then west to Dixville Notch.

BERLIN, seven miles north of Gorham, is a busy lumber town with many mills and factories. The Brown Paper Company is the dominant industry, and among the products it derives from wood pulp are explosives, lacquers and artificial silks. It was once computed that the paper, alone, made at Berlin each year would make a road fifteen feet wide that would run nineteen times around the world.

The Androscoggin flows through a narrow channel there and falls some 400 feet in six miles, furnishing one



of the greatest power sites in New England. French Canadians predominate, and there are many Norwegians. It was the latter who founded, more than fifty years ago, the Nansen Ski and Outing Club, the oldest skiing club in the United States. Thousands of visitors go to Berlin each winter for its ski events — the sixteen-mile dogsled race, and the loggers' contests in sawing and chopping. There is also a fine school system, a Carnegie Library, several choral societies, and the Berlin Symphony Orchestra of fifty members, which gives concerts each winter.

Down the trail which you may now be going up, the St. Francis and Penobscot Indians from Canada were wont to pass on their raids into Maine and beyond, bent on massacre, plunder, destruction and the taking of captives. Around Berlin is some of the wildest hunting ground in New Hampshire.

In MILAN, four miles beyond Berlin, fine horses are bred, including Arabians. Then comes a village called DUMMER, north of which is Thirteen Mile Woods, where there are deer, bear, and small game, and you see never a vestige of anything human. Then presently you come to an old covered bridge over the Androscoggin, and enter ERROL, a lumbering and farming village whence the new road runs to Rangeley, Maine, center of the lovely Rangeley Lakes region whose popularity is growing fast.

### *A Road across New Hampshire*

Now you take State 26, the most northerly road across the state of New Hampshire, and a route of spectacular splendor. (Have your brakes, gas, water and oil checked before leaving Errol.) Ten miles beyond Errol, you pass by the wayside (right) the graves of John Whittemore

and his wife Betsy, who came to this wild section in 1812 and endured extreme hardships for three years. John was agent here for Daniel Webster, who took possession after the death, early in the War of 1812, of Colonel Timothy Dix, Jr., to whom the property had been granted in 1805 on condition that he secure thirty settlers within five years. Webster was one of Dix's sureties; and when Dix died, Webster sent Whittemore here to hold the grant for him. Then, in bleak December of 1815, Betsy died; and John couldn't break the frozen ground to bury her till late spring. He laid her here, and went to live at Colebrook, twelve miles away, beyond the Notch. Then, more than thirty years later, he was brought back to lie beside his Betsy. Still there were no settlers; and nearly 20 years more went by before anyone ventured to live hereabouts.

Very near the overgrown graves of the Whittemores is a trail leading to a flume, where Flume Brook rushes through a chasm some fifteen feet wide and 250 feet long, making some pretty cascades. (This is not the famous Flume, however.)

Now you approach DIXVILLE NOTCH, scenically magnificent and famous for its freedom from hay fever.

I have heard that a hay fever sufferer named Hale, who was an inventor of comfortable seats for railway cars, and very rich, built The Balsams and spent many millions on it. It is now a hotel, in a 4,600-acre estate.

Some eight miles west of The Balsams estate is COLEBROOK, at the Vermont State Line and the junction of the Connecticut and Mohawk Rivers. Above Colebrook towers the Mt. Monadnock of Vermont, not New Hampshire's famous one. Beaver Falls at Colebrook are lovely.

Colebrook is the headquarters of those who delight in early-spring trout-fishing. Once it was the wealthiest

town per capita in New Hampshire, and among its products was starch—of which it made five per cent of all that was manufactured in the United States. Does your memory go back far enough to include the days when starch was a very important staple, and practically every article of washable wearing apparel, household linen, curtains, and what-not, was as stiff as starch could make it? It was a good thing for Colebrook that the trout kept coming, and anglers keep coming after them; and that the mountains “stay put” and attract more and more tourists every year; for now tourists are one of Colebrook’s best-paying “industries”; but this vicinity is also raising potatoes—which a lot of people won’t eat for fear of the starch in the tubers!

It was a group of Colebrook families—a dozen of them—who went west to Wisconsin in 1838, or thereabouts (the date is variously given), and founded Beloit—where, aided by Congregational and Presbyterian churches “back home,” they created Beloit College to meet the educational needs of that region which was just opening up.

The oldest house in Colebrook is now an inn, Polly’s Place (rooms, and moderate-price meals).

From Colebrook via U. S. 3 it is only a few miles into Canada. What you are most likely to do there, however, is to turn south, on U. S. 3, to Lancaster (thirty-four miles), down along the Connecticut, through North Stratford, Groveton and Northumberland.

LANCASTER is a fine little town with beautiful surroundings and many charming old houses. See “Mount Prospect,” the home of the late John W. Weeks, who did so much to get the White Mountains “preserved” for you; and ask about the “husky” dogs; for Lancaster is the only place in New Hampshire, besides the famous Wona-

lancet, where one may be instructed in driving a dog sledge.

From there you will probably wish to turn back, east and south, on U. S. 2 to JEFFERSON (about six-and-a-half miles) on the slope of Mt. Starr King, with one of the most extensive views in the region. You may want to spend the night at Jefferson, at the Waumbek. Or you may want to get on to Bretton Woods, to the Mt. Pleasant House or to the big and famous Mt. Washington Hotel; or to the Crawford House, at Crawford Notch. Or you may have, as your principal objective for this region, Franconia — Peckett's on Sugar Hill, maybe! — or Bethlehem, on the northern slope of Mt. Agassiz, or North Woodstock where Indian Head Cabins are (each with tiled bathroom and open fireplace beside which stands a full woodbox; and near by a dining room seating 150; gift shop specializing in Indian artcraft).

North Woodstock also is near FRANCONIA NOTCH, which has a State-owned aerial tramway on Cannon Mountain, attracting more visitors than ever, summer and winter, to a region that has always been especially beautiful.

### *Where to Stay?*

This whole region is thick-strewn with hotels, camps, cottages. It is impossible to describe them all, or to guess at which one you will like best to stay. But from any one of them you can make trips to most or all of the famous places in the vicinity.

WHITEFIELD, which is only eight miles south of Lancaster on U. S. 3, has an ice palace in winter when it holds its Winter Carnival, and in summer its many visitors have, among other entertainment, opportunity to see the Yale Forty-Niners produce plays in a barn

belonging to Mr. Will Chase, a dramatic critic of the *New York Times*. Polo is a feature of Whitefield, too,—in fact, it's taught there,—and it was probably to accommodate polo players that an airport was constructed next to the White Mountain Polo Ranch, where you might be able to stay, and to play, if it's "off season" when you get there.

The Mountain View House at Whitefield is one of the best-known resort hotels in New England, with a devoted clientele which—for the most part—likes a reasonable amount of old-fashioned formality: for instance, dressing for dinner instead of coming to the dining room in motoring gear or golf togs. It's refreshing to find a hotel which maintains, as much as it can, the traditions of other days when people didn't pile in, travel-stained and weary, at night and hurry off in the morning to be on their way again; when guests were not too "rushed" to be gracious, and considerate of their hosts and of their fellow guests. I can appreciate a man's reasons for not carrying a "tux" on his vacation; but if he expects to stay at any very nice hotels I think he should take along something in the way of semiformal summer evening clothes; and a woman can always have with her at least one dinner dress, however simple, to brighten up the look of the handsome dining room and of the lounge after dinner. It "makes all the difference in the world" in the air of a hotel, and is the least we can do to "co-operate" with the management in its effort to maintain something different from a more-expensive tourist camp.

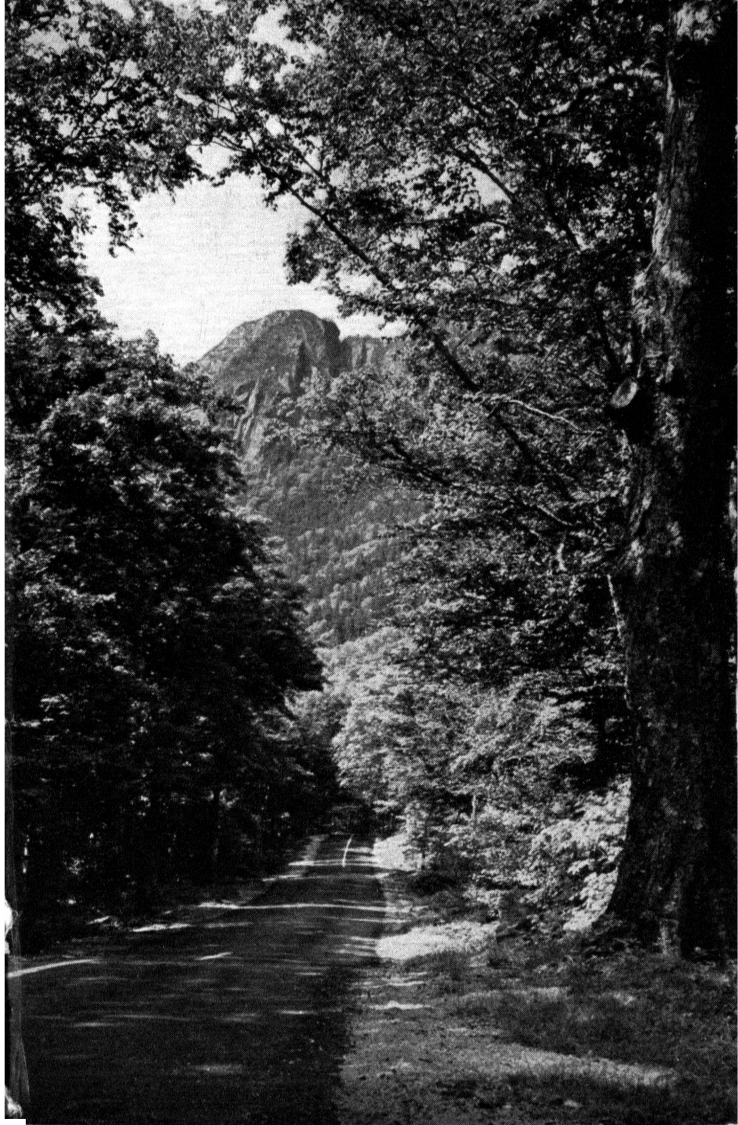
The Mountain View House has been kept by the Dodge family for more than seventy-five years (not the same building, but the same kind of service in successive buildings) and is renowned for its delicious food.

Near it is Spalding Inn, also well liked, and smaller.

There's no getting away from it, the White Mountains are, winter and summer, almost *too* popular, and it's a bit of a fine art, now, to learn how to enjoy them without feeling as if you had gone to Coney Island on a hot Sunday. But it can be done! There are places which find ways.

For a night stop on a motor tour one can be fairly indifferent to his fellow-boarders, though it's easier to enjoy beautiful surroundings when the human nature about us doesn't seem such a sad "misfit." But for a sojourn of some days, or weeks, while you explore the vicinity or settle down to rest and re-create, you want a fair proportion of more or less congenial people about you. So, I'd do some rather careful "consulting" before I picked a place to stay in the White Mountain region. There are many things that can't be said in print; so don't expect to find them in any book or booklet. They can be told only "man to man"; but it's worth the effort of finding the man, or woman, who shares your tastes and so can tell you what you want to know. To say that a place is not your kind of place is no condemnation of it for many other persons; but who can say that, unless he knows something about you and what gives you the greatest pleasure?

U. S. 3, the Daniel Webster Highway, gives you direct access to Whitefield, goes close to Franconia and Sugar Hill, runs through Twin Mountain, and on south past the Old Man of the Mountains and the site of the once-famous Profile House (burned in 1922), Profile Lake, The Flume Tea House, across the southern boundary of the Franconia Notch Reservation, past Indian Head and Clark's Eskimo Dog Ranch, which you'll probably want to visit, and West Campton (many over-



*Photo by Hanson & Wals*

FRANCONIA NOTCH HAS VISITORS SUMMER AND WINTER





night cabins) to Plymouth — it is forty-seven-and-a-half miles from Twin Mountain to Plymouth.

State 302, the Theodore Roosevelt Highway, runs through North Conway, close to the Maine border, and via Bartlett and Bemis to the Crawford House and Bretton Woods, and then on through Bethlehem to Littleton.

Somewhere along one or the other of these routes you will probably find a place you'll like and can afford, for your exploration of this district.

I have named a good many of those I know. Most persons who have been there feel that Peckett's on SUGAR HILL is one of the choicest small hotels in the world. But it can't accommodate many people, and there are always many who wish to be accommodated; so the Pecketts can pick and choose — and they *do*; that's one of the reasons the place is so desirable. The rates are high, but not for what they give. Write for reservations if you think you'd like to stay there. It is not open all year. The Pecketts are a family of distinguished taste, and one feels it in everything about their place. But even if you don't make a stay on Sugar Hill you'll probably want to buy sugar and syrup there. Hildex Farm products are in great demand.

Hotel Lookoff is larger — can take 150 guests — and is located on the highest hotel site in New England, with magnificent views: the Presidential Range, the Franconia, and the Green Mountains. Finely kept and ample grounds, with private golf course free to guests; an orchestra; many recreational features; a clubhouse. And there's the Sunset Hill House, accommodating 200.

Minot's Farm on Sugar Hill, belonging to the Pecketts, takes winter sports guests and makes them delightfully comfortable.

Caramat Terrace on Sugar Hill is an old Colonial house to which a long wing has been added to increase the accommodation for guests—who must not be unexpected. Open all year, and said to be exceedingly pleasant and more than comfortable. Moderate prices.

At Franconia, there's the Forest Hills Hotel, managed by Norman Pancoast, whose Miami hotel bearing his name may be your favorite.

Three miles north of North Woodstock (at the entrance to Franconia Notch on U. S. 3), there is Hotel Franconia, a modern hotel with every facility for outdoor sports.

Bethlehem is headquarters of the National Hay Fever Association. You might wonder why, because hay fever is unknown there except by hearsay. The Twin Mountain House has been the resort of many erstwhile sufferers since Henry Ward Beecher, fleeing Brooklyn where his sneezing and snorting spoiled his sermons, came to Fabyan and preached in a tabernacle—which is now a garage. The Arlington is a popular "family hotel" here.

The famous Mount Washington Hotel is at Bretton Woods, and accommodates 400 guests. The Fabyan Hotel at Fabyan accommodates the same number and is somewhat less expensive.

In some vicinities hereabouts there are said to be more tourist cabins than houses. On U. S. 3 at Woodstock you will find Jack O'Lantern's Tavern, which many people find an agreeable halt for the night; and south of it on U. S. 3 is The Robbins Nest, picturesque, comfortable, inexpensive, the main structure built from what was once an old covered bridge; cottages for lodging.

South from Fabyan, on U. S. 302, at the gateway to Crawford Notch, is the Crawford House, which has been kept by the Barron family for going on sixty years. Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra play there,

as has been the custom for many years, from the days when hotel "patrons" were so different from what many of them are nowadays. Accommodations for 175.

*North Conway, Intervale, Mt. Washington*

If you keep going on U. S. 302 you'll soon be at NORTH CONWAY, and almost at the Maine boundary near Fryeburg.

A mile and a half or so east of North Conway is KEARSARGE, where you'll find Russell's Hotel, of which you've doubtless heard—a "folksy" place where the guests are taken to church on Sunday mornings (if they wish to go, of course!) and where they sing Moody and Sankey hymns on Sunday evenings; where dinner's at midday and supper at night—also where there's a golf course and a swimming pool, and tennis, and picnics galore.

NORTH CONWAY (where there's the Eastern Slope Inn, for 125 guests, and Sunset Inn, a typical New England place) has many claims to fame. It has been called the most famous skiing center in the United States. Artists and beauty-lovers innumerable have declared it the most inspiring approach to the great Presidential Range, and at one time the painters thereabouts were thick as autumn leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa. Benjamin Champney was the pioneer among them, and before he died (in 1907, at the age of 90) he said that the region was almost as famous and as much represented on canvas as Barbizon and the Forest of Fontainebleau. George Inness was one of the best-known of that school; and others were Thomas Hill and Albert Bierstadt. Some of these pictures hang (or *did* hang) in Windsor Castle, to which they were taken by that Prince of Wales who

became Edward VII. He bought liberally of them when he made his American tour.

The Cranmore Mountain Skimobile carries thousands of passengers annually, summer and winter, to the top of that mountain.

On the side walls of Moat Mountain there is traceable (if you've an imaginative eye) the head and shoulders of a rearing white horse. The local belief is that any marriageable lady who sees it, then counts a hundred, will thereupon meet her future husband. In order to take no chances, some ladies bring with them the gentleman of their choice.

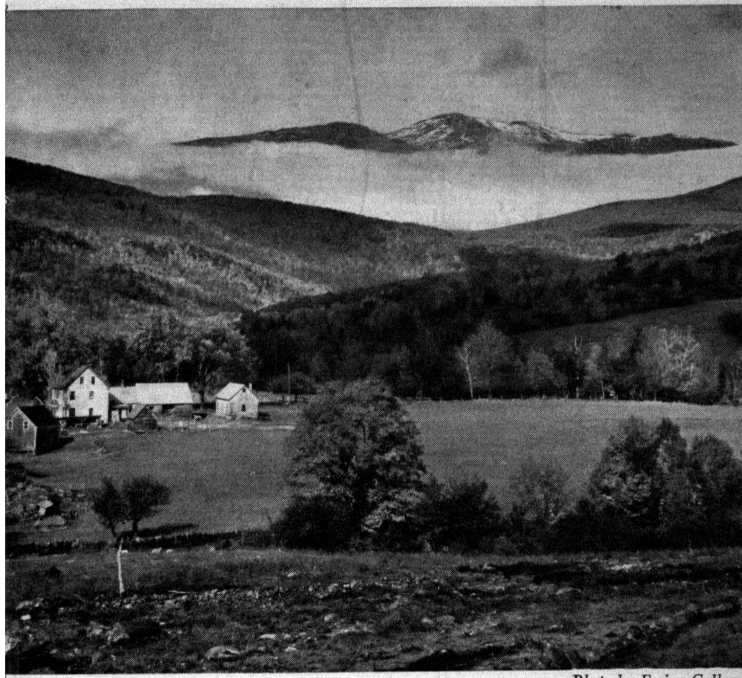
The trail leading to White Horse Cliff is named Bryce Trail, for the former British Ambassador, James Bryce, who laid it out.

Formerly of St. Anton, Arlberg, Austria, Hannes Schneider is now head ski instructor at the Eastern Slope Inn, North Conway.

Should you turn north from North Conway, up U. S. 302 to Glen, you would come, in a matter of two miles or so, to INTERVALE, which has one of the grandest views in all this region of grand views. Twenty-five miles or so beyond Glen, after you have driven through the famous PINKHAM NOTCH, you reach Glen House, built in 1924 on the site of the two previous hotels of the same name; it is an Alpine style structure, and has — of course — a majestic view. There the Mt. Washington Summit Road begins, leading in eight miles to the Summit House.

It is fifty miles from Glen House to Bretton Woods, where the Cog Railway starts up Mt. Washington.

Before reaching Glen, you passed the Pinkham Notch Camp, where the Appalachian Mountain Club maintains, twelve months in the year, a group of log houses furnish-



*Photo by Ewing Galloway*

## LOW CLOUDS IN PINKHAM NOTCH



ing lodging and meals at nominal prices. And after you leave Glen you come, in about a mile, to the Dolly Copp Forest Camp, now maintained by the United States Forestry Service. It is the most popular place of its sort in New Hampshire — perhaps because there are no fees. There's a swimming pool, and an administration building; but you must provide your own shelter and food. Dolly, when she lived there, used to "put up" travelers for twenty-five cents a meal and the same for a bed.

Dolly Emery was a girl of Bartlett (near by) and while in her teens was married to Hayes Copp, who came from just across the Maine border. That was in 1831. The Copps had a hut where the camp now is, and then a cabin with an apple orchard behind it; and for nineteen years they had nary a neighbor. Dolly did fine weaving and handwork; and when the first Glen House was opened, in 1852, its guests eagerly bought the things that Dolly made. She was in the way of becoming a businesswoman; but she went on, in her partnership with Hayes, until their Golden Wedding day. Then Dolly gently knocked the ashes out of her short clay pipe and declared: "Hayes is well enough. But fifty years is long enough for any woman to live with a man." So she took what she thought (and Hayes agreed) was her half of their joint possessions, and went off to "live her own life" — what was left of it! — in Auburn, Maine, where she had a married daughter. Hayes went to Maine, too, to his native place.

Seems, as Eleanor Early got the story from one who knew Dolly, and as she has told it in her book *Behold the White Mountains*, that Hayes was "one o' them *silent* men." And Dolly liked conversation. Maybe that's why we don't hear that Hayes objected at the parting of the

ways. *Maybe* it was Hayes about whom a favorite story of mine was first told: —

Pa had been to town, and when he came home had — as usual — nothin' to say. Ma prodded him for news. "You must 'a' seen *somebody*," she persisted; "you must 'a' heard *somethin'*."

"Seen Jed Perkins," vouchsafed Pa, grudgingly.

"Wha'd he say?"

"Ast me to be pallbearer fer Mis' Perkins."

I omit all the ensuing exclamations and questions.

"Yer goin' to, of course?" said Ma, referring to the pallbearing.

"No; I ain't."

"Fer goodness' sakes! Why *not*?"

I seem to see the expression on Pa's face as he replied — waxing loquacious, for him:

"I was pallbearer for his first wife that got gored by the bull; and I was pallbearer for his second, that died of pneumonia. *And he ain't never reciprocated!*"

If you're not camping, but want a good cabin, I can tell you that there's a cottage colony in Bartlett where Dolly came from — Cole's Cabins, very up-to-date; and that The Pines are a half-mile above Bartlett in a pine grove; and that, between Intervale and Glen, Mrs. Castner has eighteen fine cabins. The Kerry-Patch cabins, Broden's Modern Cabins, and Pine Hill Cabins are all on Route 16 north of North Conway.

So, there's accommodation for every purse and taste. I couldn't name it all; but I've given you a good cross-section.

### *Mt. Washington*

Mt. Washington may be ascended on foot, by motor, or by cog railway; the latter is three miles and three



quarters long, three miles of it on trestle; it has operated for 70 years without an accident to a passenger. The Base Station is near Bretton Woods (fifty miles from the start of the Summit Road), and automobiles may be parked there at no expense to patrons of the railroad. Most people like to spend a night on the mountain, where there are two hotels, so as to enjoy sunset and sunrise — weather permitting! Round trip fares on the Mount Washington Cog Railway are \$3.00 per person. The rates for room and meals at the Mount Washington Club range from \$5.00 to \$10.00. At the Tip Top House, where bunk accommodations are provided, the rates are from \$2.50 to \$4.00 to club members. The fare on the "Sunset Special," including dinner, lodging and breakfast at the Mt. Washington Club is only \$8.00 to \$10.00. Supper, lodging and breakfast at the Tip Top House, with round trip railroad fare, is \$6.00 to \$8.00.

The motor road is eight miles long and has an average grade of twenty-six per cent; it is not difficult.

But you must go prepared for cold, whether you climb or drive; for the change in temperature between the lower levels and the top is sharp, and more than a few people have become seriously or fatally ill through being insufficiently clad. Also, if you climb you must have mountain shoes or be prepared to throw away, on your return, any ordinary shoes you may have worn on the ascent.

PLYMOUTH is the gateway to the White Mountains, which occupy an area of more than 1200 square miles, most of which are in the White Mountain National Forest.

Their summits are not nearly so high above sea level as the Rockies, but neither are the valleys from which they start; so the effect of majesty is greatly impressive.

High up among them, at altitudes of about 5,000 feet, are three lovely little lakes.

Champlain wrote that he saw large mountains to the west, from Casco Bay. But after that it was nearly forty years before adventurous white men ascended what we now call Mt. Washington.

The name "White Mountains" first appeared in print in 1672, when a man named John Josselyn told about seeing them. Thereafter, only an occasional hardy soul ventured among them. The first expedition of naturalists to explore the region was in 1784. After the War of 1812 was over, other scientists came; and as a result of what they told on their return from these visits, pioneering tourists began to come. The earliest of them stayed at what is now called Fabyan, with Ethan Allen Crawford and his wife, Lucy. Lucy left a narrative of those days, in which she said it was in the summer of 1820 that "a considerable large party of distinguished characters" came to "ascend the mountains and give names to such hills as were unnamed," Crawford acting as their guide.

The first women to ascend Mt. Washington were the Misses Austin, of Portsmouth, who made the climb in 1821. They were five days and three nights making the ascent and descent; and there was a lot of tongue-wagging about such goings-on for females.

Five years later came the Willey disaster, about which Hawthorne told in *The Ambitious Guest*, one of his *Twice-Told Tales*. Samuel Willey and his family were buried by an avalanche. They had rushed out of their little house when they heard the first awful roar, and were engulfed by the sliding mountain. When Ethan Allen Crawford made his way through the Notch next morning he found the house undamaged, the Bible open on the table, and no sign of life except the frantic family dog.

The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Willey and two of their

children were found, later, and buried at Intervale; likewise the bodies of two farmhands. Three other children were so deep in the debris their bodies have never been recovered.

The carriage road up Mt. Washington was opened in 1861, and the cog railway eight years later.

Now, having told a little about the men and women who led the way to the White Mountains, let me tell a little about one of those who did a great deal to keep the mountains from being stripped and commercialized: John W. Weeks, a native of Lancaster, close to the Vermont border, up on U. S. 3. It was one of his ancestors who named the Presidential peaks. Mr. Weeks was Secretary of War under Presidents Harding and Coolidge, and before that was largely instrumental in the movement to induce the Federal Government to purchase the White Mountain National Forest of nearly 700,000 acres. In 1867 the Governor of New Hampshire had sold the greater part of that region for \$26,000. Large-scale lumber operations were rapidly ruining it. And the nation had to pay more than \$6,000,000 to buy it back. Not all of the Forest was acquired by purchase — there have been substantial gifts — but what with purchase and gifts, New Hampshire now has in public ownership more than 760,000 acres of forest, which is nearly thirteen per cent of the total land area of the State. As a result the State is able to control timber cutting, set out new trees, guard against fires, protect and propagate wild life, and do many things to make the mountains a great recreational center.

Those who come from Maine on U. S. 2 and have this section of the White Mountains for their first objective should turn south at Gorham, soon after crossing the

New Hampshire border, and travel only twenty-four miles on Route 16 to Glen; or they might continue on U. S. 2 to a point some few miles west of Randolph, whence an unnumbered road leads south, direct to the Crawford House. Or they might continue some three more miles on U. S. 2 to Highland, turn left three miles to Meadows, and there find a road for Fabyan and Bretton Woods.

In outlining the route on the foregoing pages I have had in mind principally the traveler who is trying to see as much as possible of New England in a continuing tour — and has just come out of Maine by way of Bethel.

However, the majority of those who go to New Hampshire approach from the south — from Massachusetts, or from New York State across southern Vermont. If the White Mountains are their objective they all converge upon Plymouth, which is on U. S. 3, the main highway between south and north. Many of those, bound for the restful region of Lake Winnepesaukee and thereabouts, leave U. S. 3 at Suncook, north of Manchester, and take Route 28 more directly to Wolfeboro, Melvin Village, and environs. Others leave U. S. 3 at Meredith, for Route 25 leading to Lake Ossipee, or at Holderness on Squam Lake (for Wonalancet and thereabouts). There are, of course, many other routes to these delectable regions; you must study your map to work out the one that best meets your purpose.

### *The Region of Summer Residences*

South of the White Mountain National Forest and east of U. S. 3, all the way to the Maine border, is a region greatly favored by distinguished and what we might

call "aristocratic" people, — from Massachusetts, New York, and elsewhere, — for their summer homes. No big hotels are there, but many charming small ones. It is not a "tripper territory," but a paradise of beauty where people live who come, not for a meal or a night, but for a season — and for *that*, come year after year.

Route 16, connecting with U. S. 1 at Portsmouth, is the direct route from south to north through this section. (If you go to Portsmouth, notice the Jackson House on Jackson Hill Street, a picturesque seventeenth-century house but little altered.)

If you have been on Route 16 at Conway, you have only a matter of ten miles to go, west and south on that same Route, to Lake Chocorua, which is small but very lovely, lying like a mirror in a frame of dark pines and reflecting Mt. Chocorua, which has often been called the most beautiful mountain in America. It is 3,475 feet high and the view from the summit is magnificent. Near its eastern base is White Lodge Forest Camp, with full camping facilities. Were you to camp there, you'd almost certainly go, one day, to Madison Boulder, four miles nearer Conway, which is 83 feet long, 37 feet broad, and 23 feet high; its weight is estimated at 7,650 tons, and it is probably the largest erratic boulder in America. If you studied Latin I need not remind you that "erratic" does not always, or even primarily, mean "queer." In case you didn't study Latin, perhaps I'd better say that it means "wandering." But the boulder probably won't "wander" while you're climbing the wooden steps to its top, which is a popular place for a picnic.

Mt. Chocorua is named for an Indian chief. There are several stories about him, and his dying curse on the white man. There used to be some reason to believe in

the curse, because cattle in this region had a way of sickening mysteriously, and dying. Then someone discovered that there was too much muriate of lime in the water the cattle drank, and that a dose of soapsuds would offset it. Something must have offset Chocorua's curse in other ways — for now it would be hard to find a section of this beautiful but troubled planet where people live in greater peace and accord. Among noted residents of this region have been William James of Harvard, noted psychologist, who was frequently visited by his novelist brother, Henry James; Horace E. Scudder, one-time editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*; Charles A. Coolidge, the architect responsible for the transformation of Harvard University.

At Pequawket, there is Wing's Tavern, where in years gone by many celebrities spent their summers; nowadays they go to Chocorua Inn, which accommodates seventy guests.

The townlet of CHOCORUA won't detain you long, unless you want to shop for supplies or souvenirs (three and a half miles south of it is the White Lake Camping Ground in a State forest of 258 acres, where you may park for twenty-five cents, camp for a like sum, bathe in White Lake, which has a fine beach, then spread your picnic on its shores whence there's a grand view of Mt. Chocorua); but you should take the paved road from Chocorua which leads, in four miles, to TAMWORTH, on the Swift River; and in that charming village you'll see the Tamworth Theater, where the company of professional actors who call themselves The Barnstormers hold forth under the direction of Francis Grover Cleveland — son of Grover Cleveland, who for many years had a summer home close by and whose widow, now Mrs. Thomas Preston, still lives there. Part of the time in summer The

Barnstormers play in Tamworth; on other nights they "tour."

Many delightful roads lead out of Tamworth. If you must choose one, take that at the left of the theater, leading to Ordination Rock and on to the Cleveland Estate, and the summer home of the late John H. Finley, until recently editor of the *New York Times*, who was for years a beloved friend of Grover Cleveland. An indefatigable walker, Dr. Finley, and a poetic soul. After he went from Knox College, Galesburg, of which he was President when but twenty-eight, to Princeton, where he was professor of politics, Mrs. Cleveland once overheard her small children playing with the little Finleys and the children of Henry van Dyke. (The Finleys lived close to the Cleverlands in Princeton, too.)

The children were boasting, as small children will (and *big* children, too, sometimes!) and a little Cleveland girl asked a little Finley girl: "What does *your* father teach this college?" The small Finley girl couldn't quite explain; but with very great dignity she replied: "I don't know *what* my father teaches this college, but I know he teaches it *a great deal*." Mr. Cleveland used to love teasing John Finley with that—Finley, who was among the most modest of men, as well as among the most widely useful.

In the opposite direction from Tamworth are the famous Chinook Kennels, which you must on no account miss if you love dogs. The dogs are exercised and fed at 3 P.M., and you pay twenty-five cents for admission.

Chinook was a husky. His father, Kim, was a Canadian husky who had strayed away from some dog team up north; his mother, Ningo, was daughter of one of the dogs on Peary's team when he discovered the North Pole—and Ningo's mother wasn't really a dog, but a

wolf. Chinook belonged to Arthur Walden, who went with Admiral Byrd to the Antarctic. There, Chinook was the leader of all the dogs on his sled; but he was "getting on," and some of the younger dogs thought he had been leader long enough. So they set upon him—it was his twelfth birthday, the seventeenth of January, 1929—and worsted him. They were three to one, but Chinook couldn't bear it. That night he went three times to Mr. Walden and laid his cold nose against Mr. Walden's cheek. Then he slipped away, and off across the ice wastes, and was never seen again.

But he left numerous progeny, and a great name, and he has a trail through the woods named for him.

At the Chinook Kennels are bred and trained Siberian huskies, Alaskan malemutes and Eskimo sledge dogs. The dogs Admiral Byrd has taken on his various expeditions to the Antarctic were brought from Alaska, Labrador and Western Canada, and trained here. His own team of seven dogs is kept here when he's not in Little America,—they were all born in the Antarctic,—and more than twenty other dogs that have seen service with him. Mr. and Mrs. Seeley are the proprietors of the Kennels.

Chinook's descendants are to be found at Wonalancet Kennels, a couple of miles farther on, where Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Walden specialize in this breed.

Dogs from both kennels appear in the dog-sled races that are a popular feature of New Hampshire's winter carnivals. If you arrive hereabouts in winter, your train will probably be met by a dog sled ready to transport you. Or you may rent a one-dog sled, or a team, and go driving over the snow.

Wonalancet has an inn, operated by Mrs. Arthur Walden, where you are given not a napkin ring but a



clothespin, on which you write your name and which you use for a "clasp" when the meal is over. I've heard that the well-known autographs on the collection of clothespins that can be seen there now is something to make a collector's fingers itch.

From Wonalancet go on to CENTER SANDWICH, which a number of interesting persons of other times (and of these) have picked as their favorite spot in New Hampshire for summer residence. Whittier spent many summers in this vicinity and wrote a number of poems about it. Among the summer residents of today is Cornelius Weygandt, professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania and author of *New Hampshire Neighbors*, *The White Hills*, and other books.

Chicagoans should be specially interested in SANDWICH, because "Long John" Wentworth, mayor of Chicago 1857-1863, and prominent in Chicago history almost from her founding, was a native of Sandwich. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1836 and went at once to Chicago, to work on the *Chicago Democrat*, which he came to own.

The Sandwich Home Industries is the original seat of an organization, now statewide, for fostering handicraft in homes. The movement, known as the League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts, was started in 1926 by Mr. and Mrs. J. Randolph Coolidge, and is now sponsored by the State. You'll find interesting textiles and quilts and rugs, pewter and woodenware, baskets and embroidery, jewelry, made from semiprecious stones found in the state, pottery from the blue clay of Durham, and wrought iron such as the village blacksmith used to make. Simple furniture is made in three workshops on the premises, for sale there and in twenty-two other places where Home Industries are fostered.

Also, Sandwich has a school you ought to see: Quimby School, founded and endowed by the late Alfred E. Quimby of Manchester. Here young people are taught not merely "the three R's," or even the modern extension of them, but all sorts of things that make life interesting and rich for residents of a small rural community.

The boys raise cattle and keep poultry and cultivate gardens and apply the best methods to the improvement of their fruit; they learn such carpentry and painting and plumbing as a man needs to keep his place in apple-pie order. They learn a lot of other things that will "come in handy" as long as they live. Most of them play at least one musical instrument.

When they're not busy with these things or with their regular "school studies," they go into the house that the girls "keep," eat good meals that the girls cook, and learn to praise the preserves and canned vegetables the girls have put up, and the dresses they've made for themselves.

Boys and girls together learn many things that everybody needs to know to make a gracious, successful, enjoyable job of living. Some day there'll be more schools like this one.

From Center Sandwich you might continue on Route 113 along Squam Lake to Holderness, where there's the Asquam Hotel; or you might take Route 107 down the east shore of Lake Winnepesaukee. SQUAM (or Asquam) LAKE has twenty-six islands. It has many fine summer residences, with big estates on the northern and eastern shores, also a number of fashionable camps for girls, Camp Algonquin for boys, and an engineering camp of Harvard University. The Rockywold Hotel is there, with many charming cottages (some of which have their own

boat landings); but one must be properly introduced when applying for residence there.

There are more than 200 summer camps for boys and or girls, in New Hampshire. And while we're hereabouts perhaps I'd better say that at the junction of U. S. 3 and Route 11, near LACONIA, motorists who enjoy auto camps will find "The Camp Beautiful" of A. B. Cobb, who has forty-three cabins with all conveniences, a clubhouse, restaurant, gift shop, boats; one of the best-equipped vacation camps in New England. And there are many others. Get your *Cabin Trails* and find their names and facilities. Some have housekeeping cabins.

PLYMOUTH, which is on U. S. 3, is an attractive old town on a hillside up above the Pemigewasset River. It has a fine Normal School; the Public Library building on Main Street behind the courthouse was the courthouse of the early nineteenth century when Daniel Webster made there his first plea before a jury, in behalf of a murderer so evidently guilty that Webster could do nothing for him.

In Plymouth at the Pemigewasset House, on that trip with Franklin Pierce we mentioned at Concord, Nathaniel Hawthorne died. The present structure is not the original one, which was but a year old at the time.

Hawthorne had been for some time in failing health and unwilling to consult a physician or do anything about it. But, the last of March, 1864, he went into Boston and saw Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes who met him at the Charles St. home of James T. Fields. Holmes was appalled at Hawthorne's condition, and believed it to be cancer.

Soon after, Hawthorne went to New York with W. D. Ticknor (Fields's partner), who also was in poor health:

and from New York they proceeded to Philadelphia, where Ticknor died, suddenly, almost in Hawthorne's arms. The shock to Hawthorne was severe, and he returned home to Concord almost a nervous wreck. Franklin Pierce went at once to Concord to see what he could do for his dear friend. He proposed a trip to his native New Hampshire. On May 17 they reached Center Harbor on Lake Winnepesaukee, and after a night there set out by carriage to Plymouth. It was a long and rather rough ride, but Hawthorne did not seem to be unusually fatigued by it. He was assigned to Room 9, and retired to it soon after nine o'clock. He was sleeping when Pierce went in to look at him an hour later. At two in the morning Pierce went in again, and Hawthorne seemed all right. But when Pierce returned at four, Hawthorne was sleeping his last sleep.

You may be intending to make a stop, long or short, on the shores of LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, or you may feel that you can do no more than take the four-hour steamer trip on it. If it is the latter you have in mind, you'll probably find that the steamer starts from THE WEIRS (which is on U. S. 3) mornings at eight and afternoons at one on weekdays from June 22 to September 12, and Sundays at nine and quarter-past one. There's usually a U. S. Mail boat, also, on which the trip may be made. But "check up," locally; for schedules have a way of changing.

All around the lake — which is twenty-two miles long, from one to ten miles wide, and has 274 habitable islands — are estates, country homes, camps, cottages. A wealthy shoe manufacturer who has done much for the region is Thomas G. Plant, founder of the Bald Peak Country Club, which is really a magnificent estate where favored persons may stay, in the clubhouse or in cottages. It

is one of the choicest places of New Hampshire; but they have to know a bit about you before you get in. And it's far from inexpensive. But the surroundings and accommodations are the finest imaginable; and it's remote from the heterogeneous crowds one encounters in many places.

If you go north from The Weirs to MEREDITH, a little over four miles, you can get, there, State 104 for NEW HAMPTON where there is The Mansion, a dignified old house built before the Civil War and now accommodating thirty-five adult guests; and Randall Hall for parents with children. The latter provides a trained director of recreation for the young guests; so they are able to be with their parents without being a care to them.

Near by is New Found Lake, on the eastern shore of which is BRIDGEWATER, which has the largest Music Colony in the state, housed in a big Colonial-type mansion on a promontory jutting into the lake. It is an adult recreational center, open all year, but specializing in its summer school of music. There are free concerts on Sundays at 3 P.M., in the natural amphitheater. In a remodeled barn there is a theater where plays are produced. In winter, the facilities of the music colony are utilized by winter sports enthusiasts.

Now, from here on, everything depends on your destination. You may want to go on, down the Merrimack River, and take U. S. 202 southwest to Peterborough, where the MacDowell Colony is, and Dublin, and Keene; and then go either to Brattleboro, Vermont, or north up the Connecticut River to Plainfield and Hanover. (Much that is very lovely in New Hampshire is close to its western border, to Vermont.) Or you may have Lake

Sunapee in mind, and be willing to let Concord and Peterborough and Dublin go.

*Southern New Hampshire*

Take State 3A, four miles, from BRIDGEWATER to Bristol. (The first man killed in the Union Army in the Civil War was Luther C. Ladd, a native of Bristol.) Then continue on State 3A nearly thirteen miles, past Profile Falls and through the village called Hill, to FRANKLIN, near which is Daniel Webster's birthplace. His father was given a grant of 225 acres, for his services as captain in the invasion of Canada during the French and Indian War, as a result of which Canada became entirely an English province; he built a log cabin on the grant, in 1762, superseding it a few years later with a frame building where his son Daniel was born on January 18, 1782. A year later, Captain Webster bought a house farther south, where Daniel grew up. The birthplace is a two-room cabin, shaded by a magnificent elm. Attached to the house is a lean-to that once served as a stable, and in front is the old well with the long sweep. The bronze bust of Daniel Webster in front of the Congregational Church in Franklin is by Daniel Chester French, who was a relative of Daniel Webster and also of John G. Whittier.

The home where Daniel grew up is some three miles south of Franklin, a fine old white frame house. Daniel was a "sickly" boy, but loved outdoor life and had a passion for books. People said he was lazy; but he had a gift for seizing upon the essence of things, without apparent effort. It is said that his first acquaintance with the Federal Constitution (adopted when he was seven years old) was from a handkerchief he bought, on which

the Constitution was printed. His father saw that the frail youngster had exceptional mental capacity, and made great sacrifices to send him to Phillips Exeter Academy at Exeter, New Hampshire, and then to Dartmouth. Daniel studied law in Boston in the law office of Christopher Gore, and was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-three. His first law office, built for the purpose, was in Boscawen (pronounced *bos-k wine*).

Left from Boscawen, eight-and-a-half miles, is a Shaker Community, founded in 1792. Two-and-a-half miles east of it is the Worsted Church, so-called because of the interior decorations which were made for it by Mrs. Elizabeth Harper Monmouth, who was its lay preacher 1871 to 1878. She was blind in one eye and had a crippled right arm, and she lived seven miles away; but each Sunday she gladly trudged fourteen miles to church and home again; and in between Sundays she made curtains and mottoes to cover the stains and cracks in the church walls. All she had to use for these were worsteds, tissue paper, rags, wallpaper from which she cut the flowers. But she "did what she could." In her later years she had an income of fifty dollars a year, twenty dollars of which went for taxes on her little farm and thirty dollars for her living expenses. Perhaps, if you were a fortunate child and had a grandmother with a garret, you may have found in it, on a rainy day when you were allowed to "rummage," a pamphlet by Elizabeth Monmouth called *Living on a Dime a Day*.

Well, that was indomitable Elizabeth. Another indomitable woman whose memory is cherished in this vicinity is Hannah Dustin, a monument to whom stands on a tiny island in the Merrimack close to Penacook, which is two miles south of Boscawen. Hannah lived in Haverhill, Massachusetts, which was to be the birthplace

of John G. Whittier, long after Hannah's day; but the house that became his birthplace was there, in 1697, when Hannah was made captive by Indians and carried north, up the course of the Merrimack on which Haverhill stands.

It was March when the raid occurred, and Hannah was in bed with an infant one week old. She was marched 150 miles within a few days, Cotton Mather says; but the days must have been more than "a few," for it was April 30 when Hannah rebelled. The island on which they slept that night was, she understood, just halfway to the Indian village of their destination. Hannah remembered Jael and Sisera. She had no nail, but the Indians had hatchets. She and her nurse, made captive with her, and a youth who was also captive, tomahawked ten sleeping Indians, scalped them, and followed the Merrimack back to Haverhill, carrying the scalps, for which they received a bounty of fifty pounds.

Six miles south of Penacook is CONCORD, the State Capital, where many interesting persons have lived. At 24 South Spring Street, where Lafayette had been a guest, and also Daniel Webster, Emerson was married to his first wife; and in that same house Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, was married. Franklin Pierce died at 52 South Main Street. Mary Baker Eddy, who was born near by, had a beautiful home on Pleasant Street. (George A. Pillsbury, once mayor of Concord, later moved to Minneapolis and became the "flour king.")

Concord was once known as Rumford, and used to be the home of Benjamin Thompson, of Woburn, Massachusetts, who there met the wealthy widow (ten years his senior) of Colonel Benjamin Rolfe, and married her. When Thompson was made, in 1791, a Count of the



Holy Roman Empire, in return for his great services to Bavaria, he chose to be Count Rumford. The house at 15 Hall Street, which was his home at Concord after his marriage to Mrs. Rolfe, is now a home for orphaned girls.

The Rumford Press, on Ferry Street, off North Main Street, prints more than fifty magazines, including the *Atlantic Monthly*, New England's most famous one; and the number of keyboards in its composing room is said to be exceeded only by the Government Printing Office and one other, private, shop.

In 1826 or 1827, Louis Downing, a carriage builder who had come to Concord a dozen years earlier, built a coach whose body was swung on great leather straps and had a "boot" for mails and luggage. It was this type of coach, known far and wide as the Concord Coach, that carried men and gold across the plains and mountains, to and from California, before there were any rails.

The site of Mary Baker Eddy's birthplace is six-and-a-half miles southwest of Concord, on a road not numbered. The house is no longer there, but there is a small granite pyramid with bronze plaques. Born in 1821, Mrs. Eddy spent her first fifteen years on this farm. Those who are bound for Peterborough (with the MacDowell Colony) and Dublin should take U. S. 202 from Concord, leaving Concord via Pleasant Street, past the New Hampshire State Hospital and the Christian Science Pleasant View Home for elderly Christian Scientists, built in the grounds surrounding Mrs. Eddy's home, and giving beautiful accommodation to about 150 persons.

A mile beyond the Christian Science Home is St. Paul's School for boys, for which many boys from all over the country are "entered" on the day of their birth. It has been in existence since 1856, and has had

many graduates who have given a fine account of themselves, as men and as citizens.

From Concord to Peterborough is forty-four miles; from Peterborough to Hanover, where Dartmouth College is, it is well over a hundred.

Southwest New Hampshire is beautiful and full of interest; you will, I think, delight in every mile, every foot, of the way. It's merely a question of your time, and of where you wish to enter Vermont. Those who feel that they should not go to Peterborough and thereabouts will probably now take U. S. 202 west from Concord to Henniker (fifteen-and-a-half miles) and from there follow State 114 to Lake Sunapee; thence to Claremont, Plainsfield and Hanover.

### *Peterborough, Dublin and Keene*

En route to Peterborough—in case that is your choice—there isn't a great deal that calls for comment. Seven miles beyond Henniker you pass through Hillsborough, where Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, pianist, composer, made her summer home for many years. And a mile and a half beyond Hillsborough, your road crosses a fine old arched bridge of stone, spanning the Contoocook River, which was built in 1767 when there were few settlers hereabouts. (In fact, when Antrim, seven miles south, was settled in 1741 by a Scotsman, he was the only inhabitant of the region for four years. Later, a few Scotch-Irish families joined him.) The Monadnock Paper Company's mills are below Antrim. Then comes Bennington. Then, HANCOCK—named for the famous John—which looks as if John, were he to come back for a visit, might not feel too strange there. Its church has one of the bells that Paul Revere cast; the old cemetery is a serene spot

for reflection; and the surrounding region has been growing in popularity for residential possibilities.

Then PETERBOROUGH, which an incredibly valiant little woman has made world-famous. Some years ago she, a brilliant pianist married to a composer who was also a pianist, took him to this lovely, restful spot, hoping that there he might recuperate from the nervous collapse brought on by overwork. He did some work, there, but he didn't recover. He died in 1908 after several years of illness. They had been married twenty-four years. The devoted little woman dedicated her life to the project of creating at Peterborough a place where other artists might work in conditions such as Edward MacDowell had so often longed for and never known till too late. She gave lecture recitals to raise money; she traveled far and wide, much of the time on crutches. She has developed an estate of more than 600 acres, with thirty-three buildings, and given scores of musicians, writers, painters, and sculptors serene working conditions and — when they felt inclined for it — congenial fellowship. I have many friends who have worked there, and have often been in contact with Marian Nevins MacDowell. The latest time was no longer ago than ten days from this date of writing. She was then on a recital tour to earn money for repairing the ravages that the terrific storm of September, 1938, had wrought — such ravages that the Colony cannot be re-opened until a considerable sum is raised. Someone said she is eighty-one. Maybe she knows, but I'm sure she doesn't often remember it. I can never forget her fervor as she told us about the immediate needs of this dear project to which she has now devoted more than thirty years.

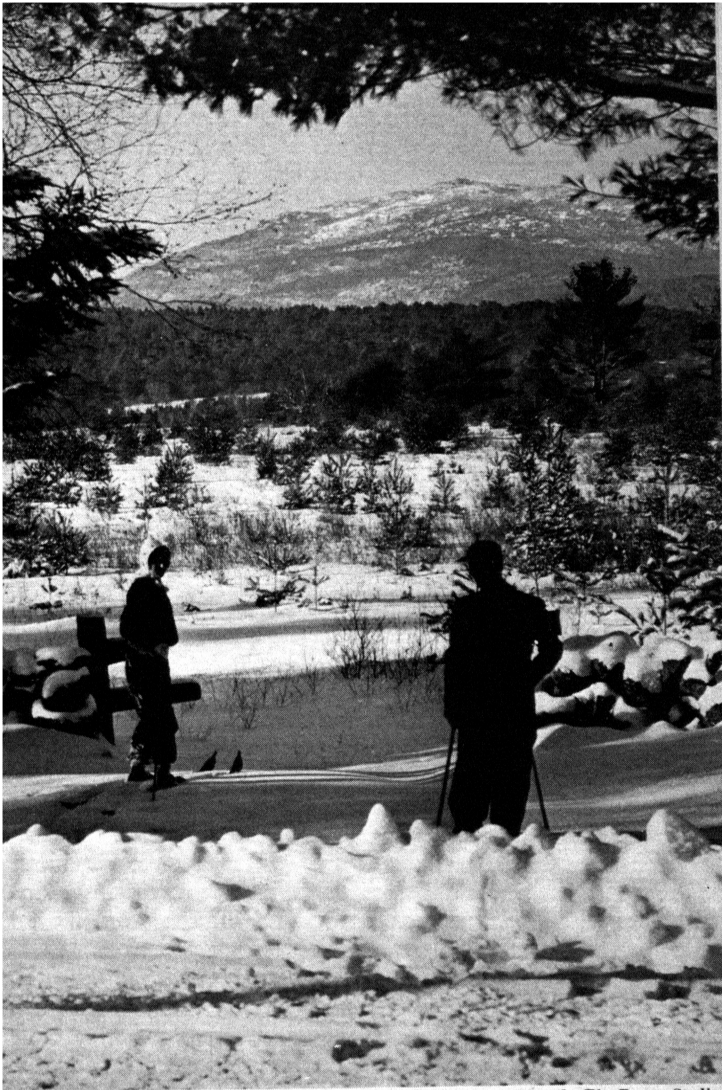
Peterborough's chief claim to note before the MacDowells went there was that 136 of its leading citizens

followed Brigham Young to Utah, and a Peterborough girl became his thirteenth wife. It is an industrial town, has a goodly number of summer visitors and a summer school camp for dramatic study. Near by is also the Sargent Camp, belonging to the Sargent School for Physical Education, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Peterborough has a Town House patterned after Faneuil Hall, Boston; and a Historical Society Building erected and endowed by Mrs. Robert Perkins Bass.

Five miles northwest of Peterborough is DUBLIN, which is so beautiful that it has many magnificent estates and noted summer residents.

The early visitors were the kind who liked a good summer boarding house (that was before anyone had thought of "entertaining paying guests"); among them was Theodore Parker, noted Boston preacher. Then, in the early 'seventies, a Boston lady of wide and distinguished acquaintance, Mrs. J. S. C. Greene, built a summer home at Dublin and invited some of her friends to visit her, urging others to patronize the boarding houses. Abbott Thayer was one who came to visit and became a resident; he died at Dublin in 1921, after his important work in England on the development of camouflage in the World War. George de Forest Brush and other artists have also lived at Dublin. Likewise Amy Lowell, poet and biographer of Keats; and Albert Bushnell Hart and Irving Babbitt, of Harvard, distinguished scholars; and Viscount James Bryce, ambassador and author; and the family of Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago (Mr. MacVeagh was at one time Secretary of the United States Treasury). The American novelist who used C in all his book titles, Winston Churchill, made Dublin the setting for *Mr. Crewe's Career*.



*Photo by The Eames Studio*

MT. MONADNOCK NEAR PETERBOROUGH



Dublin is now the publishing place of the *Yankee*, a magazine devoted to New England.

Dublin lies at an altitude of nearly 1500 feet. Its lake is a jewel surrounded by heavily wooded hills, with Grand Monadnock rising majestically to the south.

If you want to make closer acquaintance with Grand Monadnock — and you *should!* — you will now retrace your way on Route 101 to a point about halfway between Dublin and Peterborough, and take a road marked JAFFREY. JAFFREY is a charming town, whose unspoiled beauty, fine air, and superb surroundings bring many summer residents. Emerson used to go there. He climbed Monadnock and wrote a poem about it. Thoreau also made several visits.

From Jaffrey, there is an unnumbered road leading across the southern slopes of Mt. Monadnock, through lovely scenery; and about three miles along it you come to where a highway climbs the mountain to the Halfway House, built soon after the Civil War and visited 'by many famous and not-famous persons — and probably by some who were infamous, though perhaps secretly so!

On a clear day the view from Monadnock's summit embraces parts of every New England State: Boston and Bunker Hill are visible, sixty miles southeast; Greylock, in the Berkshires, southwest; north of it, the long line of Vermont's Green Mountains; east of them, and a hundred miles north of Monadnock, towers the Presidential Range dominated by Mt. Washington. Twoscore little lakes and ponds glitter in the outspread scenery around Monadnock's feet; lovely white spires pierce the green trees at frequent intervals.

But this whole region suffered in the hurricane of 1938, and you may see its damage still.

Should you be southward bound, from this point, you'd continue to Troy, over four miles, then take Route 12 through beautiful little FITZWILLIAM with its exquisite church, its notably fine Common, its Old Tavern, its many lovely old houses. Three miles west of Fitzwilliam is a Rhododendron Reservation under the care of the Appalachian Mountain Club — glorious in the latter part of June. Near there are the South Pond Cabins, and a camp for girls.

East of Fitzwilliam a half-mile is the Elisi Tea Shop, where you may have luncheon, or tea or supper if you telephone in advance. In connection with this charming shop and gardens is the Rodman Gallery, established by Mr. and Mrs. Rodman Schaff as a memorial to their son Rodman who died in 1930, when he was twenty-one. The collection of paintings and sculpture is by contemporary American artists, many of them very well known, and this is a restful spot to stop.

Route 12 crosses the Massachusetts Line about six miles south of Fitzwilliam and proceeds through Winchendon — Toy Town — to Fitchburg, but you can leave it at Winchendon for Northfield and drop down thence to Route 2 for Williamstown, heading toward Albany. Also, you may go on from here north to Keene.

You will not go down to Fitzwilliam if you wish to head quickly north from Dublin, however, but turn instead northwest, directly, for Keene from Dublin.

KEENE is a little city with many attractive homes and a number of busy mills making chairs and shoes and woolen fabrics, and other things, to the aggregate of some \$15,000,000 yearly. It has many cultural activities, also, including the largest normal school in New England. It is famous for its wide main street. It is the starting point



for many interesting tours. Denman Thompson, of "The Old Homestead," lived at WEST SWANZEY, six miles southwest of Keene, on State 10, if you wish to turn that way. He is buried there, not far from his home, which you may visit. A mile and a half north of West SwanzeY is a junction with a paved road leading, right, to SWANZEY — three miles. There you'll see, on the main street, the house marked "The Old Homestead" which really was owned by a Josh Whitcomb, just as in the famous play. Three miles from SwanzeY is the Holbrook Farm, where it is said Joyce Kilmer wrote his beloved poem *Trees*, the lines of which (there are only twelve) are said to have come to him one day as he sat on the porch waiting to be called to lunch. He wrote the poem on a brown paper bag that happened to be within reach. It was published in *Poetry* — and is sung all over the English-speaking world.

Beyond Keene, north on State 12 — a thoroughly rewarding route — the first town of interest is the distinguished old village of WALPOLE, almost entirely residential and standing well up, and back from the broad Connecticut Valley.

Sixteen miles north of Walpole you come to CHARLESTOWN, one of the most dignified, charming old elm-shaded villages in New Hampshire. Charles H. Hoyt, who used to give theatergoers great delight, had a summer home in Charlestown and made it his "Temperance Town." He willed his home to The Lambs, the actors' club of New York.

Charlestown's favorite story is of the Johnson family who, in August, 1754, were seized by Indians and carried off to Canada.

Presently you reach Claremont, a large town where the Sugar River, coming from Lake Sunapee, has a fall of

300 feet — suggesting mills, as a matter of course. Does your memory go back to the days of "Marseilles" bedspreads? Most of them came from Claremont, from the Monadnock Mills. Machinery is made there now, and paper, and other things. Paran Stevens, who has been called "the father of the American hotel system," came from Claremont.

Next you come to CORNISH, one of New Hampshire's famous spots, the home of artists and poets.

Eight miles north, on the right of the road, is the large white-gabled house where in 1808 was born Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, and, later, Chief Justice of the United States. He was the father of Kate Chase Sprague.

A little more than a mile north of the Chase house is one of the finest old covered bridges in New England, crossing to Windsor, Vermont, which faces Cornish on the other side of the Connecticut River.

Just over two miles north of the bridge look for a paved road marked to indicate that it leads to the Saint-Gaudens Memorial.

In 1885, while Augustus Saint-Gaudens was working on his "Standing Lincoln" to be placed at the south entrance of Lincoln Park, Chicago, he was told by his friend, Charles C. Beaman, that there were "plenty of Lincoln-shaped men" up in the vicinity of Cornish, where Mr. Beaman had recently built a summer home. Charles Beaman was a lawyer, associated with William M. Evarts, former Secretary of State and then Senator from New York; Mr. Evarts' daughter was Mrs. Charles Beaman, and her parents' summer home was across the Connecticut, at Windsor. So impressed was Mr. Beaman with the attractions of Cornish and its vicinity that he began buying properties in the neighborhood and soon was the

owner of twenty-three houses, for which he sought tenants or purchasers who would be agreeable neighbors. Saint-Gaudens came; and after him a following of others.

The house Saint-Gaudens bought was an old one, which had served as a tavern called Huggin's Folly; he had it remodeled, called it "Aspet," and made it his home till his death in 1907. (His first studio was made from the old barn.) The memorial is worth a visit now. There you will find many mementoes of him: his books, his desk, many busts and medallions of his making; it is piously kept as he knew it. But it is beautiful in itself as a New England house in a perfect setting. The new studio was built while he was working on his "General Sherman" (now standing at the Fifth Avenue and 59th Street entrance to Central Park, New York). Here you will see his full-size model for the "Standing Lincoln," one of the noblest statues of modern times, a copy from which, identical with the one in Chicago, stands near Westminster, London.

Under tall trees, west of the older studio, is the little Greek temple in which Mr. and Mrs. Saint-Gaudens lie buried.

He was born in Dublin, the son of a French shoemaker and an Irish mother, and was brought to America when but six months old. In New York he had to leave school at an early age and go to work as an errand boy. But the love of art was in his blood. Before he was fifteen he was enrolled as a night student at Cooper Union, and was apprenticed to a cameo-cutter. When he was twenty he went to Paris to study; and after that to Italy.

He was thirty-three when his statue of Farragut was unveiled in Madison Square, New York, and he was recognized as a new leader in his art. For twelve years he was engaged on his Shaw Memorial, for Boston Com-

mon; and it was nine years after he began his "General Sherman" that it was dedicated. (When shown at the Paris Exposition of 1900 it received the highest honors, and Saint-Gaudens was made an officer of the Legion of Honor and a corresponding member of the Institute of France.)

Here at Cornish he gathered about him many disciples and friends: Frederick MacMonnies, Maxfield Parrish, Kenyon Cox, Charles Dana Gibson, George Brush, and many, many more (some, including Parrish, later settling at Cornish). In 1905 the twentieth anniversary of his coming here was celebrated by this group by the "Masque of the Golden Bowl," written by Louis Evan Shipman. Two years later, Saint-Gaudens lay, dying, on the porch of his home, watching the sun set behind Mount Ascutney. "It is very beautiful," he said, "but I want to go farther away."

The Memorial (open daily, May 15 to October 15; twenty-five cents admission) is under the care of a board of trustees, including the Governor of New Hampshire and presidents of near-by colleges and of leading art museums in the United States. When funds become available, it is hoped to create there, for young sculptors, a colony somewhat similar to that of the MacDowell Colony at Peterborough.

Very close to "Aspet" is "Barberry House," built about 1780 — the summer home of Homer Saint-Gaudens, director of the Department of Fine Arts at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. A mile farther, on that same paved road which leads off from State 12 less than four miles south of Plainfield, is the home of Mrs. Louis Saint-Gaudens and her son Paul, who produce distinctive art pottery and small terra-cotta sculptures.

Now, back to State 12, and past the Beaman house

which was the nucleus for this distinguished colony. The road has fine scenery here. A little way beyond the Beaman property (which also is on a private road, to your left) is a little cemetery at a junction with a dirt road leading, right, to the large Italian villa where Norman Hapgood lived for years, and the Kenyon Cox estate, and the one-time summer home of Percy MacKaye.

Presently, State 12 passes through a grand avenue of pines constructed when President Wilson spent two summers here (1914 and 1915) to divert traffic from the old road which ran too near his house, the former home of Winston Churchill. The house was burned in 1923.

The present home of Winston Churchill is high on a hillside half a mile north; and farther north, on the same hill, are the home and the studio of Maxfield Parrish.

### *North to Hanover*

Cornish to Windsor is one good crossing point to Vermont. But if you want to go on to Hanover, you follow State 12.

PLAINFIELD will not detain you unless you go into the Town Hall to see Maxfield Parrish's painting of Mt. Ascutney and the surrounding country. But you may turn right on the Meriden Road, a mile north of Plainfield, to what is sometimes called "the Bird Village" of MERIDEN, where the first Bird Club in America was organized. Near by is a very beautiful Bird Sanctuary. If you do that, continue on State 120 to Lebanon, whence it is but five-and-a-half miles, on State 10, the Dartmouth College Highway, to Hanover, where Dartmouth College is.

*Dartmouth*

Perhaps you think you don't care about "visiting another college." But I can't imagine anyone going to New Hampshire and not going to Hanover!

There were twenty families in Hanover in 1770 when the Reverend Eleazer Wheelock built a log hut there and opened a college to educate Indian youth "and also English youth and any others."

The Indians were not enthusiastic about it; but the "others" were—and *are*. From Dartmouth have gone forth many young men of whom their country has reason to be very proud. There are some 2500 students, now, and 250 on the faculty; and they have sixty-four buildings, valued at many millions of dollars. But neither numbers nor figures convey an adequate idea of Dartmouth. If you go to Hanover during term time you can hardly help feeling something of the Dartmouth spirit; and I believe you can hardly help feeling grateful that America has this college. Besides Dartmouth, we have a multitude of institutions training our youth, and doing it in a spirit which augurs well for tomorrow in America; but I think we have no college of which we can be more justly proud.

See the interior design and furnishing of some of the buildings, if you can. And ask (especially if you are one who has had to give up in his youth a promising and precious lad) to see "Dick's House," built by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin K. Hall in memory of their son, Richard Drew Hall, of the class of '27, who died in his sophomore year. The house was built "to provide a home for the boys of Dartmouth when they are sick or ailing," and the hope of the founders was that "going up to Dick's house" would be for these boys the next best thing to

going to their own homes when they might be in need of what only a home can do for a homesick boy.

You may see, in the library, the book Calvin Coolidge gave to Mr. Hall "in recollection of his son and my son [Calvin Coolidge, Jr., who died while his father was President] who have the privilege by the grace of God to be boys through all eternity."

While at Dartmouth you will not fail to remember its famous alumnus, Daniel Webster, with his speech about "a small college—but there are those who love it." He saved it for posterity by that speech, in a case before the United States Supreme Court which is one of those most frequently cited.

Eleazer Wheelock, who founded the College, was succeeded by a quite impossible son, John, whom the trustees sought to remove; and the Governor of New Hampshire intervened in John's behalf. The case went to court, and finally to Washington, where Webster presented it before the nation's highest tribunal with an eloquence so touching that Chief Justice Marshall is said to have been in tears.

The question at issue was whether a State has the power to modify or abrogate a charter granted to a college. Think of the effect upon college endowments if Daniel Webster had not established their security against political control!

At Hanover Inn, managed by Mr. and Mrs. Ford Sayre, there's a good deal that is like St. Moritz in Switzerland: luncheons on the skating rink, waiters on skates, guests with skis stacked near by. If you have small youngsters who'd like to learn skiing you couldn't choose a better place for them to do it.

The State Planning and Development Commission of New Hampshire (508 Capitol Street, Concord, N. H.),

through which you can procure Maxfield Parrish's popular New Hampshire posters, also publishes a little monthly called the *Troubadour*, devoted to "the delightful kind of living one may enjoy in 'the land of scenic splendor,'" and once a year gets out (printed most beautifully at the famous Rumford Press) a *Troubadour Yearbook*, containing a selection of pictures and articles which have been published in the monthly issues of that year. It's a choice little book, and one likes to think how many there are, all over the United States, who cherish it. A Dartmouth man, Ford H. Wheldon of Detroit, Michigan, Dartmouth '25, writing in the 1939 *Yearbook* says:

Each year Hanover takes to its heart hundreds of youth from all of its sister states — takes them and moulds them and sends them out again into the republic. But never again will they be New Yorkers, Wisconsinites, Kansans and Californians. New Hampshire is too much a part of them. They have become men who divide their allegiance and their love between two states — their own and New Hampshire:

"They have the still North in their hearts,  
The hill winds in their veins,  
And the granite of New Hampshire  
In their muscles and their brains."

There are about 20,000 Dartmouth graduates living. Richard Hovey is among those who have gone on. He said Dartmouth made a poet of him. (Do you know that it's his song you sing "when good fellows get together"?)

### *North of Hanover.*

If you go north of Hanover, on Route 10, the Dartmouth College Highway, you traverse a beautiful road



with many fine vistas of the Connecticut River and valley.

LYME is a lovely old village with a Common, and a fine spire on its church.

ORFORD, in a natural amphitheater of hills, has one main street like a mall bordered by a double row of maples and elms and by houses you'd love to own, with gardens "ditto."

Washington Irving wrote of Orford: "In all my travels in this country and Europe I have never seen any village more beautiful than this."

Some of the finest old houses in New Hampshire are in Orford, among them the mansion of General John Wheeler who furnished the funds to carry Dartmouth's case to the Supreme Court.

HAVERHILL is notable, too. It tried to get Eleazer Wheelock to establish his college there, and has never got over its disappointment. The Montgomery House, once graced by the nine daughters of General John Montgomery, is now an antique shop.

On Route 25, a short distance east of Haverhill, is the Lake Tarleton Club, at PIKE, accommodating 150 guests at twelve to sixteen dollars a day.

Close by is Mt. Moosilauke, where the Dartmouth Outing Club maintains the Tip-Top House. This region is part of White Mountain National Forest; just east of it runs U. S. 3, past The Old Man of the Mountain, and Lost River.

### *West to Vermont*

Those who do not go as far south as Peterborough, or even Concord, may get to Vermont now by turning west from Franklin, after visiting Webster's birthplace,

taking State 11 to Andover, ten-and-a-half miles, and Elkins, to New London (twenty-one miles) and thence to Sunapee which need not detain anyone long except for remembering Enos Clough. (After fourteen years of study he constructed a "horseless carriage" containing 5,463 pieces, which went under its own power as far as Newport — nearly six miles — but was ordered off the roads because it frightened horses. The carriage was burned, but the engine is now at Lakeport on Lake Pausgus, whence the mail boat starts on its circuit of Lake Winnepesaukee; it belongs to Edward H. Kennedy. Henry Ford is said to be anxious to buy it.)

Three miles beyond Sunapee on State 11 is GUILD, where — behind a gasoline station — is the little brown cottage which for a number of years was the home and the school of Sarah Josepha Buell Hale who later moved to Boston and became the editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*. (It was Mrs. Hale who, in 1830, wrote for Lowell Mason's *Songs for Children* the jingle "Mary Had a Little Lamb.") Henry Ford has challenged this, on behalf of Mrs. Mary Sawyer Tyler, who claimed she had written the jingle. But the evidence is all in favor of Mrs. Hale.)

Seventeen miles farther is the Connecticut River bridge, leading to Ascutneyville, Vermont, a short distance south of Windsor, on U. S. 5.

U. S. 5 is also the route you will take if you wish to cross the Connecticut River after seeing Hanover.

However, you have really had only an *introduction* to New Hampshire.

### *Sports in New Hampshire*

**HUNTING AND FISHING:** Those interested in these sports should write to *The New Hampshire Fish and*

*Game Department, Concord, N. H.*, for a copy of their free booklet, illustrated. It lists the lakes, ponds and streams where salmon, trout, bass and perch are to be found, gives the fishing laws, the license fees.

Deer and bear are killed in central and northern New Hampshire; fox hunting is common throughout the state; so is coon-hunting, at night; rabbits are abundant. "It would be hard to find anywhere," says this booklet, "more ideal grouse and woodcock gunning than in New Hampshire." There is good pheasant hunting in the southern counties.

HIKING AND CLIMBING: *The Appalachian Mountain Club* renders great service here. Write to them at 5 Joy Street, Boston, Mass., for *Tramping Through the White Mountains*. They have huts at a number of places along the trail.

CAMPING: New Hampshire has forty public camping grounds, twenty-five of which are maintained by the State; the others are in the National Forests.

GOLF AND TENNIS: New Hampshire has seventy-two golf clubs. You will find one almost anywhere you pause. Tennis is to be enjoyed everywhere.

WATER SPORTS: There are 1300 ponds and lakes on which and in which there is sport of many varieties. Beach sports and yachting around Portsmouth, Hampton Beach, Rye Harbor. Canoeing is growing in popularity.

WINTER SPORTS are highly developed in New Hampshire and vie with the best to be found anywhere. Tuckerman's Ravine, Jackson, North Conway and other centers are famous. Write *The State Planning and Development Commission, 17-W Capitol St., Concord, N. H.*, for their Winter Sports folder, sent free. It is comprehensive, covering skiing, tobogganing, skating, dog-sledge driving. Accompanying it is a fine map.

## CHAPTER XIII

### VERMONT

IN her Introduction to Charles Edward Crane's delightful book, *Let Me Show You Vermont*, Dorothy Canfield Fisher relates this: —

Driving back from over the mountain last summer, I stopped at a filling-station in front of a country store to buy some gasoline. An ancient man, withered, stooped, contemplative, in clean faded blue denim, sat on the corner of the steps gazing silently out at the mountains. To him came an enthusiast from down the street (I remembered then that the village was Plymouth) who said "Well, what d'ye think! Twelve hundred and sixty-seven people have visited the Coolidge home today." The old man looked at him seriously, spat, wiped his mouth and remarked, "Wouldn't you think they'd know better!"

I suspect that most Vermonters feel that way about most visitors. I know they're frightfully bored with being regarded as "quaint"; and I don't blame them — they're not *half* as quaint as the people who make crude comments about them; but also I suspect that some of them take pride, either stubborn or histrionic, in "playing up" to what's expected of them.

My friend Fred Kelly, editor, "columnist," and what not, tells a Vermont story that it's rather a shame to

retell without his drawl and the exceedingly droll expressions of his comedian's face; but I'll try: —

A man had gone to visit a little Vermont village where his father and grandfather had grown up. The only persons in sight were a few elderly men sitting about in the Post Office. He accosted them and got no reply; they all stared at him indifferently. "Feels like rain," he ventured, trying to make conversation of some sort — without success — "I can usually tell when it's goin' to rain," he went on, in a folksy way, "because my corns hurt." Complete indifference. "Came to see where my folks used to live," he continued, in a burst of confidence. One or two eyelids flickered with faint interest, and one old fellow, busy with a prodigious "chaw" of tobacco, shifted it sufficiently to inquire, languidly, "Who *be* ye?" The stranger gave his genealogy. There was no immediate comment (as there seldom is to any remark; you must learn to wait in Vermont), but presently the most loquacious one spat — proficiently. "It *might* rain," he conceded, now that he knew the stranger's standing.

There is also the story of a stranger who asked, "Do you think it's going to stop raining?" and received for answer after the usual pause: "Always *has*."

You may be going to Vermont to see where your folks came from, or in the hope of encountering "characters" who will provide anecdotes like the above, or to inquire about buying a home there for a serene and inexpensive old age. I don't know. Some people go to Vermont to see its far-famed views, some go to *feel* it. Some go because they expect it to be like a play of rural scenes and characters; others, because it is on the way back from the White Mountains to New York.

If you are truly interested in Vermont and would like to be an understanding guest (which is, of course, the

only kind of guest one should desire to be anywhere) I advise you to read Mr. Crane's book just referred to. Mrs. Fisher says that those who read it "will no longer be 'strangers' in our midst." You've probably read *It Can't Happen Here*, and know that Sinclair Lewis has his home at Barnard, a drowsy village at the outlet of lovely Silver Lake, northwest of Woodstock. "I have traveled through thirty-six states," he told the Rutland Rotarians, "and have lived in eight or ten, in addition to visiting eighteen foreign countries, but Vermont is the first place I have seen where I really wanted to have my home—a place to spend the rest of my life."

But perhaps also you've read *Something of Myself*, Rudyard Kipling's autobiography, in which he tells why he couldn't endure Vermont, and left it. If you want the other side of that story (and nearly every story has two sides) read *Rudyard Kipling in New England*, by Howard C. Rice, published by the Stephen Daye Press at Brattleboro. The first half of Kenneth Roberts' *Northwest Passage* deals much with northern Vermont. John Pell wrote a biography of *Ethan Allen* which was published in 1929. If you are thinking of Vermont for a home, you should read *A Home in the Country* by Frederic Van de Water, who is a grandson of the writer Marion Harland, and a nephew of Albert Payson Terhune who writes such good dog stories, and who has other well-known literary relatives. Send to the *Vermont Publicity Service*, 200 State House, Montpelier, Vt., for a free copy of *Vermont Summer Homes*, prepared for people who may want to acquire a house by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and charmingly illustrated.

Both Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon religion, and Brigham Young, its "Moses," were Vermonters. But if you still think Vermonters are ultraconservative,

there's Professor John Dewey to explain. (Vermont gave us Admiral George Dewey, too.)

### *Approaches*

Mr. Crane, in his chapter called "Gateways and Highways" reminds us that "there are at least sixty ways to get into Vermont by car, and sixty ways to get out if you don't like it." He adds that most of these advertise themselves as the "Gateway to the Green Mountains." Within the state, small as it is (only six states are smaller), and sparsely settled, with only about 360,000 men, women and children, there are more than 14,000 miles of roads open to the tourist, though not more than one eighth of them are commonly used for touring — and some Vermont residents are glad of that. There are of course innumerable "back roads." Vermont is 157 miles from north to south. It is ninety miles wide at the Canadian border and forty-one at the Massachusetts Line.

U. S. 2, on which you may have traveled from northeastern Maine to Bethel, and across northern New Hampshire to the Connecticut River at Lancaster, continues across northern Vermont through St. Johnsbury and Montpelier to Burlington, on the shore of Lake Champlain, whence you might be going up to Canada, or to the Adirondacks, or down to Lake George and the Hudson River. But if you follow this route, as many do, you'll miss the greater part of Vermont. You will have only a glimpse of its varied scenery.

U. S. 5 comes down from the northernmost tip of the state, beyond Newport, through St. Johnsbury, and follows the Connecticut River south, through Windsor and Brattleboro, and on via Deerfield, Massachusetts, and

Northampton, to Hartford and New Haven, Connecticut. You may have to use that, for reasons of time; but you will be seeing mostly valleys and not the hill regions.

U. S. 7 is the main route in the western part of Vermont, from the Canadian border through Burlington, Vergennes, Middlebury, Rutland, along the west border of the Green Mountain National Forest, to Manchester and Bennington and down to Williamstown, Lenox and Stockbridge in the Berkshires, thence to Norwalk, Connecticut. It's a fine route, through beautiful and interesting country, though many prefer State 30 south of Vergennes. But still there's much in between the border routes of Vermont, and much that you should see!

### *North of Lake Champlain*

First of all, let us say some things about the northern part of the state, up beyond U. S. 2, a region of many lakes and mountains, but few settlements. Resorts, though . . . ! You may have one of them in mind: the famous fishing paradise of Quimby's, at Averill on the Canadian border in northeastern Vermont, which offers "Ranch Life in the East," but with special emphasis on fishing, which there is practised as Izaak Walton preached it. There is also the Newport House on Lake Memphremagog. There are many others. (Mr. Crane says that some of the Number One fishermen he knows consider State 5A, up along Lake Willoughby and in the shadow of Mt. Pisgah, the state's ideal fishing spot. Fine salmon-fishing all through there.) You'd better know where and how you're going, before you start; because up there are several whole townships laid out, but not a person living in them.



*West from Hanover, New Hampshire across Vermont*

Suppose you are *not* going north to fish; what will you miss if you don't go so far north as U. S. 2 goes from Hanover, New Hampshire? You'll miss ST. JOHNS-BURY, with the largest maple sugar plant in the country, occupying five acres; and the Fairbanks Scale Works; and a nice town, to which the Fairbanks family have been munificent; and you'll miss Montpelier, a very dull capital, where Admiral Dewey was born. However, few state capitols have a Senate Chamber more beautiful; and the House of Representatives is also very fine, in the classical style.

But that isn't all. For some idea of what you'd miss in northwestern Vermont, refer to our pages dealing with U. S. 7 and Route 30, north from Bennington. You'd miss all mentioned there that is north of Middlebury; and you'd miss Mt. Mansfield and Smugglers' Notch, which are among the grandest views Vermont has to offer.

Some travelers also would be loath to miss CASPIAN LAKE, close to Greensboro, where Bliss Perry and a group of kindred souls made homes far from "the madding crowd," but close to such *Pools and Ripples* as Professor Perry described in his charming book about Vermont fishing.

Also there's Morrisville and East Craftsbury!

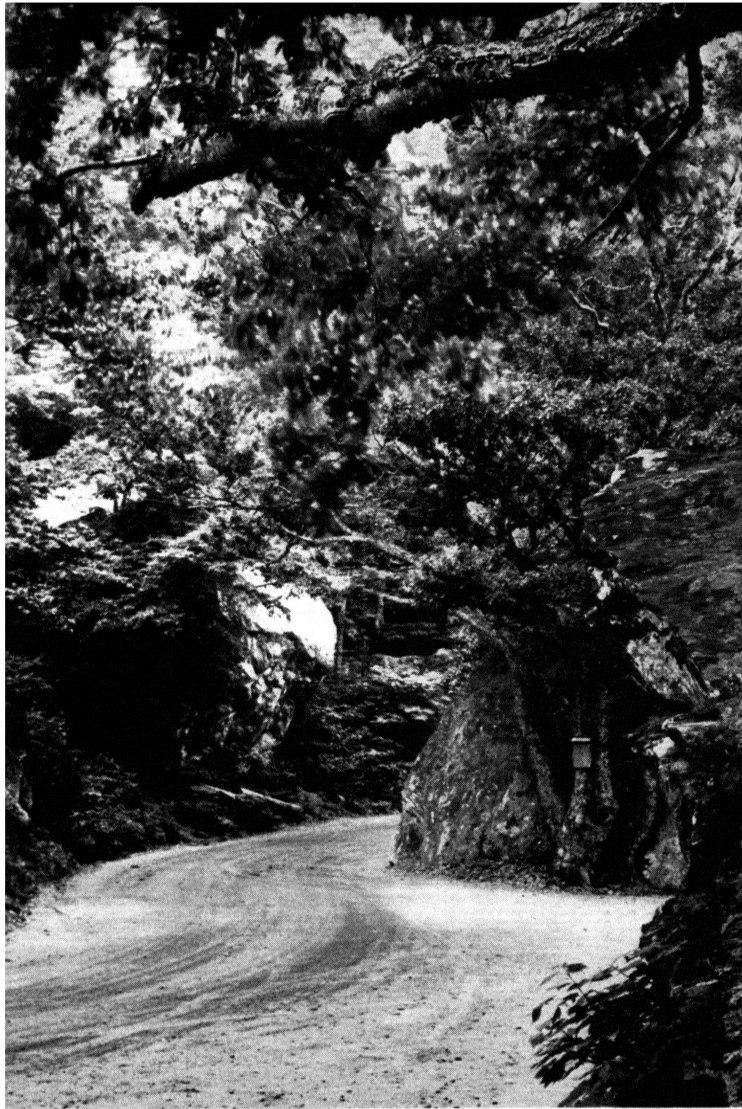
I'm sure therefore that I should do scant justice to my readers if I didn't also give them some suggestions for continuing on U. S. 2, after Hanover. This is the main thoroughfare from the White Mountains through the Green Mountains to Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks. Many tourists see no other parts of Vermont than these 104 miles from the long covered bridge over

the Connecticut River at Lancaster to the ferry across Lake Champlain at Burlington.

There is nothing of outstanding interest on U. S. 2 going south in Vermont till you get to ST. JOHNSBURY, best known for its maple sugar industry — though the Fairbanks family, who have done so much to beautify the town, would probably dispute that; and rightly, perhaps.

The Cary Maple Sugar Company buys millions of pounds of syrup each spring and processes it for consumption. Maple Grove, Incorporated, is a subsidiary devoted especially to maple candies. You may enjoy buying them of Mrs. Josephine Cary Smith at The Maple Cabin, 157 Portland Street. The Cabin also serves delicious luncheons and teas. For those who come to St. Johnsbury at the day's end and want such hospitality as they'll never forget, there's Maple Grove Inn, in the big old mansion that was once upon a time the home of Governor Horace Fairbanks (Governor during 1876–1878). There's a good Museum of Natural Science in St. Johnsbury; and an Athenaeum where Henry M. Stanley was once a guest of honor, and a curious Octagon House, on Eastern Avenue. Educators will be interested in the Vocational School operated in connection with the Fairbanks Scale Works; and fishermen may like to visit the Government Fishery Station at Emerson Falls, near by, where two million brook trout are raised annually, not to mention landlocked salmon and small-mouthed bass.

Travelers interested in water power will not leave St. Johnsbury without turning south on U. S. 5 to Barnet, where the Fifteen-Mile Falls Dam is, stretching 1600 feet across the Connecticut and creating a lake seven miles long; 300,000 horse-power, the greatest east of Niagara, can be generated there. And four men operate the plant!



*Photo by Black Star*

SMUGGLERS' NOTCH, NEAR STOWE



U. S. 5, coming up the west bank of the Connecticut River from Springfield, Massachusetts, continues here through St. Johnsbury to the Canadian boundary. You'd take it for Averill, following it as far as LYNDONVILLE, and there branching off, northeast, on Route 114. If you are bound for Lake Willoughby and its ideal fishing, you'll continue on U. S. 5 beyond Lyndonville, to WEST BURKE, and there take Route 5A to WESTMORE. There are comfortable cabins, with dining room, at reasonable rates; and if you're in search of camping ground, there's Burke Mountain, off Route 114, with all facilities: a State Forest Park. U. S. 5 also goes on to BARTON, at the head of Crystal Lake, which also is fine for fishing.

If you have Caspian Lake and Bliss Perry in mind, keep on U. S. 2 till you reach West Danville, about fifteen miles west, and there take Route 15 to a junction, east of Hardwick, with Route 12, a short distance north on which is Greensboro.

You may continue on Route 15 to Hardwick and there take Route 12B to CRAFTSBURY COMMON, one of the most charming of Vermont villages, where there's "The Hearthside," an inn where guests are delightfully entertained for a night or for a season by Mrs. Rawson; also neighboring farms that will "put up" guests; and there's the Hilltop Shop kept by Mrs. Rawson's sister, Miss Dunstan, offering a variety of choice things to wear and for household use or gifts.

Beyond West Danville, U. S. 2 dips southwest through Marshfield and Plainfield to MONTPELIER.

Twelve miles beyond Montpelier, U. S. 2 reaches WATERBURY, with an Inn which has long been famous; three miles north of it, on Route 100, is the Ruth-Mary Inn with a long veranda for outdoor lunching and dining.

A short distance farther north on this route is STOWE,

at the southern end of the famous Smugglers' Notch Road (otherwise designated as Route 108) which is one of the glory spots of all Vermont—many give it top place. Stowe is a great center for winter sports, for which gay crowds come on special snow trains from New York City and Boston and many other places. There is an extensive system of ski runs and trails throughout the eastern slope of Mt. Mansfield, and there are two fine ski schools. The Lodge at Smugglers' Notch has also a chalet and cabins, is open throughout the year, and is a delightful place to stay, summer or winter, and there are heated cabins with hot water and private toilets at Stowe, which have restaurant accommodation. Also, there's the Mt. Mansfield Hotel.

Mt. Mansfield is some five miles long, and there is a toll road to the summit—three dollars round trip for a car and any number of passengers up to six. Most of the mountain is included in the Mt. Mansfield Park of more than 5,000 acres; but there's a strip on the summit that belongs to the University of Vermont. Good botanizing up there. Imaginative persons think the outline of the mountain as viewed from below resembles an upturned human face; so the peaks are known as the Forehead, the Nose, the Lips, the Chin, and the Adam's Apple. The Chin is the highest point—nearly 4,440 feet—and the best view of the surrounding country is from there; more than 100 miles in all directions, on a reasonably clear day.

Smugglers' Notch is a deep cleft between Mt. Mansfield and the Sterling Mountains to the east of it. In the Embargo period and during the War of 1812, contraband goods from Canada were brought through there en route to Boston. There are many special beauty spots in the Notch; and no one who has ever drunk at the

Big Spring there (one of the largest in the East) can ever forget the deliciousness of that draught. The water, which is so pure that it can be used where, otherwise, distilled water must be employed, rushes from the mountainside at about 1,000 gallons per minute, and presently makes the Bingham Falls, a drop of eighty feet, unsurpassed in Vermont for loveliness.

Eight miles north of Stowe is MORRISVILLE, which will interest you if you're a student of municipal ownership of public utilities (electricity is cheap there, yet the profits pay all the village taxes and finance many civic improvements) or if you'd like to look into a successful association of farmers who sell direct to distant consumers.

Otherwise, turn back from Stowe and resume U. S. 2 along the Winooski River to Richmond and Williston. At Williston, nine miles east of Burlington, is Twist-o-Hill Lodge, which is a great favorite, and justly so.

From here, continue to Burlington and across Lake Champlain, or turn south.

If you cross over into Vermont from Hanover (Dartmouth College) to Norwich, what will you miss besides the places we've just discussed? Not a great deal.

There's Route 25, from Bradford along the Waits River, to Barre; and on that the only place likely to be of special interest is the farm from which Willie Scott went, at the age of twenty-two, to defend the Union, in the Civil War, and was caught sleeping at his sentry post on the Potomac, and sentenced to be shot. We all remember the story of how Lincoln, told by Willie's comrades that Willie had taken the post of a sick comrade the night before he himself was detailed for sentry duty, and was unable to get through the second night

without sleep, pardoned Willie. For this Lincoln was severely censured — but when did that ever deter him from doing what he believed was right? Willie went back to serve the Union, and was killed in battle in Virginia, April 16, 1862. A large granite marker commemorates him on the site of his birthplace, east of Orange.

There's also Route 113, which goes from a point on U. S. 5 nearly opposite Orford, New Hampshire. This wouldn't give you anything of interest to compare with what you'll get on other routes.

So, I'd say take U. S. 2 as described, unless you have time to see southern Vermont and later go up the west side to Lake Champlain.

### *North to South in Vermont*

Now, then, for that crossing from Hanover, or from Lebanon, five miles south of Hanover, to White River Junction, and thence south. From there you'll probably want to take U. S. 4 for Woodstock (fourteen-and-a-half miles), a village of some 1300 inhabitants which has given to the world an astounding number of eminent men. It is, says a Vermont guide, "the village which probably more than any other in Vermont has reverently preserved both the physical setting and the spiritual flavor of an earlier day. . . . Its instinctive reaction to change is negative: it has no factories and wants none; it saw its railroad discontinued without regret; it tenaciously cherishes its old covered bridge, picturesque but hazardous. . . . Its broad streets are lined with houses and public buildings, beautiful not merely because they are old, but because they were built in a tradition of grace and beauty."



Woodstock was an early publishing center. The famous Stephen Daye press, the first printing press in what is now the United States, and now at Montpelier, was sent to this country in 1638 accompanied by a printer named Stephen Daye who operated it in Cambridge till 1649. Then it was used at Woodstock early in the nineteenth century and printed, among many things, the first Greek Lexicon turned out in North America. Alvin Adams started at Woodstock what developed into the Adams Express Company. George P. Marsh was a resident of Woodstock; Lincoln appointed him first United States Minister to the new Kingdom of Italy, and he continued in that office till his death at Vallombrosa in 1882. (His greatest book, which he called *Man and Nature*, but which was revised after his death and called *The Earth as Modified by Human Action*, is the fountainhead of the conservation movement.) Hiram Powers, most famous American sculptor of his day, was born on a farm near Woodstock; and there is a fairly long list of others I ought to name, but must not. Woodstock has a fine golf course. It had the first ski-tow in the United States. It has four churches, with bells cast by Paul Revere. It has a noted collection of Japanese Art. Handcrafts are practised with charming results.

Near by is the QUECHEE GORGE, one of the noted natural spectacles of Vermont.

And the White Cupboard Inn is at Woodstock! You wouldn't willingly miss that! Also, there's that famous Shetland pony farm near Woodstock, belonging to Anne Bosworth Greene, author of *The Lone Winter*, *Dipper Hill*, and other Vermont chronicles that perfectly describe this region. She'd probably let you see her farm. Who doesn't love Shetland ponies? Don't miss it if you have young fellow travelers.

## 462 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

Many tourists will take State 12 north from Woodstock to Barnard (ten miles) to see Sinclair Lewis' house; some may wish to continue eight-and-a-half miles on the same road to Bethel, to pay tribute to Mary Waller and *The Woodcarver of 'Lympus*.

You may combine the trip to Bethel with a trip on State 107 to Stockbridge, where you'll probably want to take State 100, leading you, in about twenty-five miles south, to PLYMOUTH UNION, whence you turn, left, one mile, to the birthplace of Calvin Coolidge and the hillside cemetery where he sleeps, companioned by Calvin Jr., who has the privilege by the grace of God to be a boy through all eternity.

Thence you should continue on 100A to Bridgewater Corners, where you find U. S. 4 again and return to Woodstock; there you should spend the night—at the Woodstock Inn or the White Cupboard Inn—if you can get accommodation.

If you can't stay at Woodstock for these treats, continue on U. S. 4 a very short distance east, to where you'll find State 12, leading southeast to Hartland, from which it is some four-and-a-half miles to Windsor.

WINDSOR is the birthplace of Vermont; there we should remind ourselves how and when Vermont began to be. (You may have come here from Cornish, New Hampshire, if you skipped Dartmouth.)

For more than a hundred years after Champlain was thereabouts, in 1609, the territory adjacent to "his" lake was French, and gradually—as the Iroquois waxed stronger—France fortified the great natural highway between the Hudson and the St. Lawrence.

The first English settlement on what is now Vermont soil was near Brattleboro, in 1724, when Massachusetts

established a fort there to protect her western settlements against the French and the Indians. Boundaries were very vague; kings and governors "granted" lands without even knowing where they were or whose they were. In 1741 King George II (or somebody for him) defined the New Hampshire territory as extending due west across the Merrimack River "till it meets with our other governments." But nobody knew where the "other governments" left off. Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire "assumed" that the province of New Hampshire extended as far west as did Massachusetts and Connecticut, so he "granted" what is now the township of Bennington to a group of applicants among whom the Governor and some of his Portsmouth neighbors were favored with an ample share. But Governor Clinton of New York hastened to remind him that, eighty years before, Charles II had granted his brother James, Duke of York, all the land from the west side of the Connecticut River to the east side of Delaware Bay.

So the York Grants and the Hampshire Grants caused trouble, and men settled as they came regardless of the vague rights on either side. Wentworth of New Hampshire continued making grants until he had given his settlers title to a great part of what is now Vermont.

Urged on by New York landowners, George III now declared the western banks of the Connecticut River to be the boundary line between New York and New Hampshire; whereupon New York treated the Wentworth Grants as nullities and granted many of them anew. For the next ten years there were unceasing "ructions," however, as the men already on those lands refused to leave.

Ethan Allen and his brother Ira seem to have acquired their "New Hampshire grants" about 1769 (they were from Connecticut, like many of the others who obtained

such "grants" after the French and Indian War). Within two years Allen had gathered his "Green Mountain Boys" to resist the "Yorkers," who claimed their land.

You probably "grew up on" *The Green Mountain Boys*; on stories of how Ethan and his "Boys" met the "Yorkers" at Bennington's covered bridge; how Ethan came to be called the "Robin Hood of Vermont," and had a price placed on his head; and how, in May, 1775, Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold, with only eighty-three followers, crossed Lake Champlain and captured Fort Ticonderoga, at that time the largest and most impregnable fortress in this country. Seventeen years before, it had been successfully defended by Montcalm against 15,000 British; but in 1759 it had fallen to Lord Jeffrey Amherst.

Allen is supposed to have demanded surrender "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," although — as has been remarked — "he held a commission from neither." (You'll recall that it was the guns captured at Ticonderoga that enabled Washington to drive the British out of Boston.)

Well, what's now called Vermont was a lively place in those days; and it seethed with secession when, in April, 1777, New York State published her new Constitution, which disregarded many rights of the "Green Mountain Boys" and their neighbors, who in January had declared themselves free of New York and New Hampshire.

In July delegates from the New Hampshire Grants met at Windsor to discuss and adopt a Constitution erecting those "grants" into an independent State of Vermont. It was the first Constitution adopted by an American state which forbade slavery and established manhood suffrage.

But the Continental Congress wouldn't recognize the new State. For nearly fourteen years, Vermont was a completely independent republic, some of whose citizens, in spite of The Boys, were stubbornly loyal to New York. It was Alexander Hamilton who led New York to recognize Vermont and in 1790 New York relinquished her claims. On March 4, 1791, Vermont was admitted to the Union—the first state added to the original thirteen. Ethan Allen didn't live to see it; but his brother, Ira, did.

*The Green Mountain Boys* was written in 1839, and fifty editions had been sold before 1860. The author was Daniel Pierce Thompson, a lawyer and newspaper editor in Montpelier. His grandson, Mr. Charles M. Thompson, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, said I ought to tell my readers that *The Green Mountain Boys* is "stirring fiction, but as history it is hopelessly wrong. The Green Mountain Boys were not romantic; the quarrel with New York was not heroic, but a rather sordid struggle over land titles in which the law was unquestionably on the side of New York. As an antidote to the romantic legend of the state I urge you to read *Vermont in the Making*, by M. B. Jones, a native Vermonter, a book based on the most thorough investigation and scholarly research. Another book I wish to suggest is *The Turning Point of the Revolution*, by Hoffman Nickerson, published in 1928. It is particularly good, and full, about the Battle of Hubbardton and the Battle of Bennington."

I am happy to share with you this excellent advice, from one whose natural pride in his grandfather's famous book did not incline him to pardon its historical injustice.

The Old Constitution House on North Main Street, Windsor, where Vermont's Constitution was framed and

adopted (it was a tavern, in 1777), is now a museum and tea house, and you will undoubtedly visit it.

The Covered Toll Bridge should not be missed.

### *Southern Vermont*

From Windsor to BRATTLEBORO, on U. S. 5, is a bit under 50 miles, in the course of which you have ASCUTNEYVILLE, a pleasant village no more populous today than when Vermont was admitted to the Union; and WEATHERSFIELD, where Vermont's first engraver, Isaac Eddy, was born; and BELLOWS FALLS, where Hetty Green lived for many years after her marriage; and WESTMINSTER, where the first printing office in Vermont was established, in 1778, using the famous Stephen Daye press; and PUTNEY, a well-known Vermont town with a growing summer colony.

Seven miles south of Putney a country road leads, right, two miles, to "Naulahka," where Kipling — while temporarily a Vermonter, through his marriage with a Vermont girl — wrote many of his books.

Caroline Balestier was a Brattleboro girl whom Kipling met in London. She had a brother, Wolcott Balestier, who wrote sensitively and finely and died in his early manhood, soon after her marriage; and another brother, Beatty, who seems to have made "Naulahka" unendurable. At any rate, the Kiplings quit this country in 1896; which was probably just as well, for Kipling had little liking for his neighbors and was not greatly liked by them. And he did "belong" in the British Empire!

Brattleboro has a number of distinctions, but few, I think, greater than that it was the birthplace of the Hunts: William Morris Hunt, who was himself an excellent painter and teacher of painting, and who did so

much to open the world's eyes to the beauties of Millet and others of the Barbizon school; and Richard Morris Hunt, architect, who built so many magnificent homes and public buildings. Also, the Meads grew up in Brattleboro — Larkin Mead, the sculptor; and William Rutherford Mead, the eminent architect, who was of the celebrated firm of McKim, Mead, and White; and their sister Elinor, who was Mrs. William Dean Howells.

Brattleboro is where Estey Organs are made. And the old Estey mansion, on School Street, is the residence, in summer, of members of the Summer Theater group, which gives its performances in what was once the Estey coach house.

You may be tempted to make a round trip from Brattleboro to Newfane, on Route 30 — a matter of twenty-five miles there and back. South Newfane is a newer place. Newfane, or Old Newfane, is one of the loveliest villages in Vermont, with a population of about 160 — except in summer, when it is much more. The sites of its original houses and a graveyard are up a steep hillside. Anyone can show you the way to "the sites." After a while, the people got tired of living so far uphill. They raised their houses, put them on sledges, and slid them down to the present town site. That is the town's story, and the people you ask will stick to it. The sites are mute evidence. Summer people are now building on that hill, for today its views and remoteness have unsurpassed charm.

The County Courthouse and the quaint old Congregational Church are worth going far to see. The grandfather of Roswell and Eugene Field lived in Newfane and practised law in that courthouse, and at the Field Homestead his grandsons spent some of their childhood. There is a Field Museum now. And several members of

the Field family have summer homes there. It might well be that you'd rather spend a night in the Newfane Inn than in Brattleboro.

Once, when Newfane was known as Fayetteville, it was the scene of a "shift marriage." Major Moses Joy of Putney became enamored of the widow Hannah Wood of Fayetteville. Hannah's husband had died insolvent; and according to Vermont law his successor would have to assume liability for his debts, unless — ! Unless Hannah, when Major Joy married her, had no possessions at all, not even a "shift," or shirt.

Accordingly, Hannah entered a closet, stripped off all her clothes, and while in a completely nude state thrust her arm through a hole in the closet door. The gallant major clasped her hand, and they were wed. That was in 1789.

### *Bennington*

From Brattleboro I'd take State 9, the Molly Stark Trail, to BENNINGTON. There are fewer habitations along this route than on almost any other 40-mile stretch in Vermont, except up in the far northeast corner of the state; but there are fine views. If you turn south at WILMINGTON (where you may rest at Child's Tavern or the Old Red Mill), you can see where a dam in the Deerfield River makes one of the largest lakes in Vermont: Wilmington Reservoir. But what you'll probably enjoy most about the Trail is crossing Hogback Mountain, before Wilmington, and the high, densely wooded mountain country through which you travel most of the way.

And now we've come to BENNINGTON, which is next-door-to-Paradise to so many of my good friends who have summer homes there, or fond memories of time



spent there, that I almost literally tremble to write about it as briefly as I must.

To begin with, we must distinguish between "Bennington Proper," a modern industrial and commercial town, and "Old Bennington," which is a veritable outdoor museum.

The former is little likely to interest you; the latter will almost certainly give you great delight.

Of Bennington's origin and how it got its name, I've told you. Its fame came to it in the summer of 1777, when Burgoyne came down the Champlain Valley and re-took Ticonderoga. He needed horses; and he heard that there were plenty of horses at Bennington. So he sent a detachment of 800 men, telling their leader: "Mount your dragoons, send me 1300 horses, seize Bennington, cross mountains to Brattleboro, try affections of country, take hostages, meet me a fortnight hence in Albany."

All very simple, it seemed. But there was a fellow named John Stark, who was close to fifty. He had fought in the French and Indian War and become a captain. When the Revolution came along, he had raised a regiment and led it at Bunker Hill, up to Canada, and in Washington's New Jersey campaign in the winter of 1776-1777. Then he retired, because Congress promoted young "chocolate soldiers" over his head, and he went home to his farm. But when Burgoyne came marching down from Canada and there was panic in his path, Stark allowed himself to be made a brigadier general of militia and put in command of the farmers, woodsmen and others who volunteered. He got his force to Bennington on August 9. Three days later, Burgoyne's detachment, under Colonel Baum, started on that eastward raid. On August 16 they met Stark's men in battle.

"There are the Redcoats, and they are ours," Stark is believed to have said to his men, "or this night Molly Stark sleeps a widow!"

I'm not sure if Molly ever was a widow; but if so, it was forty-five years later. For John Stark was ninety-four when he died.

At any rate, she was not widowed then; nor were many women whose husbands fought with her John. At the battle he lost but thirty killed, and had forty wounded, whereas over 200 of the enemy were left dead on the field, and John took some 600 prisoners. This victory did much to bring about the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, just two months later.

I wonder if you know that Burgoyne was a dramatist, and that his first play, *The Maid of the Oaks*, was produced by Garrick, in 1775? Perhaps you have read *Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne*, by F. J. Hudleston; or what Philip Guedalla has written of him in more serious vein in *Fathers of the Revolution*. A comedy, *The Heiress*, which Burgoyne wrote when he was sixty-four, ran through ten editions in a year and was translated into several foreign languages. Walpole even prophesied it would outlive the fame of his battles!

This may seem a far cry from John and Molly Stark; but I don't feel so.

Some say the Bennington Battle Monument is the highest battle monument in the world: it is 306 feet, and stands on the hill where the storehouse stood that Baum came to capture. More than 400 steps lead to a high lookout that commands splendid views in every direction. Flood-lighted, the monument is a beautiful sight.

You probably will not linger in the "proper" Bennington, but will continue through it in a westerly direction

to Old Bennington, which lies on a broad slope with Monument Avenue as its principal thoroughfare.

The Historical Museum is on Main Street and contains an assortment of articles, including the flag Stark carried at the battle which did *not* make Molly a widow. The Old Burying Ground is on Monument Avenue, facing the Green, and has the graves of those who fell in the battle — on both sides — and those of many men and families who made Vermont history. If you have a gift for graveyard reverie, this is an ideal place to indulge it. So many things to think about! Lads and men who fought with John Stark and lads and men from time-mellowed English homes; Hessians from the Rhineland, fighting because their landgrave hired them out to do it, and kept the pay; Indians from Canada, fighting to help their friends and terrify their enemies; Tories, loyal to King George; Canadians, who saw no excuse for rebellion. There they all lie, far from those who wept at their non-returning.

The lovely white church adjoining, dating from 1805 and built by Lavius Fillmore from designs by Asher Benjamin, is considered one of the most beautiful in the state. Two doors south of it is the Jedediah Dewey House; and the site of the old meeting house, said to be the oldest in Vermont, built in 1763, is marked. Jedediah was a parson, Bennington's first. On the Sabbath before the battle he called upon his parishioners to fight — and fight *hard*. You know they did; his son, Captain Elijah Dewey, was among them. Elijah kept the Walloomsac Inn, close by, which he had founded in 1766, and which is still an inn.

Many tales are told about Jedediah. Once, preaching a thanksgiving sermon for the capture of Ticonderoga, he seemed to give more credit to God than to Ethan Allen.

When the sermon was over and Jedediah began to pray, Allen called out to him: "Please mention to the Lord about my being there!"

The Catamount Tavern, where Allen plotted the attack on Ticonderoga and Stark planned the defense of Bennington, is no longer there; but its site is marked by a bronze catamount on a granite base, grinning defiantly toward New York, as of old did the stuffed catamount which served as an inn-sign. It was kept by Stephen Fay. On the day of the battle, British officers ordered Fay to prepare a fine dinner for their triumphal entry.

Stephen had five sons fighting under Stark that day; but he prepared the dinner, and that evening when the bedraggled British prisoners were marched down the street, he stepped forward from his tavern door and said: "Gentlemen, your dinner is ready."

The Tavern's place is well filled by Monument Inn, with a cuisine famous through New England.

There are beautiful old houses in Old Bennington, and charming newer ones. You may want to spend the night there, at the Monument Inn, which has a terrace overlooking the Walloomsac Valley.

If you are going no farther north, there's a good route from Bennington to the Hudson River just above Troy.

On the other hand, you may be bent on going on to Manchester, to spend the night at Hotel Equinox, generally called the finest in Vermont, and among the finest in New England; or at one of the other places there.

But whether you linger in Bennington for the night, or press on, don't fail to note Bennington College for girls — which, although established only in 1932, has already commanded exceptional respect for the progressive

way it helps its students qualify themselves for "a more abundant life."

Just north of the college is North Bennington, where you may want to stop at the Stone House at the southern edge of the village and see the handsome display of Colonial furniture made by the H. T. Cushman Company across the road.

As you approach South Shaftsbury you pass, high on a hillcrest to your left, an old half-stone house in which Robert Frost lived for a time—till he fled the main highway.

Three miles east of Shaftsbury is the township of Glastenbury, which has a population of seven people in forty-odd square miles of mountain wilderness.

ARLINGTON, eight-and-a-half miles north of Shaftsbury Center, is a charming town where Ethan Allen once lived, and Dorothy Canfield Fisher lives now.

As you near Manchester, a private road south of the cemetery leads, right, to the Robert Todd Lincoln estate, where Abraham Lincoln's son died.

MANCHESTER has many beautiful estates and a summer colony which always numbers many distinguished people. Its Ekwanok Country Club has a celebrated golf course of eighteen holes.

If you don't feel "up to" the Equinox Hotel, there's the Worthy Inn on U. S. 7, with spacious verandas and comfortable rooms commanding wonderful views of the Green Mountains; and MacNaughtons, with a "homey" air and excellent food; also the Manchester Inn; and, by no means least, the Orvis Inn, belonging to the family who have owned the Equinox since before the Civil War. The Old Tavern in Manchester Center, about one mile north, was built in 1790 and has changed very little from its stagecoach days.

There, at Manchester Center, I'd bear off to the left, were I you, on State 30, instead of continuing on U. S. 7; and come, in a little more than six miles, to DORSET, one of the loveliest and most famous of all Vermont villages, where a fine colony of writers and artists have established themselves and where there is the Dorset Playhouse with a large, well-equipped stage and an excellent company. Zephine Humphrey lives there, and her painter husband. The Dorset Inn, which has been doing business since 1776, is still an interesting and comfortable place to stay.

Eight and a half miles north is PAWLET, which looks as if it were a Hollywood "set" for a Vermont scene.

On you go, seven miles farther, through WELLS, which also has a Little Theatre, and beyond—seven miles—to POULTNEY. Turn east in Main Street, Poultney, to East Poultney, about three-quarters of a mile, where Horace Greeley spent four years as a typesetter in the tiny office of the *Poultney Gazette*. He was only fourteen when he started this apprenticeship, but that same year he made his first political speech, in the schoolhouse. Fellow worker with him was George Jones, who became associated with Henry J. Raymond in the founding of the *New York Times* ten years after Greeley had founded the *Tribune*. The Eagle Tavern, a coaching inn of about 1790, where young Greeley lived for two years, is still standing, but is no longer an inn.

Ten miles beyond Poultney you come to BOMOSEEN, near which on the north is Lake Bomoseen, surrounded by summer homes and hotels. It is nearly eight miles long and in its center is a pineclad island of ten acres where, as the Vermont Guide says, "dwell those summer Green Mountain Boys—Alexander Woolcott and Harpo Marx." From Bomoseen U. S. 4 goes to Hudson Falls and Albany.

If you want to visit Rutland, which is the heart of the Vermont marble country, turn east on U. S. 4 just before you reach Lake Bomoseen — at Castleton Corners — and drive twelve miles. But unless you have some special reason for going to Rutland, I believe you will be better pleased to stay on State 30 to Sudbury, Middlebury, Vergennes and Burlington.

Archæologists will probably wish to turn left on State F10, at Sudbury, to ORWELL, where Mr. Godfrey Olsen from the Museum of the American Indian has come upon graves of a very ancient race, much antedating the Indians, whom he calls "the Red Paint people" because they put red ocher with their pallid dead, probably to make them look lifelike in another world.

Beyond Sudbury, State 30 goes on to MIDDLEBURY. (Those who have read *Father Went to College*, by W. Storrs Lee, wouldn't think of missing Middlebury College.) For many years it was an institution for men only, and looked down upon Miss Emma Hart when she came there in 1807 to take charge of Middlebury Female Academy. She became Emma Willard two years later, and was — as you know — a great pioneer in higher education for women. Do you also know that she wrote "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"?

There are summer schools for foreign languages at Middlebury College; and at Bread Loaf, near by, is a summer school of English, conducted by Middlebury College, which has drawn students from thirty-five states and sixty-two colleges. Distinguished teachers, writers, critics serve as guest faculty; and the six-week session is supplemented by a Writers' Conference, the last two weeks in August, which is attended by editors, critics, literary agents, publishers, and others whom prospective writers desire to meet.

Bread Loaf was a pioneer headquarters for the develop-

ment of those Morgan horses for which Vermont is famous. They are bred at Weybridge, four miles northwest of Middlebury, where the United States maintains a farm for the purpose; and elsewhere on private farms.

Take U. S. 7 from Middlebury to BURLINGTON (thirty-five miles) past Dog Team Tavern, established in 1936 by Sir Wilfred and Lady Grenfell to deepen interest in their work for Labrador fisherfolk and to earn money for their urgent needs. Dr. Grenfell lives now at Charlotte, I believe, north of Vergennes on U. S. 7.

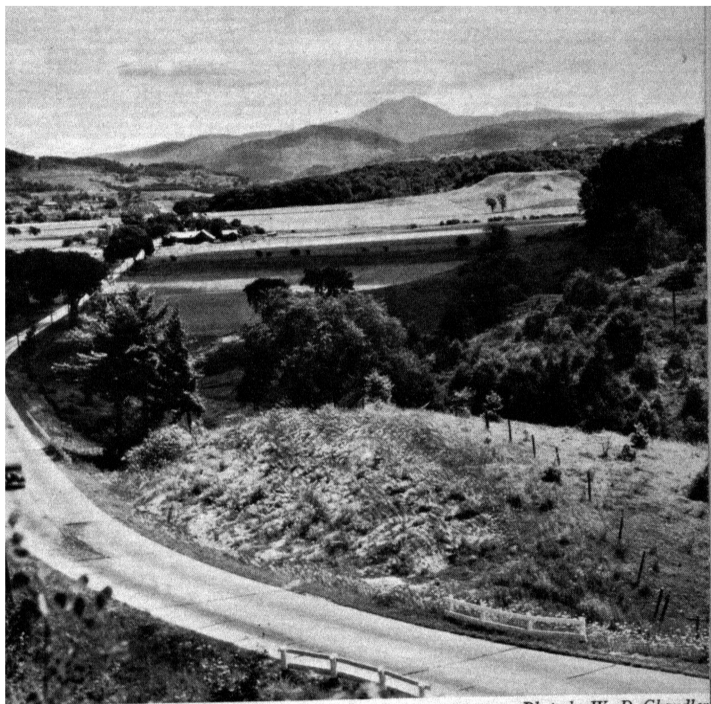
Nine miles beyond the Tavern you have VERGENNES, the third oldest city (*not* "settlement"! ) in New England, and one of the smallest incorporated cities in the world. At VERGENNES ask to be directed to the old "stump fence" which makes an excellent photographic study.

Three miles beyond Vergennes you come to Rokeby, which was the home of Vermont's dearly loved writer, Rowland E. Robinson, who left us books that are "the completest record we shall ever have of a little corner of American civilization that was both colorful and unique." Robinson, who had been a magazine artist, became blind; he couldn't draw without seeing, but he could write—and he did! Ever read his *Danvis Folks*, or *Uncle Lisha's Shop*?

### *Lake Champlain*

And now you've come to BURLINGTON, on LAKE CHAMPLAIN, about which there is so much to say that it should have a chapter to itself. The University of Vermont is there, and many art galleries, libraries, museums, schools, fine homes, and public buildings. The City Hall, for instance, is one of the most impressive in New England. The University was founded principally by Ethan Allen's





*Photo by W. D. Chandler*

VERMONT HAS HIGHWAYS



brother, Ira; the University Chapel is named for him. It was designed by McKim, Mead and White, who also designed the City Hall and other buildings at Burlington.

Two-and-a-half miles north of City Hall is Ethan Allen Park, occupying part of Ethan's farm where his home was when he died.

Burlington faces west and is noted for the splendor of her sunsets, across Lake Champlain. The lake, except for excursion steamers, is largely given over, now, to yachtsmen and fishermen. But for a hundred years, Burlington has dreamed of a canal system to link Champlain with the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, to make Burlington a world port between New York and Montreal.

There are many pleasant places to stay at and near Burlington. The Vermont House is on the site of an earlier hotel where Lafayette was entertained. Opposite is the old Hotel Van Ness, of which Christopher Morley has written in affectionate reminiscence in his *Plum Pudding* essays. And there's the Allenwood Inn, which was formerly the residence of a wealthy New Yorker, and has a Japanese tea-garden. And Champlain Park, with lakeside cabins. And Oakledge. And so on, including the Lake Champlain Club at Malletts Bay.

If you take the PORT KENT FERRY across the lake when ready to leave, you will be a little below Plattsburg, just above Ausable Chasm, and about due east of Saranac Lake.

### *The Island Route*

The probability is that you won't leave this vicinity without seeing something, at least, of the Island Route northward on U. S. 2 up through Grand Isle in Lake Champlain where the French established a settlement in

the seventeenth century. This ride of nearly fifty miles is one of the most charming imaginable.

Before leaving the mainland, you come to Sand Bar State Forest Park with well-landscaped camping grounds, a bathing beach, stone fireplaces for picnic cooking. Then comes Sand Bar Bridge, or causeway. Just before reaching it, you pass a refuge for migrating birds maintained by the fish and game service of Vermont; pheasants are bred there.

The island is rich in orchards, which in appleblossom time outdo Normandy itself. But in all seasons except winter it is a lovely section, with the Green Mountains on the east and the Adirondacks on the west, and every vista inclusive of sparkling blue lake. The Island Villa is an excellent place to stay, and there are two tourist camps equipped for sojourn as well as for an overnight stay.

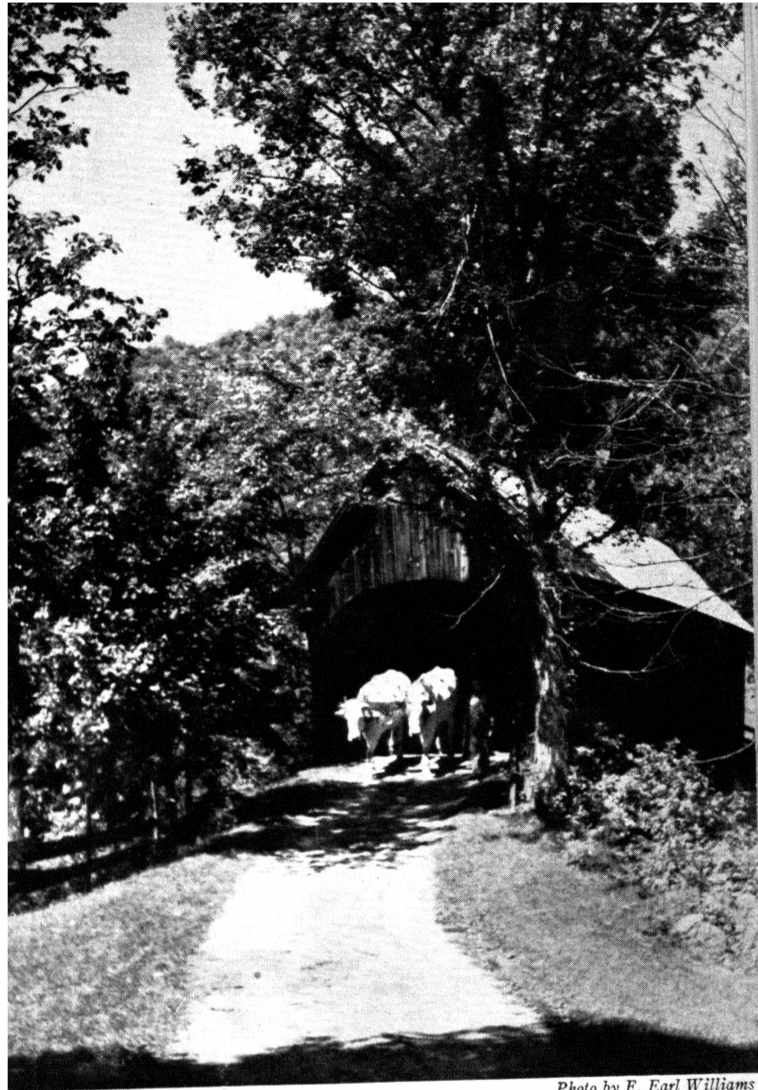
But it's a main-traveled national route through a country famed for its beauty; so, don't be surprised if you find every place full to capacity.

U. S. 2 continues to ROUSE'S POINT, New York, beyond which the road runs north along the Richelieu and turns northwest to Montreal, or turns south on U. S. 9 through Plattsburg to the southern end of Lake George and thence to Albany.

### *Sins of Omission*

Now, I am well aware that I haven't written at all adequately about Vermont's mountains. It is sometimes claimed that she has more than the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, and the Catskills combined.

I have followed the highways, which are useful, but not always romantic; and I have purposely said nothing



*Photo by F. Earl Williams*

AND BACK ROADS



about Vermont's thousands of miles of "shun-pikes" or "back roads," many of which were built to be used by thrifty folk who hated to pay toll on the turnpikes. Others were once fine stagecoach routes, deserted in the railroad days, and now just starting to revive. Frequent floods mean constant revision of routes in the hilly sections. One who loves old roads could spend a perfectly delightful vacation in Vermont exploring. To do it successfully, you'd need a supply of detailed maps of the United States Geological Survey, to be procured from Washington at ten cents a section. In this way you can find High-go Hill and Codfish Corners and Adamant and Sodom and Gomorrah, and Swearing Mountain and Horn of the Moon. Yes! they're all there.

### *Sports and Recreation in Vermont*

IN GENERAL. For all who expect to visit Vermont, the Publicity Service of the Department of Conservation and Development, 200 State House, Montpelier, Vermont, issues a very handsome free booklet with beautiful pictures: *Unspoiled Vermont*. It carries the invitation "Come to Vermont, A Vacation Paradise"; and after looking through this book it would be hard to stay away.

It tells you that in this small state there are more than 900 mountain peaks whose summits are 2,000 feet or more above the sea; and they're all clothed with verdure to their very tips. More than 150 of them are over 3,000 feet. But they're all "friendly mountains" which induce affection rather than awe.

Vermont has thirty-eight State Forests and State Forest Parks with a combined area of nearly 56,000 acres, open to the public for all legitimate forms of use; if they are game

refuges where hunting is prohibited or have streams closed to fishing, visitors are advised by notices. Fuel wood is furnished at picnic and camping areas, but no wood is to be cut by visitors; no birch trees may be peeled for their silvery white bark. In the smaller parks no flowers or ferns may be gathered; in the larger areas you may pick a reasonable bouquet for noncommercial purposes provided you pick nothing within fifty feet of any road or trail. Camping areas have wood platforms for rent, picnic tables, spring water, flush toilets, shelters, and a caretaker. Ten of them permit parking of trailers. A special booklet called *Forestry and Recreation* is available from the Vermont Publicity Bureau.

The Connecticut River forms the whole eastern boundary for Vermont, and Lake Champlain (120 miles long) constitutes a great part of Vermont's western boundary. There are more than 400 other lakes and large ponds, and the state is not infrequently called "the land of little rivers," though it also has some not so little: there are about 550 streams.

*Unspoiled Vermont* tells you about the motor roads, the Long Trail and others, the 1,000-miles of bridle paths; about the many bathing beaches and their water sports; about fishing and hunting; about summer homes, and cottages and camps for transients; about winter sports, and golf; about Vermont's colleges and schools. It tells a little about Vermont's agriculture, and offers to send more information about it for those specially interested.

Everybody knows Vermont maple syrup (which is about forty per cent of the total production) and Vermont turkeys. Some people know how high Vermont apples and potatoes rate in the nation's markets. The state is also a leader in the number of accredited cattle, and its ratio of dairy cows per capita is the highest in



the nation. (There are more cows than people, in Vermont!) A special booklet on Vermont Agriculture is available on request.

**HUNTING AND FISHING.** Nonresidents must have licenses. A hunting license, good for the year, costs \$10.50. (Licenses are issued May 1, each year. Write the *Fish and Game Service, Montpelier, Vt.*) A fishing license good for three days costs \$1.65; for fourteen days, \$2.35; for the season, \$5.15. A booklet with regulations, and particulars enough for almost anybody's need, is available from the Publicity Service at Montpelier; ask for *Hunting and Fishing*. I wouldn't attempt either sport without having this booklet and making sure I knew all the rules and complied with them.

**TRAILS.** These are a great glory of Vermont. The Long Trail, a 261-mile "Footpath in the Wilderness," was finished in 1928. The Green Mountain Club, Rutland, maintains it, and for fifty cents will send you a book with detailed descriptions of the routes, the shelters, the stopping places, rules of the Trail, and suggestions about equipment and food. The Trail is in four sections. The northernmost, from Johnson to the Canadian Line, is probably the wildest part. The section from Johnson to Camel's Hump is the most strenuous, as it crosses six major mountains, including Mansfield. At Sherburne Pass, on the section from Camel's Hump to Killington Peak, is Long Trail Lodge, a comfortable place for a sojourn. The section from Killington Peak to the Massachusetts Line crosses the peaks of the southern range of the Green Mountains, connecting at Blackinton on the Vermont Line with the Appalachian Trail through the Berkshires.

**BRIDLE PATHS.** The Green Mountain Horse Association, Rutland, has done a great work in its comparatively brief existence (since 1926). It publishes a quarterly magazine,

*The Vermont Horse and Bridle Trail Bulletin*, and an annual *Guide* (fifty cents) to more than 1,000 miles of marked bridle paths through some of the most scenic and unspoiled sections of the state, with lists of overnight accommodations en route.

Vermont is one of the real centers of long-range riding such as many people unacquainted with New England imagine one must go West to find. What with the fine horses Vermont raises, and those brought to the state each year by summer residents and by the managers of many summer camps for adults and for boys and girls, Vermont is as grand a place for the horse-lover as one can hope to find.

**GOLF.** Golf is to be enjoyed almost all over the state — except, of course, in the wilderness portions where there are few people, or no people at all.

**WINTER SPORTS.** Winter Sports in Vermont are famous. You may have a booklet about them from the Publicity Bureau, describing thirty-eight separate centers and giving details of the ski runs and jumps, the skating, snowshoeing, tobogganing, coasting, skating, ice-boating, ice fishing, hockey, and horse racing on ice; also how to get there, the average annual snowfall, whether a course is for experts or novices; and so on. A surprisingly complete lot of information in small compass, with a good map and a number of pictures. Many places have winter carnivals.

Woodstock is the oldest winter sports area in Vermont, and had the first ski-tow in the country. It is still growing in popularity.

Brattleboro had an International Ski Jumping Tournament in February, 1940. It is a noted jumping center, with a sixty-five-meter jump.

Manchester has a Winter Sports Club, forty miles of

trails, and an open ski race each week end. Also an indoor rink.

Rutland has exceptional facilities, including a Swiss Ski School under Karl Acker.

Middlebury College has a carnival in February. Everything there that the lover of winter sports could desire!

Northfield, geographical center of the state and home of Norwich University, with its great reputation for turning out men who became famous civil engineers and high-ranking officers in the United States Army and Navy, has one jump of 130 feet, and is a splendid place for winter sports. It has a carnival that's lots of fun. Maple sugar parties snowshoe from there into the woods when the sap's running — and being boiled.

Waterbury's a fine center. St. Johnsbury has a ski carnival and ball on Washington's birthday.

Stowe is probably the greatest spot of all, with an extensive system of ski runs throughout the eastern side of Mt. Mansfield, two ski schools, lighted practice slopes, ski-tow, and many other attractions.

Lyndonville is a grand center, with a sixty-acre lighted area, its horse racing on a snow path each Saturday, its carnival in early February, its championship runs.

Burlington is a wonderful place for ice-boating on Lake Champlain. It has three municipal rinks, and a municipal double toboggan slide, a seventy-five foot jump, lighted slopes, and other attractions.

There are twenty-seven other centers for Winter Sports

Snow trains from New York and Boston take thousands to Vermont. As many more go by automobile.

As throughout New Hampshire, in Vermont the winter sports and especially skiing are developing rapidly with wider facilities each year.

## 484 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

### COTTAGES, CAMPS AND FURNISHED HOUSES TO RENT FARMS AND HOMES FOR SALE

The State Publicity Department at Montpelier will furnish you with a list of places for rent, and another of places for sale. You may want to devote one vacation to looking for a place to "settle down," or to looking for a place to spend the next summer. They'll help you.

#### AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Omissions from a book of this scope and character were inevitable; and without doubt there have been places included which might well have yielded place to some that were left out. There will probably be subsequent editions; and while changes in a book printed from metal plates are not easy to make, we shall try to make such as will increase the little book's helpfulness to persons "seeing New England."

So, suggestions or corrections will be gratefully received. Address the author % THE CLARA LAUGHLIN TRAVEL SERVICES, 410 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, or 38 East 57<sup>th</sup> Street, New York.

## APPENDICES



## APPENDICES

Realizing that a number of readers — probably a majority — will use this book in sections, as their plans dictate, and few will read it all, I have gathered together under the heading of “Appendices” such useful information as pertains to no one state in particular but to several, or to all of New England.

New York City, and vicinity, is the point of departure for most of New England’s visitors; so our book begins there. But in this Appendix are outlined the ways to get to New England, by train, plane, automobile or bus, from points west of the Hudson and south of the Ohio.

Food is a matter of importance everywhere; so our few remarks on New England’s celebrated food are put here in a special section.

Here you’ll find directions about cabins and camps; about maps and books; and about a number of other things — some, at least, of which you’re likely to find helpful.

## I

### OTHER APPROACHES TO NEW ENGLAND THAN THAT FROM NEW YORK

#### 1. *By Rail*

From the West, via New York Central Lines; Lake Shore from Chicago through Cleveland and Buffalo to Albany; or Michigan Central through Kalamazoo, Detroit, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, to Albany. And from Albany via the Boston and Albany Route (a part of the New York Central System) through Pittsfield in the Berkshires and Springfield and Worcester to Boston. The run from Albany to Boston takes about five hours. From Chicago to Albany is usually about fourteen hours. The Twentieth Century Limited, leaving Chicago daily at 4 P.M., is in Boston at 10:58 A.M. next day. (This is, of course, an extra-fare train.) The New England States, a train leaving Chicago daily at 3 P.M. but carrying (like the Twentieth Century) Pullman cars only, but at no excess fare, gets to Boston the same time (10:58 next morning). Other trains carry the new stream-lined coaches with *de luxe* reclining seats and a diner lounge for coach passengers; inexpensive meals.

There are through trains or through cars to Albany and Boston from St. Louis, from Cincinnati, from Pittsburgh and other points west of Buffalo.

From the North — Canada — there is the Adirondack Division of the New York Central System, from Montreal via Saranac and Lake Placid to Utica, thence to Albany



and Boston, in about sixteen hours. And there's the Rutland Railroad, the Green Mountain-Lake Champlain Route, from Montreal to Boston via Burlington (on Lake Champlain) to Rutland (Vermont) whence you may continue to Bennington and Chatham (which is west of Pittsfield) or take another line to Bellows Falls and in to Boston; Montreal to Boston via this latter route, over Canadian National Rys. to Rouses Point, Rutland Ry. to Bellows Falls, and Boston and Maine R. R. to Boston, takes about ten hours. The Boston and Maine Railroad, together with the Central Vermont and the Canadian National Rys. has a service between Montreal and Boston in about eight hours, via Burlington and White River (Vt.), Concord and Manchester (N. H.) and Lowell (Mass.) There are other routes; I must not try to list them all.

### *2. By Bus*

From the West, there are four Greyhound services a day from Chicago to Boston, via South Bend, Elkhart, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Albany, Pittsfield, Springfield, about 36 hours' steady going, except for necessary halts, as compared with nineteen by train. But you can, of course, break the journey.

### *3. By Air*

There is now a service from Chicago to Boston which makes but one stop, at Buffalo, and covers the distance in a little over five hours.

### *4. By Motor*

Route U. S. 20 is the direct, main-traveled road between Chicago, South Bend, Elkhart, Toledo, Cleve-

land, Erie, Buffalo, Albany, Pittsfield, Springfield, Worcester and Boston.

If you are bound, for your first objective, towards Lake George and Lake Champlain, leave U. S. 20 at Albany and continue north on U. S. 9. If you want southern Vermont, leave U. S. 20 at Pittsfield, Mass., and continue north by U. S. 7 — which will take you up to the top of Lake Champlain and into Canada.

Those who are making for the White Mountains may stay on U. S. 20 to Pittsfield, Mass., follow Route 9 (the Berkshire Trail) to Northampton, and go up along the Connecticut River to White River Junction, N. H., whence they may proceed to Bretton Woods or Lake Winnepesaukee or whatever place they seek.

For Maine, you might leave U. S. 20 at Pittsfield, follow U. S. 7 to Burlington, Vt., and there pick up U. S. 2, through Bethel; and go from there to Portland. Or, stay on U. S. 2 to Bangor, and go over to Mount Desert.

From St. Louis, or Indianapolis, or Columbus, Ohio, take U. S. 40 to the Ohio River, and probably choose Route 7 north to Lake Erie, where you'd join U. S. 20. An alternative would be to leave U. S. 40 at Columbus, and go north to Sandusky; there join U. S. 6, which goes through Cleveland and then runs eastward some miles south of U. S. 20, and will take you to Danbury, Conn., whence you get easily to the Connecticut shore, or via U. S. 7, through beautiful country up to the Berkshires and Vermont; or to Hartford and Worcester and Boston; or, following U. S. 6 all the way, to Provincetown at the tip of Cape Cod.

## II

### RAIL-AUTO PLAN

For travelers who like to use trains to cover principal distances but to drive themselves about, on business or on pleasure bent, in certain areas, there is a system operated by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad co-operating with the Hertz System Operators,—and soon to be much extended by other roads. Sit back and relax in air-conditioned coaches or Pullmans, to any one of eleven points in New England; then have a late-model, carefully-inspected, fine-appearing Drive-Ur-Self auto awaiting you, for use by the mile, the hour, the day or the week, to use in radiating from one point or in continuing to others.

The rates run (at all points except New York City) about ten dollars per day, for unlimited mileage; or fifty dollars per week. Fourteen gallons (one full tank) of gas is supplied when you get the car; you buy the rest, as needed.

The cities where this service is available, at these rates, *only to holders of a receipt for transportation on the New Haven Railroad*, are: —

New York, Boston, Hartford, New Haven, Springfield and Worcester (Mass.), Providence (R. I.), South Norwalk and Bridgeport (Conn.), Quincy (Mass.), and Hyannis on the south shore of Cape Cod.

For full particulars ask your Travel Agent, or write to A. H. Seaver, Passenger Traffic Manager New Haven Railroad, South Station, Boston. And at the same time ask for a free copy of the New Haven R. R.'s excellent booklet (64 pages) called *New England Old and New*.

### III

#### MAPS

Maps on a scale sufficiently large to be of any real service must be folded many times, and are then so bulky as to make a volume like this much less agreeable to handle; convenience in carrying and handling is a matter of great moment in a book made to be continually serviceable on a journey — as this one is meant to be.

Furthermore, maps on ample scale and of highest excellence are obtainable free of cost in so many places that it would be folly to pad a little book like this with them. And “still furthermore,” opening out maps which are fastened in a book is an awkward business which nobody likes; and compares most unfavorably in convenience with having the maps separate. Another thing in favor of maps outside a volume, rather than inside, is that if we were to include in this book a map of each of the six states, made on a scale large enough to be useful, they would increase the thickness of the book considerably, and you would at all times be handling five folded maps not required at the moment.

So we are printing only end-paper maps of a “general outline” sort. They are not to guide you in finding your way, but just to remind you — in case your geography is a bit hazy; almost everyone’s *is!* — of the relationship of the New England States — each one to the others and

to the adjoining land or water; this much is often handy for reference as one reads.

Instead of town plans, which require a good bit of studying one cannot always give on a brief visit, I have given quite explicit street directions in places that require them. In the whole text I have given such directions and distances as I know from great experience to be of practical help at those constantly-recurring times when one halts and says: "What next?"

All the States furnish maps, free of cost, to prospective travelers. All the oil companies give patrons of their service stations excellent maps. Rail travelers find the maps most useful to them in their timetables, and in free booklets about the section they are visiting. Many townships print maps for their visitors. Many hotels, restaurants, stores, give away maps of the locality, or town plans, to their patrons.

To anyone who is planning a tour of considerable extent, I suggest a heavy manila envelope or a small briefcase in which maps can be kept.

I have used the "Info-Maps" of GULF with very great satisfaction. They are accurate; they are the perfection of convenience in the *way they fold* (which is a matter of paramount importance in the handling of any map); and they come in very serviceable sections: for instance, one section has Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, but it shows also a good slice of eastern New York, and enough of southern Vermont and southern New Hampshire to show whither main routes lead. On the back is a map of the United States east of the Mississippi and north of Chattanooga and Memphis; a large-scale map of Boston vicinity, and a mileage table.

SOCONY has an excellent map of all New England, and many local maps, available at its service stations. The

SHELL maps are particularly clear and easy to follow. Esso, in its New England map, provides a picture-map in addition to its admirably clear, easy-to-follow road map, and a large-scale map of Boston vicinity. CONOCO TRAVEL BUREAU gets out the flat, book-shaped "Tourades" with maps and much information, about any section you designate; they're wonderfully comprehensive, and very convenient to handle. TEXACO offers excellent map service. And, by no means least though mentioned last, is the map service and touring information of the A.A.A., which is splendid.

Service stations are very plentiful, and excellent.

GULF has dealer stations all over New England which are capable of serving the most exacting needs of the motoring public.

This is also true of the outstanding companies: SOCONY, AMOCO, ESSO, SHELL, TYDOL, SUNOCO, TEXACO, JENNEY, and others. In short the motoring public is well served all through New England.

Maps especially for hikers, for horseback riders, for mountain climbers or trail followers are furnished, as I have said in our Sports sections for each state.

The bus companies give maps of the territory they serve.

No one need lack maps, the best obtainable, and free for the asking.

## IV

### THE MERRITT PARKWAY

The Merritt Parkway is one of the greatest contributions toward the pleasure of a New England trip that has been made in many years. For residents of the Connecticut shore, thousands of whom work in New York or go there frequently by automobile, the Parkway is an inestimable convenience. But so devoted are they to their excellent train service that I doubt if even they appreciate the Parkway as much as do the multitudes who travel from New York into New England by motor and on pleasure bent.

It is the initial contribution of the State of Connecticut to an ultra-modern highway system which is taking shape, not only on the drafting boards of engineers but at several places on the landscape of the state—all of these scattered sections to be ultimately part of a complete network.

I am indebted to William J. Cox, State Highway Commissioner, for many interesting facts about it.

But first let me state again *where* the Merritt Parkway is. One never knows where a reader will begin using a book like this. Naturally he begins with what seems to fit his most immediate need; so it is highly probable that many may not have read what we said at the start about the exit from New York.

Merritt Parkway, at this time of writing (the spring of 1940) extends from the termination of Hutchinson Parkway in New York to the Town of Trumbull, where it intersects with Route 113, running to the Sound at Stratford, beyond Bridgeport. You would use U. S. 1 from there, until the Parkway reaches New Haven—some time in the future. (Mr. Cox believes that the Wilbur Cross Parkway, designed to carry traffic up into central Connecticut and Massachusetts, will have a section north from Trumbull ready for traffic in the early summer of 1940.)

Friends of mine who travel by motor very frequently between New York and Boston (almost every week) tell me that after experimenting with every conceivable route they have found this the best for getting quickly and comfortably between those cities:

Hutchinson and Merritt Parkways to Trumbull; then Route 113 to Stratford and U. S. 1 to New Haven. Route 15 from New Haven through Middletown, East Hartford, Stafford Springs, to its junction with U. S. 20, 5½ miles west of Charlton City; U. S. 20 to its junction with Route 9, seven miles east of Worcester; finally, Route 9 in to Boston. (Though U. S. 20 goes in also.) This may be done in 5½ to 6 hours without undue speeding.

There may be other routes as good, or even better (there's nothing I know of that can't be bettered; and for that I'm thankful) but here is, at least, one I know is worth trying.

Connecticut has been studying the traffic problem for a number of years. After the World War the congestion on U. S. 1, the Boston Post Road, was strangling. That highway served to connect the industrial centers of Connecticut and the rest of New England with the Port of



New York, and may be said to be the birthplace of major intercity truck traffic. Raw materials into New England, finished products from it, and an ever-mounting flow of passenger automobiles, crowded every mile. An alternate route was imperative, especially for passenger vehicles.

A shore line highway was impossible. So the idea developed of a route through comparatively untouched territory — a route for passenger vehicles only. In 1927 came the first legislative recognition of this specific route. But it was not until 1931 that the State Highway Commissioner was authorized to undertake a lay-out of the route; and the General Assembly set up a commission to control the use of the road after its completion. The deliberation with which the project was developed made possible the inclusion of almost every modern idea in highway building — certainly, every idea compatible with the territory served and its special traffic problems. Connecticut is not a “hasty” commonwealth.

The Merritt Parkway is laid out on a right of way that is 300 feet or more wide. The present travel is over two lanes in each direction, separated by a landscaped strip. There is landscaping along the outer edges as well; the existing vegetation was maintained and extended, so that it is in effect, as well as in name, a parkway.

Between June 21 and December 31, 1939, a total of over 3,000,000 passenger motor vehicles used the Merritt Parkway, which has an exceedingly modest toll charge of ten cents in New York State and ten cents in Connecticut.

There are over fifty bridges, separating the Parkway and intersecting highways, and making entrance to it and exit from it convenient at many points.

If this book goes on and on, serving travelers (as my books on European travel have done), this note about the

marvels of the Merritt Parkway will probably have something of an archæological flavor by 1955 or so, when super-highways of this sort have come to be taken for granted.

But in 1940, Merritt Parkway is—I think—not merely a delight and a convenience. It is also a *thrill*.

## V

### SEASONS FOR TRAVEL IN NEW ENGLAND

SPRING. Many people think New England is never so lovely as in spring—late April, May and June. Those who go for the early fishing declare they have then the best of everything that a New England vacation can hold. Motoring too is delightful in spring. True, there are a great many choice hotels and tearooms not open until well on in June; but there is never any lack of other accommodation; and most places are more enjoyable when there are not too many people about—unless it's people, not places, you care most to see. In spring, you'd see Boston and Cambridge and Portland and Providence and other cities rather more advantageously than in full summer—and you can ride or hike to perfection, or play golf and enjoy many other outdoor sports. But, of course, if you want beach life or shore sports, you must wait for June, or even for early July; and if you like the social pleasures of resort life, they are not to be had before the beginning of July. College and school commencements, in June, are gay and interesting, even to watch, though you have no acquaintance there; but accommodations are likely to be at a premium, and bespoken long in advance by parents, returned "grads," and others.

Remember that spring does not reach Vermont, Maine, northern New Hampshire until May.

Apple and peach blossoms are exquisite; later, there's laurel and rhododendron. Streams are lively, waterfalls are at their fullest . . . Well! If you love the spring-time, New England is the place to be.

SUMMER. Summer brings the most visitors, offers the widest variety of sports, the greatest choice of places to build new acquaintance. It is best for the seashore and Maine, and for the north, where the warmth begins in June. It isn't necessary to say much more about it.

FALL. The autumn beauty of New England is world-famous. People abroad hear about fall foliage in New England as we in this country hear about the heather-clad hills of Scotland; not a few of those who know and love the heather come here to see New England's forests aflame with red and russet and gold, and to compare one splendor with the other.

For many years I never missed an October in the Berkshires, in Boston, in Concord and Salem and thereabouts; and I have no memories more golden.

The hunters enjoy the fall. Also the riders and hikers and golfers. It's a grand time for sight-seeing, and for Vermont and New Hampshire mountains from September to the middle of October. But for water sports it's too late, of course, and for most resort life. If you love comparative quiet in your mountains, enjoy them in the fall; if you want sociability, you won't get a great deal after early September.

On the whole, however, I'd say that September, all of October, and early November are among the most delightful of all times to be in New England.

WINTER. If you love a "good, old-fashioned winter," Christmas card style, New England is the place to seek

it. Christmas Eve is best on Beacon Hill in Boston. Most of the strenuous Winter Sports, all Winter Carnivals, and perhaps the best snow conditions for quiet enjoyment, are in January and February. Some places would be as good in March; in other places the winter will have begun to "break" by then.

Boston and other daily papers print detailed accounts of the amount of snow in many places and the general conditions for Winter Sports.

In general, I'd say that late April to early November were the best times for getting about in New England and seeing her beauties. January and February are for winter pleasures; December is all right for them in some localities, and so is March.

## VI

### MASSACHUSETTS CELEBRATES

On March 17 South Boston celebrates, with ceremonies and a parade, the evacuation of the British in 1776 — after fifteen days of bombardment by Washington's army in Cambridge.

On April 19, Patriots' Day, Revere and Dawes ride again from Boston to Lexington and Concord; and there is a Revolutionary Pageant on Lexington Common. Also a great marathon race is run.

The last three weeks of May, "all Boston," and a multitude from beyond her borders, go to Arnold Arboretum to see the "Paradise of Blossoms." And on three Sundays in May, many go to Gloucester to witness the Portuguese Festival of Pentecost at the Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage.

The third week in May, Lawrence, the textile city on the Merrimack, holds a three-day carnival of its International Institute, when fourteen or more national groups wear the costumes of their native lands and faithfully re-enact the ancient pageantry of their forefathers.

In mid-May comes "Float Night" on Lake Waban, at Wellesley College — a spectacle worth traveling far to see. Inquire about the exact date.

And in May, for two days, the time depending on the forwardness (or backwardness) of spring, comes the

Nashoba Apple Blossom Festival at Westford, attended by tens of thousands. Westford is NW from Boston, not many miles beyond Concord. Its soil is of a composition exactly right for fruit trees, and its apple orchards in blossom are a glory to behold — even in a Massachusetts spring! At Westford is the Old Fletcher Tavern, one of the finest in New England, where Daniel Webster courted Grace Fletcher.

The first Monday in June brings the Drum Parade, on Boston Common, of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in America, dating back to 1638. Its headquarters are in Faneuil Hall; and most of the uniforms its members wear are historical.

June 17 is Bunker Hill Day, with appropriate celebrations in Charlestown.

August brings — among other things — the famous Memorial Day at Gloucester for those Captains Courageous and their men who sailed during the year and did not return, and the great Berkshire Symphonic Festival.

October's first week is when Worcester has her far-famed Music Festival.

December 21 is Forefathers' Day, appropriately commemorated at Plymouth.

## VII

### BOYS' OR GIRLS' CAMPS

The first boys' camp in America was established in New England in 1872. Today there are hundreds; and almost, if not quite, as many for girls. A Guide to these, carefully selected by prominent educators and camp directors, has been prepared for the New England Council who will furnish it on request. Write to them at the Statler Building, Boston, for the list. But bear in mind that lists so prepared and published have an inevitable drawback: they cannot discriminate as much as you may wish. So, when you have selected several camps that seem to be what you're in search of, write individually to their directors — you'd have to do it, anyway, to apply for accommodation — and ask if they can tell you anyone in your vicinity who has had a child in their camps. Then visit those parents, if possible, or at least talk with them by phone, or write them for particulars of their experience. A camp may be perfection for one child and torment for another. No one can recommend one for "all and sundry."

Best of all, of course, is taking a child to see a camp before placing him there to spend a summer. But such a visit might have to be made a year in advance.



## VIII

### FOOD IN NEW ENGLAND

The excellence of the food in New England is not the least of her attractions for many of her visitors — estimated at 3,000,000 per year. For many of them, the food is one of the chief delights of a holiday there.

I've spent a good deal of time studying this phase of New England's appeal and trying to be as helpful as possible to all readers who like to eat well. I don't travel to eat; I delight in many things even more than in the joys of the table. But I don't travel as happily as I like to, if the food is not interesting and satisfying.

There are various conceptions, in New England, of what constitutes good food, of what a man may eat for his stomach's sake and even for his soul's sake.

I recall a letter which Matthew Arnold wrote home from Andover, — I think, — where he was served, before lecturing, with bread and butter, applesauce and cambric tea; that being his host's notion of what was good for a man to eat after midday. "I couldn't have stood it," Arnold said, "except that the night before I had dined in Boston with Phillips Brooks on venison and champagne."

How many advocates of the cambric-tea school there may be left in New England, I can't say. Probably none of them are catering to visitors, though it's possible that

one might privately entertain you. One I knew, years ago, who suffered from what he thought was indigestion (but what really was hunger) went to visit English relatives who ate cold pork pies and cucumbers before going to bed. After stout resistance, he finally joined them — and thrived.

It is, by the way, Matthew Arnold who is usually named as author of the oft-quoted remark about baked beans: "Try them, my dear; they're not half as nawsty as they look." But it was actually Grant Allen who said that, while a guest at the Wayside, Concord, of Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, who herself told me of the incident, many years ago.

And, speaking of beans, if you eat them in Maine you'll be told that the association of Boston with baked beans in their ultimate perfection is a rank injustice to Maine, where they *really* know how to bake 'em. (It was not uncommon, in olden days, for a particularly precious beanpot to be named in a last will and testament.) And in Vermont, where they often use maple syrup instead of molasses, they think no other beans are comparable to theirs.

New England food in the days when pies were a breakfast item may have been a bit hard on some digestions. But I'm sure you need not now expect to meet any early-morning pie. And if you're one of those who think baked beans *are* "as nawsty as they look," or who quail at the mere mention of a New England boiled dinner, you may travel the length and breadth of New England without an encounter to distress you. If New England food has a fault nowadays it has its root, I think, in the desire of many (particularly tearoom proprietors) to cater to all tastes. Superior cooking, in my opinion, consists less in thinking up and concocting something that no one ever

concocted before than in preparing an established favorite in some superlatively satisfying way.

When Mark Hanna, of Ohio, was "kingmaker" in the United States Senate, he had a cook whose corned beef hash was such that all Senator Hanna had to do to break down resistance in any man he was trying to bend to his will (at least, so the story goes) was to invite that man to a Sunday noon breakfast, where the famous hash was served.

I frequently wish that schools of domestic science and of tearoom management concentrated more on hash like that, and less on "salads" of carrots frozen in lemon ice, and so on.

I can't *promise* you that you'll meet no fantastic concoctions in New England, prepared for you in misguided zeal to tempt your unpredictable appetite. But I believe I can promise that you'll never find yourself in a pinch where you *have* to eat them.

New England abounds in delicious foodstuffs, home grown and imported; and she has a multitude of good cooks.

Her sea foods are notable, as everybody knows: her lobsters, crabs, clams, oysters, scallops; her many varieties of deep-sea fish; and her equal wealth of finny food from her multitude of lakes and streams.

No need to sing the praise of her shellfish — all the world knows about them. But if you are an inlander, it may be that you've never learned the deliciousness of swordfish, or of "scrod" (young cod or haddock split down the back, with backbone removed except for a bit near the tail — as fine-textured as blanc mange) or even of the luscious bluefish. Get acquainted! If scallops are in season, pay your homage to them. Don't "shy" at unfamiliar ways of cooking familiar crustaceans — for in-

stance, if you've never had a lobster stew, lose no time in learning how good they are. Of course you'll try all the chowders you meet. And the landlocked salmon! And the brook trout! And the fresh mackerel!

But sea food is not all that New England enjoys. A Vermonter, on acquaintance with some delectable fish, said it was "a paper of pins done in butter."

Everybody knows the fame of turkeys from Rhode Island and Vermont. Other states have good ones, too; and they all have topnotch chickens, and pheasant, and ducks and grouse in season; farming New England has "home-grown" lamb that's delicious. Her dairy products are abundant and unexcelled. Likewise her vegetables, and many fruits—notably her berries. Shortcakes and berry pies you'll never forget! Maine potatoes are for many the *ne plus ultra* in tubers, though Vermont disputes this with some justice. I don't know if blueberry cake, and muffins, and blueberry roll (pudding) originated in New England; but I know that it was down on the shores of Buzzards Bay that I first met them—more years ago than I care to count.

I don't know what other places boil sweet green corn on the cob in sweet whole milk; but in Maine I first ate corn so cooked.

We used to think of cranberries as a late-autumn and early-winter delicacy. Now they're "put up" like any other succulent fruit, and enjoyed the year round. Beach plum jam and jellies are a rare delicacy, to be found on Cape Cod. The other day I had some candies from the Cape, of cranberry jelly covered with chocolate! Very good!

Everybody knows the sweet uses of maple syrup and maple sugar, but not everybody has learned the many

varieties of maple candies, and the toothsome-ness of soft maple sugar or maple cream as a spread for waffles and pancakes, and on oatmeal in the morning.

Much of the best food in New England is not essentially different from superlatively good food in many other parts of the world; but certain things are characteristic. Try to find these characteristic things — ask about them, wherever you lunch or dine — and give at least some of them a fair trial, a chance to make you long for a return to them. You can do that without stinting yourself in the matter of such choice foods as you've enjoyed elsewhere.

Be sure you don't leave without having eaten jonny-cake. Rhode Island thinks it makes the best; but it's good most everywhere. You may not find buckwheat cakes except in winter, but you're sure to have them then, when the new maple syrup's ready — or the soft maple sugar or cream for spreading.

Succotash is not only delectable, it's commemorative of the Pilgrims who, by the way, planted their beans in the same hill with corn, so the beans might climb the sturdy corn stalks.

Frederick Van de Water, of Vermont, who comes of a family long distinguished for its service to good food (he's Marion Harland's grandson, and a nephew of Christine Terhune Herrick — both famous authorities) thinks someone would do well to write an Ode to salt pork fried as New England fries it, and served with cream gravy. I agree with him.

In fact, if Odes were in my line there are many I'd like to write in praise of New England foods and her ways of cooking them. But the best I can do is to say in plain prose that though I have eaten superlative food in many lands I still feel lyric about food in New England.

*NEW ENGLAND COOKBOOKS*

There are many, of course, emanating from a land famed for its good food. *The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book* of Fannie Merritt Farmer must be the most-used cookbook in the United States. Nearly 2,000,000 copies have been bought, and it is said that three out of five teachers of cooking prefer it over all other general cookbooks. It shows that Boston knows pretty nearly all there is to know about such cookery as is internationally acclaimed the best.

*Good Maine Food* by Marjorie Mosser, with notes by Kenneth Roberts and his introduction, is a new addition to my list.

*The Yankee Cook Book*, edited by Imogene Wolcott, is one of the most delightful books I've ever laid hands upon. The title page describes it as "An Anthology of Incomparable Recipes from the Six New England States and a Little Something about the People whose Tradition for Good Eating is herein permanently recorded by Imogene Wolcott from the files of *Yankee* magazine and from Time-Worn Recipe Books and many Gracious Contributors."

That noted executive (several times Governor of Connecticut), educator, editor, and man of letters, Wilbur L. Cross, has written the "Foretaste" for this masterpiece with an appreciation as fine as that he has shown for early English novelists, or for the possibilities of the Merritt Parkway. Laura E. Richards reminisces charmingly about food, and other things, in the State of Maine. Frederick Van de Water writes with rare whimsy about Vermont foods. Joseph C. Lincoln, Cape Cod's first citizen, tells about chowders. Clarence M. Webster

tells what his father considered a perfect church supper. Sydney Wooldridge shares, with all not equally fortunate, his memories of "Sap's Risin'" — maple sugaring. And there are other heart-warming articles, together with a wealth of anecdote, bits of verse, and sundry pictures — besides the grand old recipes, and something of their histories.

*The Cape Cod Cook Book*, by Suzanne Cary Gruver, has continued to sell through ten years and has had several reprintings. And if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, the proof of the cookbook may fairly be measured by the steady demand for it. The recipes have been gathered from various sources and some of the older ones are family affairs which have not before appeared in print.

*Dinner Is Served Cook Book*, compiled by Elizabeth E. Webber, is not distinctively New England, but contains many New England recipes.

The State of Maine issues a small cookbook devoted entirely to potatoes, with ninety-nine recipes tested by thirty-three famous cooking experts. (Once there were but two varieties of potatoes; today there are more than 300.) And if you're one of those who "side-step" the delicious potato because you fear it's "fattening," here are the statements of many authorities that a medium-size potato contains the same number of calories as an apple or an orange. Yet who "lays off" oranges in the struggle to be stream-lined?

## IX

### BOOKLETS YOU'LL FIND HELPFUL

*DINNER IS SERVED, YOUR ROOM IS READY*, A Pocket Guide to Smart Tearooms, Inns and Hotels — also Gift Shops; edited by Elizabeth E. Webber (of Elizabeth Webber's Gift and Yarn Shop, 1722 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.). Price ten cents. Miss Webber sells hundreds of these little guides, and they give great satisfaction. The New England States are covered, also a few places in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Florida. Miss Webber also publishes, at 75 cents, a cookbook with over 150 "special" recipes from the best tearooms — for dishes which have been the foundation of their reputations.

*CABIN TRAILS*, 325 Cabins, Cottages and Motor Courts in New England and elsewhere in the U. S., published by Ray A. Walker (W. T. Grant Building, Haverhill, Mass.), co-operating with the New England Council and the New York State Bureau of Publicity. If your travel agent, automobile club, newspaper, or service station cannot supply you with one of these, send a three-cent stamp to Mr. Walker and he'll mail one to you. There's a new edition, carefully revised, issued May 15 each year. More than 250,000 copies are distributed annually — a growth in 10 years from an initial issue of 20,000 copies. That speaks for itself. Mr. Walker gives



the essential particulars about each camp — not just its location — and furnishes excellent maps. Foolish to go motoring without this, if you use motor camps!

*CABIN GUIDES: NEW ENGLAND, NEW YORK, QUEBEC* is published by the Northeastern Cabin Owners' Association, Inc., and the State of Maine Camp Owners' Association, co-operating with the New England Council. This, too, may be had free, or will be mailed on receipt of a three-cent stamp, if requested of *Philip S. Willey, Pres. Northeastern Cabin Owners' Association, Inc., West Campton, N. H.* It has an excellent map, and describes 227 cabins or camps.

## X

### AMERICAN VACATIONS

Larry Nixon, who wrote *Vagabond Voyaging*, followed it with a book of nearly 400 pages packed with suggestions for *American Vacations* and information about how to plan them, what they cost, and so on. In his preface he says that more than a thousand individuals were of assistance in the compilation of the material he presents. It covers all America, but there's a great deal that's just about New England; and there's a great deal more of general advice about vacationing that's valuable for New England as well as for other parts. Much about hiking, about Youth Hostels, about canoeing and camping and climbing and riding and motoring and hauling a trailer, and so on. It's a book specially designed for the multitudes who must count their pennies, but probably have more fun to the square inch than people who can pay any price. (Little, Brown and Company publish it, and it costs \$2.25.)

## XI

### OLD NEW ENGLAND HOUSES OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

New England's old houses are among her greatest charms. Practically all of them can be looked at from outside, but a great number can also be visited — sometimes free, sometimes on payment of a small admission charge.

The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, 141 Cambridge St., Boston, owns a great many besides those mentioned in this book, and before visiting a place you may obtain much information about its houses from the Society. Single copies of its bulletin can be purchased for seventy-five cents, and will give you an idea of the work this Society does saving old houses from destruction.

The Society was organized in 1910 for the purpose of preserving for future generations the rapidly disappearing architectural monuments of New England and the smaller antiquities connected with its people.

In pursuit of this objective it has acquired and maintains many old houses, a grist mill and cooperage shop, a McIntire-designed barn, a picturesque old fish shed, and two graveyards. In addition it administers two more old houses under option of purchase, and a family graveyard through ownership of an endowment fund.

Samuel Chamberlain, who studied etching in Paris and at the Royal College of Art in London, and has prints of his making in the collections of the British Museum, Bibliothèque Nationale, Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Library of Congress, Chicago Art Institute, New York Public Library, and other places, has published through the Stephen Daye Press at Brattleboro, Vermont, a book called *Open House in New England*. He is a photographer of uncommon ability, as well as an etcher; and has made more than a thousand fine photographs of New England houses open to the public.

## XII

### A BRIEF READING LIST

(An inclusive bibliography on New England would be a small-size volume in itself. James Truslow Adams, in his *History of New England* (now out of print), referred to *several thousand* works on New England, largely on Massachusetts. But many of the books are out of print and accessible in only a few libraries. I have selected a few which are easy to find.)

#### NEW ENGLAND IN GENERAL:

*The Founding of New England*, by James Truslow Adams (1921).

*New England in the Republic*, by James Truslow Adams (1926).

*Social Life in Old New England*, by Mary Caroline Crawford (1914).

*The Flowering of New England*, by Van Wyck Brooks (1936).

*The Pilgrims and Their History*, by Roland G. Usher (1918).

*Customs and Fashions in Old New England*, by Alice Morse Earle (1893).

*Old Covered Bridges*, by Adelbert Jakeman (1935).

## 518 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

*Underground New England* (Caves and Caverns), by Clay Perry (1938).

*New England Photograph Collections*, by Samuel Chamberlain (several editions).

*American Vacations*, by Larry Nixon (1939).

*The Horse and Buggy Age in New England*, by Edwin Valentine Mitchell (1937).

*Jogging Around New England*, by Charles Hanson Towne (1939).

### MASSACHUSETTS:

*Old Boston Days and Ways*, by Mary Caroline Crawford, (1909).

*And This is Boston*, by Eleanor Early (1930).

*Boston, the Place and the People*, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe (1924).

*And This is Cape Cod*, by Eleanor Early (1936).

*A Cape Cod Sketch Book*, by Jack Frost (1939).

*Salem in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries* (2 volumes), by James Duncan Phillips (1933).

*The Narrow Land*, Folk Chronicles of Old Cape Cod, by Elizabeth Reynard (1934).

*Cape Cod Ahoy!*, by Arthur W. Tarbell (1937).

*Cape Cod Yesterdays*, by Joseph C. Lincoln (1935).

*Cape Cod*, by Henry D. Thoreau (various editions).

*Walden*, by Henry D. Thoreau (various editions).

*The Last Puritan*, by George Santayana (1936).

*Haven's End*, by John P. Marquand (1933).

*The Late George Apley*, by John P. Marquand (1937).

*Wickford Point*, by John P. Marquand (1939).

*Pedlar's Progress*, by Odell Shepard (1937).

*The Works of Henry D. Thoreau*, by Henry Seidel Canby (1937).

- Cape Cod: Its People and Their History*, by Henry C. Kittredge (1930).
- Shipmasters of Cape Cod*, by Henry C. Kittredge (1935).
- Mooneussers of Cape Cod*, by Henry C. Kittredge (1937).
- The House of the Seven Gables*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne (various editions).
- Tales of the Wayside Inn*, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (various editions).
- Agnes Surriage*, by Edwin Lassetter Bynner (1923).
- Paul Revere's Ride*, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (See various editions of *Works*.)
- The Rise of Silas Lapham*, by William Dean Howells (various editions).
- Tent on the Beach*, by John Greenleaf Whittier. (See various editions of *Works*.)
- Invincible Louisa*, by Cornelia Meigs (1933).
- A Mirror for Witches*, by Esther Forbes (1928).
- Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes (various editions).
- Maritime History of Massachusetts*, by Samuel Eliot Morison (1921).
- Three Centuries of Harvard*, by Samuel Eliot Morison (1936).
- Tales and Trails of Martha's Vineyard*, by Joseph C. Allen (1938).
- Remembering*, by Nathalie Sedgwick Colby (1938).
- All This and Heaven Too*, by Rachel Field (1938).

## NEW HAMPSHIRE:

- An Old Town by the Sea* [Portsmouth] by Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1893).
- The Story of a Bad Boy*, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich (many editions).

## 520 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

*The Book of the White Mountains*, by John Anderson and Stearns Morse (1930).

*Behold the White Mountains*, by Eleanor Early (1935).

*At the North of Bearcamp Water*, by Frank Bolles (1917).

*Coniston*, by Winston Churchill (1906 and 1927).

*The White Hills: Their Legends, Landscapes and Poetry*, by Thomas Starr King (1866).

*New Hampshire Beautiful*, by Wallace Nutting (1937).

*New Hampshire Neighbors*, by Cornelius Weygandt (1937).

*Trails and Summits of the White Mountains*, by W. C. O'Kane (1925).

*White Hills in Poetry*, by E. R. Musgrove (1912).

*Chronicles of the White Mountains*, by F. W. Kilbourne (1916).

*Let Me Show You New Hampshire*, by Ella Shannon Bowles.

### MAINE:

*Maine of the Sea and Pines*, by Nathan Haskell Dole and Irwin L. Gordon (1928).

*Camping in the Maine Woods*, by Henry D. Thoreau (many editions).

*Romantic and Historic Maine*, by A. Hyatt Verrill (1933).

*Lost Paradise: A Boyhood on a Maine Coast Farm*, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin (1934).

*Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin (several editions).

*The Country of the Pointed Firs*, by Sarah Orne Jewett (1910).

*Arundel*, by Kenneth Roberts (1930).



*Trending Into Maine*, by Kenneth Roberts (1938).

*Lighthouses of the Maine Coast*, by Robert T. Sterling (1935).

*As the Earth Turns*, by Gladys Hasty Carroll (1933).

*Maine Summer*, by Edwin Valentine Mitchell (1939).

*Mary Peters*, by Mary Ellen Chase (1934).

#### CONNECTICUT:

*The Connecticut Guide*, compiled by Edgar L. Heermance (1935).

*The Story of Connecticut*, by Lewis Sprague Mills (1932).

*The Harvest of a Quiet Eye*, by Odell Shepard (1927).

*Connecticut Great and Small*, by Odell Shepard.

*They Found a Way: The Story of Connecticut's Restless People*, by Iveagh Sterry and William Garrigus.

#### RHODE ISLAND:

*In Old Narragansett*, by Alice Morse Earle (1898).

*Know Rhode Island*, published by the Secretary of State (1936).

#### VERMONT:

*This is Vermont*, by Margaret and Walter Hard (1936).

*Let Me Show You Vermont*, by Charles E. Crane.

*Threescore*, by Sarah Cleghorn (1936).

*The Beloved Community*, by Zephine Humphrey (1930).

*It Can't Happen Here*, by Sinclair Lewis (1935).

*Northwest Passage*, by Kenneth Roberts (1937).

*The Green Mountain Boys*, by Daniel P. Thompson (several editions).

*The Woodcarver of 'Lympus*, by Mary Waller (1914).

## 522 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

*Rudyard Kipling in New England*, by Howard C. Rice (1936).

*A Vermont Boyhood*, by Thomas Emerson Ripley (1937).

*A Home in the Country*, by Frederic Van de Water (1937).

*Uncle 'Lisha's Outing*, by Rowland E. Robinson.

*Trails and Summits of the Green Mountains*, by W. C. O'Kane (1926).

Biographies of great New Englanders offer a rich contribution to the knowledge of this land.

*Yankee* is the name of a unique, "folksy" and very interesting monthly magazine published at Dublin, N. H., for twenty-five cents a number, or three dollars a year. There are many features which make it exceptionally valuable to persons who love New England. And, quite additional to the editorial matter, the "ads" are in themselves "worth the price of admission."

*The Old Farmer's Almanac* also contains much quaint information about New England.

## XIII

### A FEW OF NEW ENGLAND'S HOSTELRIES

(*Just a Few! To List All the Good Ones Would Be a Book in Itself.*)

#### *Connecticut*

##### BRIDGEPORT

Hotel Stratfield, 400 rooms from \$3 up. Annex from \$1.50 up.

Barnum Hotel, 200 rooms, from \$3 up.

##### DANBURY

Green Hotel, 120 rooms from \$1.50 up.

##### GREENWICH

Pickwick Arms, 110 rooms from \$3 up.

##### HARTFORD

The Bond Hotels, 3 of them, with more than 900 rooms. \$1.50 up.

The Heublein Hotel. European plan, \$2.50 up.

##### NEW HAVEN

Hotel Taft, 450 rooms from \$3 up.

Garde Hotel, 250 rooms from \$1.50 up.

##### NORWICH

Wauregan Hotel, 150 rooms at \$1.50 to \$3, European.

##### SALISBURY

White Hart Inn, 30 rooms at \$2 and up.

##### SAYBROOK

Ye Castle Inn, 25 rooms at \$6 and up, American.

## 524 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

### SIMSBURY

Pettibone Tavern.

### SOMERS

The Maples Inn.

### STAMFORD

The Roger Smith, 135 rooms from \$2 and up.

### SUMMERS ONLY:

### CANAAN

Lakemont Villa, on Twin Lakes. Many attractions.  
100 guests. \$4 and \$5 per day, at \$20 and up per week.

### EAST HAMPTON

Ted Hilton's Vacation Hide-a-way, on Salmon River  
— 100 miles from New York. Many sports. \$25 a week and up. Accommodates 350.

Edgemere Vacation House, accommodates 40, \$3 and up.

### LYME

Boxwood Manor, 90 rooms at \$5 up.

### MADISON

Madison Beach Hotel, 100 rooms, \$5 up.

### MILFORD

Elsmere Hotel, on Long Island Sound. Accommodates  
120. \$4.50 and up.

### NEW LONDON

The Griswold, 400 rooms at \$4 and up.

Mohican Hotel, 250 rooms at \$2.50 and up.

Crocker House, 150 rooms at \$2 and up.

### NEW PRESTON

The Loomarwick, on Lake Waramaug — 80 miles  
from New York — elevation 1,000 feet. Accommodates 150. \$5 up.

*Rhode Island*

## NEWPORT

Muenchinger King Hotel, 70 rooms, \$9 and up.

The Viking, 125 rooms at \$3 up European plan.

## PROVIDENCE

Providence-Biltmore, 600 rooms, \$3.50 and up.

Narragansett Hotel, 250 rooms, \$2.50 and up.

Minden Hotel, 200 rooms, \$3 and up.

## SUMMERS ONLY:

## BLOCK ISLAND

National Hotel, 125 rooms, \$4 and up.

Ocean View Hotel, 200 rooms, \$6 and up.

## JAMESTOWN

Bay View Hotel, 105 rooms, \$5-\$8.

## NARRAGANSETT PIER

The Breakers, 80 rooms, \$5 and up.

Massasoit Hotel, 100 rooms, \$5 and up.

## WATCH HILL

Ocean House, 160 rooms, \$7 and up.

*Massachusetts*

## AMHERST

The Lord Jeffery, 75 rooms, \$2 up.

## ANDOVER

Phillips Inn, 50 rooms, \$3.50 up.

## BOSTON

Bellevue Hotel, 21 Beacon St., 300 rooms, \$3 up.

Quiet dignity, fine location, real "Beacon Hill" atmosphere.

Braemore, 406 Commonwealth Ave., 225 rooms, \$3 up.

526 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

Brunswick, Copley Square, 250 rooms, \$2 up.

Commonwealth, 86 Bowdoin St., quiet, no liquor served. \$1.50 up.

The Copley-Plaza, Copley Square, 500 rooms, \$4 up.

Essex Hotel, opposite South Station, 400 outside rooms, \$1.50 to \$3. Dinner from 50 cents.

Kenmore Hotel, 490 Commonwealth Ave., 400 rooms, \$3.50 up.

Hotel Lincolnshire, 120 Charles Street, 150 rooms, \$3 up.

Hotel Lenox, Bolyston and Exeter Sts., 250 rooms, \$3 up.

Manger Hotel, at North Station, 500 rooms, \$2.50 up.

The Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon St. at Bay State Road. 530 rooms at \$3 and up. Kitchenette suites from \$5.50 a day.

Parker House, Tremont at School St., 600 rooms, \$3.50 up.

Puritan Hotel, 390 Commonwealth Ave., 200 rooms, \$3.50 up.

Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Arlington and Newbury Sts., 300 rooms, \$5 and up.

Hotel Sheraton, 91 Bay State Road, 220 rooms, \$3 up.

Somerset Hotel, 400 Commonwealth Ave., 275 rooms, \$4 up. Same management as Parker House and Bellevue.

Statler Hotel, Arlington St. at Park Square, 1300 rooms, \$3.50 up.

Touraine Hotel, Tremont and Boylston Sts., 300 rooms, from \$3.50 up.

Vendome Hotel, Commonwealth Ave. at Dartmouth St., one block from Copley Square, 240 rooms, \$3 up.

Westminster Hotel, Copley Square, 250 rooms,  
\$2 up.

## AMBRIDGE

Commander Hotel, adjacent to Harvard and Radcliffe. 320 rooms, \$3 up.

Hotel Continental, Harvard Square. 300 rooms, \$3 up.

## ONCORD

Colonial Inn, 35 rooms. American plan. \$4 and up.

## DALTON

Irving House, 40 rooms, \$2 up.

## FITCHBURG

Raymond Hotel, 200 rooms, \$2 up.

## HOLYOKE

The Roger Smith, 133 rooms, \$2 up.

## NEW BEDFORD

New Bedford Hotel, 200 rooms, \$2.50 up.

## NORTHAMPTON

Northampton Hotel, 125 rooms, \$2 up.

Draper Hotel, 100 rooms, \$1.50 up.

## NORTHFIELD (East)

The Northfield, 120 rooms, \$5 up.

## SHEFFIELD

Sheffield Inn, 39 rooms, \$2 up.

Sheffield Rest Farm.

## SPRINGFIELD

Charles Hotel, adjoining Union Station. 400 rooms,  
\$1.50 up.

Hotel Kimball, 400 rooms, \$2 up.

Worthy Hotel, a Knott Hotel, 250 rooms, \$1.50 up.

## SWAMPSCOTT

General Glover Inn.

## WORCESTER

Bancroft Hotel, 500 rooms, \$2.50 up.

Worthy Hotel, 60 rooms, \$1.50 up.

## 528 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

SUMMER ONLY (all American Plan):

### BEACH BLUFF

Preston Hotel, 200 rooms, \$9 up.

### BOURNE

Gray Gables Inn (former home of Pres. Cleveland)  
\$4 up.

### CHATHAM

Chatham Bars Inn, 45 rooms, \$8-\$12.

Hawthorne Inn, 40 rooms, \$4-\$7.

Mattaquason Hotel, 120 rooms, \$6 up.

### CRAIGVILLE

Chiquaquett Inn, 100 rooms, \$5-\$7.

Craigville Inn, 65 rooms, \$4-\$6.

### DEERFIELD

Old Deerfield Inn, 28 rooms, \$4.50 up.

Old Deerfield Arms, \$2 up.

### DENNIS

The Willows, \$4 up.

### EDGARTOWN

Colonial Inn, 85 rooms, \$5 up.

Harbor View Hotel, 120 rooms, \$7 up.

Harborside Inn, 50 rooms, \$5-\$8.

### FALMOUTH

Cape Codder Hotel, 150 rooms, \$5 up.

### FALMOUTH HEIGHTS

Wellsmere, 25 rooms, \$6 up.

Terrace Gables Hotel, 110 rooms, \$6-\$9.

Park Beach Hotel, 100 rooms, \$5 up.

### GLOUCESTER

Hawthorne Inn, 400 rooms, \$5 up.

The Rockaway and Cottages.

Thorwald Hotel, 150 rooms, \$5-\$10.

### GOSHEN

The Whale Inn, \$2.50 up.



## GREAT BARRINGTON

Berkshire Inn, 100 rooms, \$5 up.

G Bar S Ranch. \$3.50 up.

Oakwood Inn, 40 rooms, \$5 up.

Shangri-La Cottage. \$3.50 up.

## HATCHVILLE

Coonamessett Ranch Inn. Lodge and cottages,  
\$6-\$8.

## HYANNIS

Mayflower Hotel, 70 rooms, \$6 up.

## HYANNISPORT

The Breakwater, \$8 up.

Stoneleigh Gables, 75 rooms, \$10 up.

Swiss Cottages, 45 rooms, \$8 up.

## LEE

The Greenock Inn, 100 rooms, \$4.50 up.

## LENOX

Curtis Hotel, 88 rooms, \$7 up, American.

## MAGNOLIA

Oceanside Hotel, 250 rooms, \$5 up.

## MARBLEHEAD

Marblehead Hotel, 100 rooms, \$7 up.

## MARTHA'S VINEYARD

*See Oak Bluffs, Edgartown, Vineyard Haven.*

## NANTUCKET ISLAND

*See Nantucket, Siasconset.*

## NANTUCKET

Gordon Folger Hotel, 50 rooms, \$6-\$10.

Ocean House, 85 rooms.

Sea Cliff Inn and Cottages, \$6-\$10.

Ship's Inn, 35 rooms, \$5 up.

Wauwinet House, 32 rooms, \$7 up.

White Elephant Hotel, 100 rooms.

## NORTH SCITUATE

Cliff Hotel, 105 rooms, \$5 up.

## 530 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

### OAK BLUFFS

The Wesley House, 100 rooms, \$4.50 up.

### OSTERVILLE

East Bay Lodge, 76 rooms, \$7 up.

### PLYMOUTH

Mayflower Hotel, 100 rooms, \$7-\$10.

Pilgrim Hotel, 100 rooms, \$5-\$8.

### PROVINCETOWN

Provincetown Inn, 50 rooms, \$5 up.

Red Inn, \$6.50 up.

Central Hotel, 42 rooms, \$5-\$7.

### RICHMOND

Penrhyn. See Berkshire section.

### SALEM

The Hawthorne, 150 rooms, \$2.50 up.

### EAST SANDWICH

Oceanside Inn and Cabins, \$27.50-\$30.00 per week

### SIASCONSET

Beach House, 100 rooms, \$6 up.

Old Sconset Inn, 50 rooms, \$5 up.

### SOUTH EGREMONT

Egremont Inn, 30 rooms, \$5 up.

Olde Egremont Tavern. \$5 up.

Jug End Barn. \$3.50 up.

### STOCKBRIDGE

Heaton Hall, 100 rooms, \$7 up.

Red Lion Inn, 150 rooms, \$7 up.

### SWAMPSCOTT

New Ocean House, 300 rooms, \$6 up.

### VINEYARD HAVEN

Mansion House, 50 rooms, \$4.50-\$5.

Havenside Hotel, \$4.50-\$9.

### WELLFLEET

Blue Anchor Inn, 30 rooms, \$5 up.

## WEST HARWICH

Belmont Inn, 125 rooms, \$7-\$16.

The Old Chase House (1707), \$6 up.

## WEST SPRINGFIELD

The Potter Mansion at Storowton.

## WEST YARMOUTH

Englewood Hotel, 70 rooms, \$5-\$8.

## WHITMAN

The Toll House.

## WINCHENDON

Toy Town Tavern, 60 rooms, \$6-\$8.

## WILLIAMSTOWN

Williams Inn.

Haller Inn, 20 rooms, 15 with bath.

## WOOD'S HOLE

Breakwater Hotel, 42 rooms, \$5-\$8.

*Maine*

## AUGUSTA

Augusta House, 200 rooms, \$2 up.

## BALD MOUNTAIN

Bald Mountain Camps, \$5-\$7.

## BANGOR

Penobscot Exchange Hotel, 150 rooms, \$2 and up.

## BATH

Phoenix Hotel, 50 rooms, \$1.50 up, European.

## BETHEL

Bethel Inn, 75 rooms, \$7-\$12.

## BRUNSWICK

Eagle Hotel, 50 rooms, \$1.50 up, European.

## BUCKSPORT

Jed Prouty Tavern, 25 rooms, \$3.50 up.

## LEWISTON

De Witt Hotel, 125 rooms, \$1.50 up, European.

## 532 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

### PORTLAND

Congress Square Hotel, 330 rooms, \$2.50 up, European.

The Lafayette, 250 rooms, \$2.50 up, European.

### SUMMER ONLY:

### BAR HARBOR (Mt. Desert)

Belmont Hotel, 125 rooms, \$5-\$8.

Malvern Hotel, 200 rooms, \$9 up.

St. Sauveur Hotel, 70 rooms, \$6-\$9.

### BELGRADE LAKES

The Belgrade, 200 rooms, \$6 up.

The Lakeshore, 80 rooms, \$5 up.

Woodland Camps, \$4 up.

### BIDDEFORD

Ocean View Hotel, 65 rooms, \$4 to \$7.

Sea View Inn, 70 rooms.

### CAMDEN

Whitehall Inn, 42 rooms, \$6-\$8.

### CASTINE

The Acadian, 80 rooms, \$3.50 to \$5.

### CHEBEAGUE ISLAND (Portland Harbor)

Hamilton Hotel, 110 rooms.

### GREENVILLE JUNCTION

Squaw Mountain Inn, 110 rooms, \$6-\$9.

### KENNEBUNK BEACH

The Atlantis, 100 rooms.

Narragansett Hotel, 100 rooms, \$7-\$9.

### KENNEBUNKPORT

The Arundel, \$6-\$12.

Old Fort Inn, 150 rooms, \$5-\$8.

The Riverside, 40 rooms, \$5-\$10.

## KITTERY POINT

Pepperell Hotel, 65 rooms, \$3-\$5.

## MARANACOOK

Tallwood Inn, 200 rooms, \$6 up.

## NAPLES

Bay of Naples Hotel, 150 rooms, \$6 and up.

Chute Homestead and Camps, \$5-\$7.

## NORTHEAST HARBOR (Mt. Desert)

Kimball House, 150 rooms, \$8 up.

Asticou Inn, 53 rooms, \$7-\$12.

Rock-End Hotel, 100 rooms, \$7 and up.

## OGUNQUIT

Cliff House, 100 rooms, \$5-\$8.

Lookout Hotel, 150 rooms, \$6 and up.

Sparhawk Hotel, 160 rooms, \$5 and up.

## OLD ORCHARD BEACH

Old Orchard House, 250 rooms, \$4-\$7.

## POLAND

Summit Springs Hotel, 175 rooms, \$7 and up.

## POLAND SPRING

Poland Spring House and Mansion House, 440 rooms,  
\$7 up.

## PROUT'S NECK

Black Point Inn, 75 rooms, \$8-\$12.

## RANGELEY

Mingo Springs Hotel and Camps, 100 rooms,  
\$5-\$7.50.

Rangeley Lake Hotel, 200 rooms, \$6-\$10.

## ROCKLAND

The Samoset, 175 rooms, \$6 and up.

## SACO

Bay View House, 87 rooms, \$5 and up.

## SQUIRREL ISLAND

Squirrel Inn, 90 rooms, \$5 up.

## 534 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

### WINTER HARBOR

Grindstone Inn, 130 rooms, \$5 up.

### WISCASSET

Wiscasset Inn, 36 rooms, \$5 up.

### YORK HARBOR

Marshall House, 200 rooms, \$7 up.

The Emerson and Cottages, 100 rooms, \$6 up.

Young's Hotel, 100 rooms, \$5-\$6.

Hill Croft Inn.

## *New Hampshire*

### BETHLEHEM (summer only)

Agassiz Hotel, 125 rooms, \$5 up.

Central House, 125 rooms, \$3-\$6.

Maplewood Club, 500 rooms, \$6-\$12.

### BRETTON WOODS

Bretton Arms Hotel, 150 rooms.

The Mount Washington, 400 rooms, \$8 and up.

### CHOCORUA

Chocorua Inn, 70 rooms.

### CLAREMONT

The Colonial, 30 rooms, \$3 and up. All year.

### CONCORD

Eagle Hotel, 100 rooms, \$2 and up (European).

All year.

### CRAWFORD NOTCH

Crawford House, 175 rooms, \$6 and up.

### DIXVILLE NOTCH

The Balsams, 375 rooms, \$7 and up.

### DOVER

American House, 75 rooms, \$1.50 up. All year.

### DUBLIN

French's Tavern, 30 rooms, \$6 and up.

## AN

Fabyan House, 400 rooms, \$6 and up.

## NCONIA

Forest Hills Hotel, 125 rooms, \$7 and up.

Peckett's, 60 rooms, \$9-\$11.

## HAM

Mount Madison Hotel, 100 rooms, \$4.50-\$6.

## OVER

Hanover Inn, 100 rooms, \$5-\$8.

## DERNESS

Asquam Hotel, 80 rooms, \$5-\$9.

## KSON

Eagle Mountain House, 125 rooms, \$4.50-\$8.50.

Gray's Inn, 150 rooms, \$4 and up.

Wentworth Hall, 250 rooms, \$10 up.

## FERSON

Waumbek Hotel, 220 rooms, \$5 up.

## NCHESTER

The Carpenter, 212 rooms, \$2.50 up, European.

## UNT WASHINGTON

Summit House, 40 rooms, \$7-\$8.

## RTH CONWAY

Eastern Slope Inn, 125 rooms, \$8 up.

## RTH WOODSTOCK

Alpine Hotel, 120 rooms, \$5-\$7.

## TERBOROUGH

The Tavern, 40 rooms, \$4.50 and \$5.50.

## YMOUTH

Pemigewasset House, 60 rooms, \$6-\$10.

## RTSMOUTH

Wentworth Hotel, 260 rooms, \$8 and up.

The Rockingham, 100 rooms, European, \$1.50 up.

## ANDOLPH

Ravine House, 100 rooms, \$5 up.

## 536 SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!

### RYE BEACH

Farragut Hotel, 120 rooms, \$6 and up.

### SOO NIPi PARK

Soo Nipi Park Lodge and Cottages, 200 rooms,  
\$6 and up.

### SUGAR HILL

Sunset Hill House, 200 rooms, \$6 up.

Lookoff Hotel, 100 rooms, \$5 up.

### SUNAPEE

Granlinden Hotel, 150 rooms, \$6 and up.

### WALPOLE

Old Colony Inn, 40 rooms, \$5-\$10.

### WONALANCET

Wonalancet Inn.

## *Vermont*

### BENNINGTON

Monument Inn.

Walloomsac Inn.

### BRATTLEBORO

Brooks Hotel, 100 rooms, \$1.50 up.

### BURLINGTON

Allenwood Inn, 25 rooms, \$7-\$10.

Vermont Hotel, 200 rooms, \$2 and up (European).

### DORSET

Dorset Inn, 50 rooms, \$6 and up.

### FAIRLEE

Lake Morey Inn, 125 rooms, \$6 and up.

### LAKE BOMOSEEN

Cedar Grove Hotel, 85 rooms at \$4 and up.

Prospect House, 132 rooms, \$5 up.

### LAKE DUNMORE

Lake Dunmore Hotel, 130 rooms, \$5 and up.



## MANCHESTER

Equinox House, 300 rooms, \$10-\$12.

## RIPTON

Bread Loaf Inn, 150 rooms, \$5 and up.

## RUTLAND

Berwick Hotel, 110 rooms, \$1.75 up (European).

## WALLINGFORD

True Temper Inn, 35 rooms, \$5 up.

## WHITE RIVER JUNCTION

Hotel Coolidge, 200 rooms, \$1.50 up (European).

## WOODSTOCK

Woodstock Inn, 90 rooms, \$7-\$10.



## INDEX

- A.A.A., valuable services of, 8  
 Abbey, Edwin Austin, 150  
 Abbott, Jacob, 130  
 Abbott, John S. C., 370, 371  
 Acadia National Park, 384, 385  
 Adams, Abigail, 223  
 Adams, Henry, 128  
 Adams, John, 12, 37, 219, 221; his defense of Preston, 140  
 Adams, John Quincy, 86, 87, 221  
 Adams, Samuel, 146, 165-167, 273  
 Agassiz, Elizabeth Cary, 187  
 Agassiz, Louis, 270  
 Air service, New York to Boston, 5, 6; to Maine, 333; to New England, 489  
 Alcott, Bronson, 42, 43, 129, 130, 163, 174, 175; homes of, 168-172; Rose Lathrop's description of, 172; his "Fruitlands," 182-184  
 Alcott, Louisa M., 129, 130, 168; her *Little Women*, 169, 171  
 Alden, John, 228-230, 232, 242  
 Aldrich, Thomas Bailey, 128; home of, 342  
 Allen, Ethan, 59, 64, 66, 463-465, 473  
 Allen, Joseph C., his *Tales and Trails of Martha's Vineyard*, 272-275  
 Amesbury, 335  
 Amherst, 292-296; history of, 292, 293; its famous inhabitants, 293-295  
 Amherst, Lord Jeffrey, 292  
 Amherst College, 293  
 Amusement Parks, in Rhode Island, 104  
 André, Major, 66  
 Andrew, Gov. John A., 224  
 Annisquam, 210  
 Appalachian Mountain Club. *See* Hiking  
 Appleseed, Johnny, 63  
 Appleton, Frances Elizabeth, wife of Longfellow, 159  
 Appleton, Thomas G., 128  
 Arden, Elizabeth, 370  
 Arlington (Mass.), 163  
 Arlington (Vt.), 473  
 Arnold, Benedict, 91, 94, 392, 394, 464  
 Arnold, Mrs. Benedict, 29  
 Arnold, James, 109  
 Arnold, Matthew, at Stockbridge, 323; quoted, 505, 506  
 Arnold Arboretum, 108, 109  
 Ascutneyville, 466  
 Atkinson, Brooks, his *Henry Thoreau*, 182  
*Atlantic Monthly*, 119, 128, 171  
 Attleboro, 102  
 Attucks, Crispus, and Boston Massacre, 139, 140  
 Auburn, 366, 367

- Augusta, 367-370; history of, 367, 368; Executive Mansion, 369  
 Avon, 41  
 BABSON, ROGER, 209  
 Babson Institute, 290  
 Bacheller, Irving, 16  
 Bailey, James Montgomery, 61  
 Baker, George Pierce, 33  
 Baker, Lorenzo Dow, 253, 254  
 Baker, Newton D., 238  
 Baker, Ray Stannard, 295  
 Baldwin, Loammi, 215  
 Ballard, Sam, 146  
 Bancroft, George, 291  
 Bangor, 381, 390, 391; to Canada from, 391-393; to New Hampshire from, 393-395  
 Bantam Lake, 66  
 Bar Harbor, 384, 385  
 Barnard, Parson John, 189  
 Barnstable, 246  
 Barnum, Phineas T., 20-22, 303  
 Barrymore, Ethel, 11, 295  
 Bartlett, John, his *Familiar Quotations*, 125  
 Barton, 457  
 Barton, Col. William, 97  
 Bates, Katharine Lee, memorial to, 289  
 Bates College, 367  
 Bath, 375  
 Baxter State Park, 393  
 Beach, Mrs. H. H. A., 434  
 Beacon Hill, 122-131  
 Beale, Mrs. Harriet Blaine, 369  
 Beaman, Charles, 440  
 Beecher, Harriet, 65. *See also* Stowe, Harriet Beecher  
 Beecher, Henry Ward, 29, 65, 293  
 Beecher, Lyman, 29, 30  
 Belfast, 381  
 Bell, Alexander Graham, 150, 288  
 Bellamy, Edward, 302  
 Bellows Falls, 466  
 Belmont, 163  
 Belmont, August, 238, 239  
 Bennett, James Gordon, 94  
 Bennington, 468-472; early history of, 469, 470; Battle Monument, 470; the old town, 471, 472  
 Bennington College, 472, 473  
 Berkeley, Dean, 91, 92  
 Berkshire Playhouse, 320, 321  
 Berkshire School, 316  
 Berkshire Symphonic Festival, 321, 324  
 Berkshire Trail, 298, 299  
 Berkshires, routes to the, 287, 288, 299, 308, 327; introduction to, 312-315; publications on, 315, 316; guest houses of, 328, 329  
 Berlin, 404, 405  
 Beston, Henry, 245, 251  
 Bethel, 390, 395  
 Bethlehem, 408, 412  
 Beveridge, Senator, 208  
 Beverly, 207  
 Bicycling, in Connecticut, 70; in Massachusetts, 329  
 Biddeford, 352  
 Biddeford Pool, 352  
 Bierstadt, Albert, 413  
 Blackstone, William, emigrates to Massachusetts, 111, 114-116, 122, 129  
 Blaine, James G., 368, 369  
 Blandford, 306, 307  
 Blaschka, Leopold and Rudolph, their glass flowers, 158  
 Bliss, Daniel, 293  
 Block, Adriaen, 26, 96, 97

- Block Island, 96, 97  
 Boating, in Connecticut, 69;  
     in Rhode Island, 104; in  
     Massachusetts, 331; on the  
     Maine coast, 363, 398-400;  
     in New Hampshire, 449  
 Bok, Mrs. Edward, 381  
 Bomoseen, 474  
 Booth, Edwin, 127; grave of,  
     160; and *The Players*, 378  
 Boothbay Harbor, 377, 378  
 Boscawen, 431  
 Boston (England), its ties  
     with the Massachusetts  
     Boston, 112-114  
 Boston (Mass.), New York  
     to, 5ff.; Arnold Arbo-  
     retum, 108, 109; historic  
     city, 110, 111; *Boston Yes-*  
     *terday and Today*, 111;  
     history of its founding,  
     111-116; its ties with Old  
     Boston, 112-114; Trinity  
     Church, 113, 149, 150;  
     Public Library, 113, 150;  
     King's Chapel, 113, 133-  
     135; the Common, 116-  
     119; Park Street Church,  
     117; Old Granary Burying  
     Ground, 117, 118; Hough-  
     ton Mifflin Co., 118, 119,  
     136; Athenæum, 120; Bea-  
     con Hill, 122-131; State  
     House, 123-125; Faneuil  
     Hall, 124, 140-143; Little,  
     Brown and Co., 125;  
     downtown business dis-  
     trict, 133-143; Old South  
     Meeting House, 136; Old  
     State House, 137; State  
     Street Trust Co., 137-139;  
     Revere House, 143-145;  
     Old North Church, 147;  
     tours around, 149; Public  
     Garden, 149; Boston Uni-  
     versity, 150; Christian Sci-  
     ence Church, 151; Mu-  
     seum of Fine Arts, 151;  
     Mrs. Jack Gardner's Pal-  
     ace, 152; tours to near-by  
     towns, 162, 163; route to  
     North Shore from, 186; to  
     South Shore from, 217,  
     218; routes to Maine  
     from, 333, 334  
 Boston Massacre, 139, 140  
 Boston Post Road, Old  
     (U. S. 1), 8-12, 18, 44-52,  
     57, 58, 74-79, 88, 89, 102,  
     108  
 Boston Tea Party, 136  
 Boston University, 150  
 Bourne, 239, 240, 280  
 Bourne, Richard, 268  
 Bowditch, Dr. Nathaniel,  
     203-205  
 Bowdoin, James, 371  
 Bowdoin College, 371, 372,  
     374; famous graduates,  
     371, 372  
 Bradford, Gov., 190, 256,  
     280; his *History of Plum-*  
     *outh Plantation*, 124, 230,  
     231  
 Bradstreet, Gov., 200, 201  
 Branch, Anna Hempstead,  
     51, 52  
 Branford, 30, 44  
 Brattleboro, 466-468; fa-  
     mous residents, 466, 467  
 Bread Loaf School, 475  
 Breese, James L., 264  
 Bretton Woods, 408, 411,  
     412  
 Brewster, 248, 249  
 Brewster, Elder, 228, 229  
 Bridgeport, 19-22  
 Bridgewater, 429, 430  
 Briggs, James, builder of  
     *Columbia*, 225  
 Bristol, 98-101; history of,  
     99; famous houses, 100,  
     101  
 Bronck, Jonas, 8

- Brookfield, 291, 292  
 Brooks, Rev. Phillips, 113, 149; grave of, 160  
 Brown, John, 63, 64, 67, 82, 303  
 Brown, John Carter, 86  
 Brown, Moses, 82, 88  
 Brown, Nicholas, 86, 87  
 Brown, Reuben, 176  
 Brown University, 86, 87  
 Brunswick, 370-375; Gilman Mansion, 372; Stowe house, 372, 373  
 Bryant, William Cullen, 298, 299, 316, 317  
 Bryce, James, 14, 384, 414  
 Bucksport, 381, 382  
 Buelow, Hans von, and Mansfield, 121, 122  
 Bulfinch, Charles, work of, 123, 124, 140, 157, 367  
 Bull, Ephraim Wales, 168  
 Burgess, Thornton, 241  
 Burgoyne, Gen., 314; at Bennington, 469, 470; a dramatist, 470  
 Burlington, 476, 477  
 Burnham, Clara Louise, 362, 363  
 Burnside, Gen. Ambrose E., 87  
 Burr, Aaron, 19, 65, 319, 369  
 Bus service, between New York and Boston, 6; into New England, 59, 489; around Boston, 149, 162; Boston to Maine, 333, 334  
 Bushnell, Cornelius Scranton, 28  
 Bushnell, David, 46, 50  
 Butler, Samuel, 222  
 Bynner, Edwin L., 189  
  
*Cabin Guides: New England, New York, Quebec,* 513  
*Cabin Trails,* 71, 512, 513  
 Cabins, tourist, in Connecticut, 71; in Rhode Island, 105; in the White Mountains, 414-416; booklets listing, 512, 513  
 Cadillac Mountain, 385  
 Cadman, Paul F., 237  
 Calais, 385, 388  
 Calhoun, John C., 65  
 Cambridge, early history of, 153, 154; home of celebrated writers, 154, 155; Technology buildings, 156; chief points of interest, 158-161, 163. *See also* Harvard University  
 Camden, 381  
 Campobello Island, 385, 386  
 Camps, boys' or girls', 504  
 Canby, Henry Seidel, his *Thoreau*, 182  
 Candee, Leverett, 36  
 Candlewood Lake, 61  
 Cannon Mountain, aerial tramway, 408  
 Canoeing. *See* Boating  
 Cape Cod, cottages, 244, 245; chronicles of, 245, 246; clams, 252, 253; scallops and eels, 259, 260; beachcombing and wrecking, 261, 262; whales, 263; duck-shooting, 263  
 Cape Cod Canal, 238, 239  
 Cape Elizabeth, 361  
 Cape Neddick, 350  
 Cape Porpoise, 352  
 Carmel, 393, 394  
 Carnegie, Andrew, 306  
 Carter, John, 85  
 Carver, 284  
 Casco Bay, islands of, 361-363  
 Caspian Lake, 455  
 Castine, 382  
 Cathedral Pines forest, 63  
 Center Sandwich, 425

- Central Falls, 102  
 Chamberlain, Joseph, 134  
 Chamberlain, Neville, 134  
 Chamberlain, Samuel, his  
     *Open House in New Eng-  
     land*, 516  
 Champlain, Lake, 476-478,  
     480  
 Champlain, Samuel de, 237,  
     238, 250, 264, 265, 338,  
     356, 380, 382, 388, 390,  
     418, 462  
 Champlin, Peggy, 94  
 Champney, Benjamin, 413  
 Channing, Ellery, 175  
 Charles Island, 25  
 Charles River, named by  
     John Smith, 131, 132  
 Charlestown, 439  
 Chase, Mary Ellen, 382  
 Chase, Salmon P., birth-  
     place, 440  
 Chase, Will, 409  
 Chatham, 258-260, 264, 265  
 Chauncey, Rev. Nathaniel,  
     37  
 Chauncy, Charles, 224  
 Chavannes, Puvis de, 150  
 Chinook Kennels, 423, 424  
 Choate, Joseph H., 37, 320  
 Choate, Mabel, 320  
 Choate, Judge William  
     Gardner, 37  
 Choate School, 37  
 Chocorua, 422  
 Chocorua, Lake, 421, 422  
 Church, Capt. Benjamin, 273  
 Churchill, Winston, his *Mr.  
     Crewe's Career*, 436; home  
     of, 443  
 Clams, Rhode Island, 73;  
     Cape Cod, 252, 253  
 Claremont, 439, 440  
 Clark, Rev. Francis E., 360  
 Clark University, 291  
 Clarke, John, 90  
 Clarke, Rev. Jonas, 165  
 Clemenceau, Georges, 17  
 Cleveland, Francis Grover,  
     422  
 Cleveland, Grover, 240, 268,  
     423  
 Clinton, 30, 46  
 Clough, Capt. Samuel, 376,  
     377  
 Cobb, Capt. Elijah, 248, 249  
 Coddington, William, 90, 91,  
     220  
 Cohan, George M., 11  
 Colby College, 390  
 Colebrook, 406, 407  
 Colt, Col. S. P., 100  
 Conanicut Island, 76, 89  
 Conant, Roger, 190-193, 207  
 Concord (Mass.), 106, 167-  
     182; "The Wayside," 168-  
     172; Wright Tavern, 176;  
     the Old Manse, 177-179,  
     the Battleground, 180  
 Concord (N. H.), 433, 434;  
     interesting inhabitants,  
     432; Rumford Press, 433  
 Condé Nast Press, 17  
 Connecticut, introduction to,  
     12-15; sports and recrea-  
     tion in, 68-71  
 Connecticut College, 50, 51  
*Connecticut Guide* (Heer-  
     mance), 68  
 Converse, Edward, 132  
 Cook, George Cram, 256  
 Cookbooks, New England,  
     510, 511  
 Coolidge, Calvin, at Am-  
     herst, 293; in Northamp-  
     ton, 297; grave of, 462  
 Coolidge, Charles A., 422  
 Coolidge, Mrs. Elizabeth  
     Sprague, her chamber  
     music concerts, 326  
 Coolidge, J. Randolph, 425  
 Coolidge, Templeman, 339  
 Coonamasset Ranch, 271  
 Cooper, James Fenimore, 11

- Cornell, Katharine, 275  
 Corning, Howard, 193, 200  
 Cornish, 440-443  
 Cortereal, Miguel, 283  
 Corwin, Jonathan, 197, 206  
 Coscob, 16, 17  
 Cotton, John, emigrates to  
     Boston, 113; grave of, 133  
 Cotuit, 242, 267, 268  
 Cowles, Samuel, 42  
 Craftsbury Common, 457  
 Craigie, Dr. Andrew, 158  
 Cram, Ralph Adams, 127,  
     337, 338  
 Crane, Charles Edward, his  
     *Let Me Show You Ver-*  
     *mont*, 450, 453, 454  
 Crane, Charles R., 270, 271  
 Cranston, 78, 79  
 Craske, Leonard, his statue  
     of "Gloucester Fisherman,"  
     209  
 Crawford, Ethan Allen, 418  
 Crawford Notch, 408, 411,  
     412  
 Cromwell, Oliver, 46, 115  
 Crosby, Fanny J., 20  
 Crosby, Joshua, 250  
 Crothers, Samuel M., 160  
 Cummington, 298, 299  
 Curtis, Cyrus H. K., 359  
 Curtis, George William, 175  
 Cushing, Judge William,  
     224  
 Cushman, Charlotte, grave  
     of, 160  
 Cutler, Rev. Manasseh, 212  
 DALTON, 299  
 Damrosch, Mrs. Walter, 369  
 Dana, James Dwight, 34  
 Dana, R. H., Jr., 208  
 Danbury, 60, 61  
 Danvers, 213  
 Darien, 17  
 Dartmouth College, 444-446  
 Davenport, Rev. John, 26-  
     28, 30  
 Davis, Charles Henry, 247,  
     266  
 Dawes, Gen. Charles, 167  
 Dawes, Rufus, 167  
 Dawes, William, 144-146,  
     166, 167  
 Daye, Stephen, press of, 461  
 Dedham, 106-108  
 Deep River, 47-49  
 Deer Isle, 379, 380  
 Deerfield, 298, 309, 310  
 De Koven, Reginald, 38  
 DeLancey, Susan, 11  
 Deland, Margaret, 351  
 Dennis, 247, 248  
 Derby, Elias H., 204, 206  
 Desert of Maine, 370  
 Dewey, Jedediah, at Wil-  
     mington, 471, 472  
 Dexter, Samuel, 108  
 Dickens, Charles, 37, 46, 133;  
     and Katie Smith, 353, 354  
 Dickinson, Emily, 294, 295  
 Dighton, 283  
*Dinner Is Served, Your*  
*Room Is Ready*, 512  
 Dix, Col. Timothy, Jr., 406  
 Dixville Notch, 406  
 Dixwell, John, 29  
 Dodge, Mary Abigail, 212  
 Dodge, Nehemiah, 83, 85  
 Dodge, Seril, 83, 85  
 Dolly Copp Forest Camp,  
     415, 416  
 Dorothea Dix Memorial  
     Park, 391  
 Dorset, 474  
 Downing, Emanuel, 201  
 Downing, Sir George, 201  
 Dublin, 436, 437  
 Dummer, 405  
 Dunlap, Fanny, 358  
 Dunster, Henry, 224  
 DuPont, Coleman, 247



- Durant, Henry Fowle, 288  
 Durham, 37  
 Duryea, Charles E., his gasoline buggy, 301-303  
 Dustin, Hannah, and the Indian raid, 431, 432  
 Duxbury, 228-230  
 Dwight, Timothy, 30  
 D'Wolf, James, 99, 101  
  
 EARLE, ALICE MORSE, 76  
 Early, Eleanor, 245; her story of Dolly Copp, 415, 416  
 East Canaan, 63  
 East Greenwich, 78  
 East Haddam, 38  
 East Northfield, 308  
 East Providence, 102  
 Eastchester, 9, 10, 12  
 Eastern Steamship Line, 7, 333  
 Eastham, 250, 251  
 Eastport, 386, 388  
 Eaton, Theophilus, 26-28  
 Eaton, Walter Prichard, 315, 316; quoted, 324, 325  
 Eddy, Mary Baker, 187, 378; grave of, 160; Concord home of, 432, 433  
 Edgartown, 274, 275  
 Edgewood School, 16  
 Edwards, Jonathan, his career in Northampton, 297, 298; in Stockbridge, 319, 320  
 Egremont, 317, 324  
 Eldredge, Nathaniel, 259  
 Eliot, Pres. Charles W., 384  
 Eliot, John, 232, 288  
 Elizabeth Islands, 272  
 Elliott, Maxine, 378, 379  
 Ellsworth, 382  
 Ellsworth, Josiah, 43  
 Ellsworth, Oliver, 43  
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 169-177; Hawthorne's description of, 173; Van Dyke's description of, 173; stories about, 174-176  
 Emerson, Rev. William, 177  
 Endicott, John, 191, 192; grave of, 133, 134  
 Ericsson, John, 28  
 Ericsson, Leif, 249, 273  
 Ericsson, Thorvald, 246, 247, 256  
 Errol, 405  
 Essex Institute, Salem, 199-205  
 Ethan Allen Highway (U. S. 7), 59-67  
 Etna, 394  
 Everett, 214  
 Exeter, 338  
  
 FAIRBANKS, JONATHAN, 106  
 Fairfield, 18, 19  
 Fairhaven, 282  
 Fall River, 97, 283, 284  
 Falls of Androscoggin, 395  
 Falmouth, 268, 269, 280  
 Faneuil, André, 141  
 Faneuil, Benjamin, 11  
 Faneuil, Peter, 11, 141, 142, 165; grave of, 117  
 Faneuil family, history of, 140-142  
 Fanning, Capt. Edmund, 57, 58  
 Farmer, Fannie Merritt, her *Boston Cooking-School Cook Book*, 125  
 Farmington (Conn.), 41, 42; Miss Porter's School, 41; Samuel Whitman House, 42  
 Farmington (Me.), 394  
 Farragut, Admiral David G., 340  
 Faunce, Thomas, 233  
 Fay, Stephen, 472

- Feke, Robert, 92  
 Fersen, Axel, 87, 94  
 Fessenden, William Pitt, 358  
 Field, Eugene, 295  
 Field, Henry M., his *Evangelist*, 323  
 Field, Rachel, 322, 323  
 Field family, of Stockbridge, 323  
 Fields, Annie (Mrs. James T.), 131, 208; her *Authors and Friends* quoted, 373, 374  
 Fields, James T., 131, 208; letter from Longfellow to, 184, 185  
 Finley, John H., 423  
 Fish, Stuyvesant, 95  
 Fisher, Dorothy Canfield, quoted, 450, 452; home of, 473  
 Fishing in Connecticut, 68, 69; in Rhode Island, 103; in Massachusetts, 329; in Maine, 395-398; in New Hampshire, 448, 449; in Vermont, 481  
 Fitch, Clyde, 295, 296  
 Fitch, Elizabeth, 18  
 Fitch, Col. Thomas, 18  
 Fitchburg, 308  
 Fitzwilliam, 438  
 Flagg, James Montgomery, 11  
 Fleet, Thomas, 118  
 Foch, Maréchal, 87, 120  
 Folger, Peter, 273  
 Food, New England, 505-509  
 Forbes, Allan, 87, 108, 114, 138, 237, 281  
 Forbes, William Cameron, 108  
 Forbes-Robertson, Lady, 378, 379  
 Ford, Edsel, 384  
 Ford, Henry, 185, 186  
 Fort Adams, 95  
 Fort Constitution, 339  
 Fox, George, 81  
 Foy, Eddie, 11  
 Framingham, State Teachers' College, 290  
*France and New England* (Forbes), 87, 119, 120  
 Franconia Notch, 408  
 Franklin, 430  
 Franklin, Benjamin, 85, 137, 343; marker of Post Road milestones, 8, 9  
 Franklin, James, 137  
 Freeman, James, 135  
 Freeman, Mary Wilkins, 280  
 Freeport, 370  
 French, Daniel Chester, 323; his "Minuteman," 180  
 Frost, Jack, 246  
 Frost, Robert, 295  
 "Fruitlands," 182-184  
 Fuller, Alvan T., 338  
 Fuller, Margaret, 158; grave of, 160  
  
 GANNETT, WILLIAM HOWARD, 368  
 Garrison, William Lloyd, 117  
 Gay Head, 274-276  
 Gehring, Dr. J. H., 395  
 Gibson, Charles Dana, 101  
 Gilder, Richard Watson, 240, 268, 307  
 Gilder family, 307  
 Gillette, William, 39; his estate, 47, 48  
 Gloucester, 186, 207-211  
 Glover, John, 189, 190  
 Goddard, John, 84  
 Goddard, Robert H. Ives, 78  
 Goddard Memorial Park, 104  
 Goelet, Ogden, 94  
 Goffe, William, 25, 29; in Hadley, 296

- Golden, Richard, 381, 382  
 Goldschmidt, Otto, 129  
 Golf, in Connecticut, 71; in Rhode Island, 104; in Massachusetts, 331; in New Hampshire, 449; in Vermont, 482  
 Goodyear, Charles, 30, 36, 215  
 Gordon, Gen. Charles G., 203  
 Gordon, Jacques, 63  
 Gorges, Sir Ferdinando, 237  
 Gorham, 403, 404  
 Gorham, Jabez, 83  
 Goshen, 66  
 Gosnold, Bartholomew, 265, 272, 273  
 Grant, Judge Robert, 200  
 Gray, Edward F., 246, 249  
 Gray, Capt. Robert, 225  
 Gray Gables, 280  
 Great Barrington, 316-318; inns, 317, 318  
 Great Boar's Head, 338  
 Greeley, Adolphus W., 335  
 Greeley, Horace, 474  
 Green, Col., and the *Morgan*, 281  
*Green Mountain Boys* (Thompson), 464, 465  
 Greene, Anne Bosworth, 461  
 Greene, Gen. Nathanael, birthplace of, 78  
 Greene, Mrs. Nathanael, 35  
 Greene, Gov. William, 78  
 Greenfield, 308, 309  
 Greenwich, 15, 16; Rosemary Hall, 16, 37; Edgewood School, 16; Putnam Cottage, 16  
 Grenfell, Sir Wilfred, 476  
 Groton, U. S. Submarine Base, 50  
 Guild, 448  
 Guilford, 44, 45  
 Guiney, Louise Imogen, 130  
 Gulick, Dr. Luther H., 304, 364  
 Gunn, Frederick W., 66  
 Gunnery School, 66  
 HADDEN, BRITON, 33  
 Hadley, 296, 297  
 Hale, Edward Everett, 133  
 Hale, Nathan, 31, 38, 51, 52, 66  
 Hale, Sarah Josepha Buell, 448  
 Halleck, Fitz-Greene, 44  
 Hamilton, 211, 212  
 Hammonasset State Park, 46  
 Hammond, John Hays, Jr., 208  
 Hampden, John, 46, 115  
 Hampton Beach, 338  
 Hampton Falls, 337, 338  
 Hancock, 434, 435  
 Hancock, John, 19, 132, 146, 165-167, 273; grave of, 117, 120; breaks the Sabbath, 123  
 Hanover, 444-446  
 Hardy, Capt., 58  
 Harkness, Edward S., 30, 33  
 Harkness, Mrs. Stephen V., 32  
 Harrington, Jonathan, 164  
 Harris, Dr. William Torrey, 170  
 Harrison, Peter, 92  
 Hartford, route from New Haven to, 36-38; financial and industrial city, 38, 39; Trinity College Chapel, 39, 40; Mark Twain Memorial Library, 40  
 Harvard, town of, 163, 182-184  
 Harvard, John, his gift to the college, 153, 154; town named for, 182

- Harvard University, 108,  
     109; given ferry privilege,  
     132; founded, 153, 154; its  
     buildings, 156, 157  
 Harwich group, 265, 266  
 Hathorne, Col. John, and  
     family, 197, 206  
 Haverhill, 447  
 Hawthorne, Julian, his de-  
     scription of Bull, 168; at  
     "The Wayside," 169-171;  
     his description of Emers-  
     on, 173, 176  
 Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 169-  
     171, 175, 324; his *Scar-  
     let Letter*, 134; at the  
     Old Manse, 178, 179; his  
     death, 180, 427, 428; in  
     Salem, 195-198; a letter  
     from Melville to, 281; at  
     Sebago Lake, 364; at  
     Bowdoin, 371, 374; his  
     story of Willey disaster,  
     418, 419  
 Hawthorne, Sophia, 169, 170,  
     197, 198; at the Manse,  
     178, 179  
 Hay, John, 86  
 Hazard, Caroline, 289  
 Heermance, Edgar L., his  
     *Connecticut Guide*, 68  
 Hermon, 393  
 Herreshoff family, 99  
 Higginson, Thomas Went-  
     worth, 154, 294  
 Hiking, in Connecticut, 70,  
     71; in Rhode Island, 104;  
     in Massachusetts, 330, 331;  
     in Maine, 399; in New  
     Hampshire, 449; in Ver-  
     mont, 481  
 Hill, Thomas, 413  
 Hingham, 221-224  
 Hofmann, Josef, 381  
 Hog Island, 98  
 Holland, J. G., memorial to,  
     304  
 Hollis, "Quillcote," 352-355  
 Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 154,  
     155, 189, 208, 325, 326;  
     grave of, 160  
 Holy Cross College, 291  
 Homer, Winslow, 355  
 Hooker, "Fighting Joe," 296  
 Hooper, Robert, 189  
 Hopper, DeWolf, 100  
 Hotchkiss, Henry, 36  
 Hotchkiss, Lucius, 36  
 Hotels, list of, 523-537  
 Houghton, Alanson B., 282  
 Houghton Mifflin Co., offices  
     of, 118, 119, 136  
 Houlton, 389  
 Housatonic Meadows State  
     Park, 62  
 Housatonic Valley route, 64  
 House, Col. E. M., 208  
 House of the Seven Gables,  
     Salem, 196  
 Houses, old, open to public,  
     515, 516  
 Howard, Capt. James, 368  
 Howe, Elias, Jr., 22  
 Howe, Julia Ward, 128, 300;  
     grave of, 160  
 Howe, Mark Antony De  
     Wolfe, 101; his *Boston  
     Common*, 111  
 Howe, Rev. Paul S., 229, 232  
 Howe, Dr. Samuel G., 300  
 Howells, William Dean, 154,  
     171  
 Humphrey, Zephine, 474  
 Hunnewell, H. Hollis, 288  
 Hunt, Richard Morris, 467  
 Hunt, William Morris, 466,  
     467  
 Hunter, William, 92  
 Hunting, in Connecticut,  
     69; in Rhode Island, 103;  
     in Massachusetts, 329; in  
     Maine, 398; in New  
     Hampshire, 448, 449; in  
     Vermont, 481

- Hutchinson, Anne, 9, 10, 90,  
     124, 153, 192  
 Hutchinson, Lieut. Gov.,  
     and Boston Massacre, 139  
 Hutchinson River Parkway,  
     12, 59  
 Hyannis, 266, 267  
 Hyannisport, 266
- INGERSOLL, ROBERT H., 64  
 Inness, George, 413  
 Inns, pocket guide to, 512;  
     list of, 523-537  
 Intervale, 414  
 Ipswich, 212, 213  
 Irving, Washington, quoted,  
     447  
 Isle Au Haut, 380  
 Isles of Shoals, 339, 341  
 Ivoryton, 49
- JACKMAN, 392  
 Jackson, Dr. Charles T., 289  
 Jackson, Ellis, 88  
 Jackson, Helen Hunt, 295  
 Jaffrey, 437  
 Jamaica Pond, 109  
 James, Henry, describes  
     Park Street Church, 117;  
     his *American Scene*, 131  
 James, William, 422  
 Jamestown, 76, 90  
 Jay, John, 12  
 Jefferson, 408  
 Jefferson, Joseph, 240, 241,  
     268  
 Jefferson, Thomas, 14, 356,  
     357  
 Jenness Beach, 338  
 Jerome, Chauncey, 35  
 Johnson, Nathaniel, 44  
 Johnson, Rev. Samuel, 44  
 Jones, John Paul, 124, 343  
 Jones, Margaret, 118  
 Jonnycake, recipe for, 73
- KATAHDIN STATE GAME PRE-  
     SERVE, 393  
 Kearsage, 413  
 Keene, 438, 439  
 Keller, Helen, 102, 300  
 Kendrick, Capt. John, 225,  
     250  
 Kendrick, T. D., 246, 249  
 Kennebunk, 350, 351  
 Kennebunkport, 351, 352  
 Kent, Rockwell, 377  
 Kent Falls State Park, 62  
 Kent School, 62  
 Kilmer, Joyce, his *Trees*, 439  
 Kimball Bird Sanctuary, 74  
 King, Rev. Thomas Starr,  
     404  
 King Tom Farm, 74  
 Kingston, 230, 231  
 Kipling, Rudyard, in Ver-  
     mont, 466  
 Kitson, H. H., his Minute-  
     man statue, 164  
 Kittery, U. S. Navy Yard at,  
     339, 340; famous houses,  
     346, 347  
 Kittery Point, 347  
 Kittredge, Henry C., 245;  
     his *Mooncussers of Cape*  
     *Cod*, 260-262  
 Kneisel, Franz, 382  
 Knittle, Rhea Mansfield, her  
     *Early American Glass*, 243  
 Knox, Gen. Henry, 378  
 Knox Trail, 306, 307  
 Kohlsaat, H. H., 302  
 Koussevitzky, Serge, 32
- LACONIA, 427; "Camp Beau-  
     tiful," 427  
 Ladd, Luther C., 430  
 Lafayette, Marquis de, 12,  
     47, 78, 88, 100, 119, 120  
 Lake, Simon, 24, 50  
 Lakewood, 394  
 Lancaster, 407

- Langdon, John, 342, 343  
 Langdon, Samuel, 342  
 Larchmont, 11  
 Lathrop, Rose Hawthorne,  
   her description of Bronson  
   Alcott, 172; her *Memories*  
   of Hawthorne quoted, 178,  
   179  
 Lauzun, Duc de, 54, 55  
 Lawes, Francis, 193  
 Lear, Tobias, 341, 343  
 Lebanon, 52-56; its Colonial  
   history, 54-56; Governor  
   Trumbull House, 56; Con-  
   gregational Church, 56  
 Lee, 325  
 Lenox, 306, 324, 325; hotels,  
   325  
 Lenox, Charles, 324  
 Lewis, Ida, 96  
 Lewis, Sinclair, quoted, 452;  
   home of, 462  
 Lewiston, 366, 367  
 Lexington, 164-166; battle  
   of, 165, 166  
 Lime Rock, 63  
 Lincoln, Abraham, 22, 86;  
   and Willie Scott, 459, 460  
 Lincoln, Gen. Benjamin, 223  
 Lincoln, Joseph C., 245, 248,  
   262, 264  
 Lincoln, Samuel, 193, 222,  
   223  
 Lind, Jenny, 21, 129  
 Lindbergh, Anne Morrow,  
   379  
 Litchfield, 62, 64-66; beauty  
   of, 65; Oliver Wolcott  
   House, 65, 66; Phelps  
   Tavern, 66; "Old Curios-  
   ity Shop," 66  
 Little Boar's Head, 338  
 Little, Brown and Co., of-  
   fices of, 125  
 Little Compton, 98  
 Littlefield, Catherine, 78  
 Longfellow, Henry Wads-  
   worth, 158-160, 338, 359;  
   his *Tales of a Wayside*  
   *Inn*, 184, 185; at Nahant,  
   187; at Bowdoin, 371, 374  
 Longfellow, Samuel, 158  
 Lowell, Pres. A. Lawrence,  
   108, 268  
 Lowell, James Russell, 171;  
   birthplace of, 160; his epi-  
   taph to British soldiers,  
   180  
 Lowell, Orson, 11  
 Lowell, Percival, 108  
 Lubec, 385, 386  
 Luce, Henry, 33  
 Lunt, Cornelia, and Emer-  
   son, 174  
 Lyford, Rev. John, 190  
 Lyme, 447  
 Lyndonville, 457  
 Lynn, 187  
  
 MACDOWELL COLONY, 429,  
   435  
 McIntire, Samuel, 196, 200,  
   206, 207  
 MacKaye, Percy, 209  
 MacKnight, Dodge, 244  
 MacMillan, Donald B., 256  
 Macy, Mrs. John, 102  
 Macy, Thomas, 277, 336  
 Madison, 45, 46  
 Magnolia, 207-209  
 Maine, routes to, 333, 334;  
   introduction to, 344-346;  
   booklets of information  
   about, 350; coast of, 379-  
   382; sports, 395-400;  
   routes to New Hampshire  
   from, 402, 403  
 Maine, University of, 391  
 Malbone, Elder, 27  
 Mamaroneck, 11  
 Manchester (Mass.), 207,  
   208  
 Manchester (Vt.), 473  
 Mann, Horace, 107

- Mansfield, Erminia Rudersdorff, 120, 121  
 Mansfield, Mt., 458  
 Mansfield, Richard, 51; and von Buelow, 120-122  
 Maps, availability of excellent, 492-494  
 Marblehead, 186, 188-190  
 Marbury, Elizabeth, 370  
 Marie Antoinette, 87, 94  
 Marie Antoinette House, 376  
 Marine Biological Laboratory, Penikese, 270  
 Marion, 282  
 Marlborough, 300  
 Marquand, John, 335  
 Marshfield, 225-228  
 Martha's Vineyard, 272-276; history of, 273, 274; towns of, 274-276  
 Masham, Sir William, 80  
 Mashpee, 268, 269  
 Massachusetts, what it stands for, 106, 286; western part, 286, 287; routes to Berkshires, 287, 288, 299, 308; sports and recreation in, 329-332; celebrations of, 502, 503  
 Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 156  
 Massachusetts School for the Blind, 299, 300  
 Massachusetts State College, 296  
 Massasoit, 98, 102, 234, 236, 292  
 Massey, Jeffrey, 193  
 Massey, Raymond, 193  
 Mather, Cotton, quoted, 153  
 Mather, William Gwinn, 39  
 Mattapoisett, 282  
 Matunuck Beach, 74, 75  
 Maverick, Samuel, 111  
 Mayhew, Thomas, 273, 277  
 Mead family, of Brattleboro, 467  
 Medford, 215, 216  
 Melcher, Samuel, 372  
 Mellon, Andrew, 37  
 Melville, Herman, 325, 326; and Hawthorne, 281  
 Menemsha, 276  
 Meredith, 429  
 Meriden (Conn.), 37  
 Meriden (N. H.), 443  
 Merritt Parkway, 12, 59, 60, 64, 495-498  
 Middlebury, 475, 476  
 Middlebury College, 475  
 Middletown, 37, 38; Wesleyan University, 37, 38  
 Milan, 405  
 Milford, 23-25; Stockade House, 23; Eels-Stow House, 24  
 Millay, Edna St. Vincent, 363, 381  
 Milton, 217-219  
 Mitchell, Donald G., 27, 28; quoted, 55  
 Mitchell, Edwin Valentine, 304, 305; his *Maine Summer*, 346  
 Mitchell, Maria, 278  
 Mohawk Park, 311  
 Mohegan, 53  
 Molly Stark Trail, 468  
 Monadnock, Mt., 437  
 Monhegan Island, 377  
 Monmouth, Elizabeth Harper, 431  
 Monomoy Point, 258, 259  
 Monterey, 307  
 Monti, Luigi, 185  
 Montpelier, 457  
 Monts, Sieur de, 237, 356, 383, 388  
 Monument Mountain, 318  
 Moody, Dwight Lyman, 308, 309  
 Moody, Rev. Samuel, 348  
 Moore, Sir John, 382  
 Moose Island, 387, 388

- Moosehead Lake, 392  
 Moosilauke, Mt., 447  
 More, Helen F., her Revere poem quoted, 144, 145  
 Morgan, Capt., 46, 47  
 Morgan, J. Pierpont, 39  
 Morgan, Justin, 305  
 Morley, Christopher, his *Plum Pudding* essays, 477  
 Morrisville, 459  
 Morrow, Dwight, 379  
 Morrow, Honoré, 184  
 Morton, Thomas, 219, 220  
 Morton, W. T. G., 288-290  
 Mosher, Thomas Bird, 360, 361  
 Mother Brook, first American canal, 108  
 "Mother Goose," grave of, 117, 118  
 Motley, John Lothrop, 119, 128, 187  
 Mount Desert Island, 382-385  
 Mount Hermon School for Boys, 309  
 Mount Holyoke College, 297  
 Mount Hope Bridge, 76, 98  
 Muirhead, James, 220, 221  
 Mullens, Priscilla, 229, 232  
 Munday, Richard, 92  
 Music, in Massachusetts, 332  
 Mystic, 57  
  
 NAHANT, 187  
 Nantucket, 272, 276-279; history of, 276-278; hotels and inns of, 279  
 Naples, 365, 366  
 Narragansett, 75, 76  
 Nauset Light, 250, 251  
 Neesima, Joseph, 293  
 Nevin, Ethelbert, 382  
 New Bedford, 280-283; whaling industry, 280, 281; the *Charles Morgan*, 281, 282  
 New Canaan, 17  
 New Castle, 339  
 New England, many approaches to, 5, 488-490; inclusive-price tours of, 6, 7; seasons for travel in, 499-501; food in, 505-509; cookbooks, 510, 511; houses, open to public, 515, 516; reading list on, 517-522; hostelryes, 523-537  
 New Hampshire, routes to, 393-395, 401-403, 420; summer camps of, 426, 427; sports in, 448, 449. *See also* White Mountains  
 New Hampton, 429  
 New Haven, settled 1638, 13; the Yale Bowl, 25; Campus Tour, 25, 26; history of, 26, 27; the Green, 27-29; "Edgewood," 27; the Old Campus, 28-32; churches in, 29; founding of Yale, 30; clubhouses, 31, 33; Memorial Quadrangle, 32; Gallery of Fine Arts, 33; other University buildings, 33, 34; Peabody Museum, 34; industries of, 34-36; to Hartford, 36-38  
 New London, 50-52; Coast Guard Academy, 50; Connecticut College, 50, 51; Whaling Museum, 52  
 New Milford, 61  
 New Rochelle, 10, 11  
 New York, routes to Boston from, 5ff.  
 Newburyport, 334, 335  
 Newfane, 467, 468  
 Newport (Me.), 394  
 Newport (R. I.), 76, 90-97; its three colonies, 90; founding of, 90, 91; its slave trade, 91; "golden years"



- of, 91, 92; during Revolution, 92; becomes summer resort, 92, 93; Naval Base, 93; St. George's School, 93; famous houses, 93-96; Cliff Walk, 95; Fort Adams, 95; Naval Training Station and War College, 96  
 Nixon, Larry, his *American Vacations*, 514  
 Nonquit, 282  
 Norfolk, 67  
 Noroton, 17  
 North Adams, 311  
 North Attleboro, 102  
 North Conway, 413, 414  
 North Edgecomb, 376  
 North Haven, 379  
 North River, 225  
 North Woodstock, 408  
 Northampton, 297, 298  
 Northborough, 300  
 Northeast Harbor, 384  
 Northfield, 308, 309  
 Northfield Seminary, 309  
 Norwalk, 17, 18, 60  
 Norwich, 53  
 Norwich University, 483  
 Noyes, Dr. B. Lake, 380  
 Nurse, Rebecca, trial of, 197; house of, 213  
 Nutting, Wallace, 341  
  
 OAK BLUFFS, 274, 276  
 Odiorne's Point, 338  
 Ogunquit, 350  
 Old Lyme, 49, 50  
 Old Orchard Beach, 355  
 Old Saybrook, 46, 47  
 Old Town, Indian reservation, 391  
 Oldham, John, 190  
 Olney Pond, 104  
 Olsen, Godfrey, 475  
 O'Neill, Eugene, 256, 257  
 Orford, 447  
 Orleans, 249, 250  
 Orono, 391  
 Orwell, 475  
 Osterville, 267  
 Otis, 307  
 Otis, Amos, 247  
 Otis, Harrison Gray, 124, 126, 307  
 Otis, James, 246  
  
 PABODIE, ELIZABETH ALDEN, 98, 273  
 Page, Walter Hines, 119  
 Pain, Elizabeth, 134  
 Paine, Thomas, 78; his house in New Rochelle, 10  
 Palmer, Alice Freeman, 290  
 Palmer, Nathaniel, 58  
 Parker, Capt., at battle of Lexington, 166, 167  
 Parker, Cornelia Stratton, her "Swiss Meadows," 311  
 Parker, Theodore, 436  
 Parkman, Francis, 126-128, 338  
 Parris, Rev. Samuel, 194  
 Parsons, T. W., 185  
 Pawlet, 474  
 Pawtucket, 88, 89  
 Payne, E. F., 353  
 Peabody, George, 205  
 Peabody, Dr. Nathaniel, and family, 197, 198  
 Peary, Admiral Robert E., 362  
 Pelham Manor, 10  
 Penobscot Bay, islands of, 379, 380  
 Pepperell, Sir William, 346, 347  
 Perkins, Elizabeth B., 347, 348  
 Perry, 386  
 Perry, Bliss, 455  
 Perry, Rt. Rev. James De Wolf, 101

- Perry, Matthew, 75  
 Perry, Oliver Hazard, 75, 94, 239  
 Peterborough, 435, 436  
 Phelps, William Lyon, 36  
 Philip, King, son of Massasoit, 98, 99, 101, 102, 115, 223, 234-236, 283  
 Phillips, James Duncan, his *Salem in the Seventeenth Century*, 191  
 Phillips, Wendell, 125, 128  
 Phillips Exeter Academy, 338  
 Picnicking, in Rhode Island, 104; in Massachusetts, 331  
 Piedmont Pond, 307  
 Pierce, Pres. Franklin, 179, 428  
 Pierpont, James, 27  
 Pike, Lake Tarleton Club, 447  
 Pike, Major Robert, 336  
 Pillsbury, George A., 432  
 Pinkham Notch, 414  
 Pinkham Notch Camp, 414  
 Pioneers' Village, Salem, 190  
 Pitcairn, Major, at battles of Lexington and Concord, 166, 167, 176, 177  
 Pitcher, Moll, 187  
 Pittsfield, 299, 325-328; South Mountain Music Colony, 326; hotels, 327, 328  
 Plainfield, 443  
 Plant, Thomas G., 428  
 Playland, recreational center in Westchester County, 12  
 Pleasant Point, Indian reservation, 386, 387  
 Plumly, Mary, 17  
 Plymouth (Mass.), 231-239; Pilgrim Hall, 231, 232; the Rock, 233, 234  
 Plymouth (N. H.), 417, 427, 428  
 Plymouth Union, 462  
 Plympton, 284, 285  
 Poe, Edgar Allan, 85, 86  
 Point Judith, 75, 76  
 Poland Spring, 366  
 Pollard, Anne, 118  
 Pomfret, 53  
 Port Chester, 12  
 Port Kent Ferry, 477  
 Porter, Noah, 34, 41  
 Porter, Samuel, 41  
 Porter, Sarah, 41  
 Porter's School, Miss, 41  
 Portland, 356-361; early history of, 356, 357; points of interest, 357-361  
 Portsmouth, 338-343; famous houses of, 341-343, 421  
 Portsmouth, Treaty of, 340  
 Post, Emily, 275  
 Post Road, Upper, 299-301. *See also* Boston Post Road  
 Poultney, 474  
 Pratt, Dexter, 158  
 Pratt, Frederick Alcott, 171, 172  
 Preble, Commodore Edward, 356, 357, 360  
 Prescott, Gen. Richard, 97  
 Prescott, Dr. Samuel, 167  
 Prescott, William H., 126, 127, 187, 201  
 Presque Isle, 389  
 Prince, Frederick, 95  
 Prince, Rev. Thomas, 230  
 Prout's Neck, 355, 356  
 Providence, 79-88; "mid-western and feudal," 79, 80; founded by Roger Williams, 80, 81; shipping days, 82; Gorham Co., 83; famous buildings, 84-88; Rhode Island School of Design, 84; Brown University, 86, 87; described

- in *France and New England*, 87  
 Provincetown, 254-258  
 Prudence Island, 98  
 Pulling, Maj. John, 147  
 Putnam, George Palmer, 370, 371  
 Putnam, Gen. Israel, 12, 16, 53  
 Putney, 466  
  
 QUABBIN RESERVOIR, 292  
 Quechee Gorge, 461  
 Quimby, Alfred E., 426  
 Quincy, 219-221  
 Quincy, Dorothy, 19, 165  
 Quincy, Josiah, 119  
 Quincy, Josiah, Jr., his defense of Preston, 140  
 Quincy family, 220, 221  
 Quoddy Village, 387, 388  
  
 RADCLIFFE COLLEGE, 159  
 Rail-Auto Plan of travel, 491  
 Rangeley, 394  
 Rangeley Lakes, 394  
 Ratcliffe, Rev. Mr., 134, 135  
 Raymond, 364, 365  
 Read, Lieut. Albert C., 264  
 Reading list, on New England, 517-522  
 Redwood, Abraham, 92  
 Reed, Thomas B., 360  
 Reeve, Judge Tapping, 65, 66  
 Remington, Frederic, 11  
 Revere, Paul, 123, 140, 219, 337, 339, 342, 382; grave of, 117; home of, 143-145; his life, 144; his famous ride, 145-147, 163-167  
 Reynard, Elizabeth, 245  
 Reynolds, Joseph, 100  
 Rhode Island, introduction to, 72, 73; originally Aquidneck, 90, 91; sports and recreation in, 103-105  
 Rhode Island School of Design, 84  
 Richards, Laura E., 370, 390  
 Ricker, Jabez, 366  
 Riding, in Connecticut, 69, 70; in Massachusetts, 329; in Maine, 400; in Vermont, 481, 482  
 Rinehart, Mary Roberts, 282  
 Ripley, Rev. George, 178  
 Roads, Samuel, Jr., his *History of Marblehead*, 188  
 Roberts, Kenneth, 351, 369; his *Trending into Maine*, 346, 349  
 Robinson, Edwin Arlington, 375  
 Robinson, Rowland E., 476  
 Robinson-Smith, Gertrude, 321  
 Rochambeau, 38, 54, 56, 89, 92, 94  
 Rockefeller, John D., Jr., 270, 384  
 Rockland, 378, 379  
 Rockport, 210  
 Rogers, James Gamble, 32  
 Rogers, Moses, 51, 52  
 Rogers, Capt. Stevens, 51, 52  
 Roosevelt, Franklin D., 385, 386  
 Rosemary Hall, 16, 37  
 Rumford, 395  
 Rumford, Count (Ben Thompson), 214, 215, 432, 433  
 Russell, Rev. Samuel, 30  
 Rye (N. Y.), 12  
 Rye Beach (N. H.), 338  
  
 SABBATHDAY LAKE VILLAGE, 366  
 Sacco and Vanzetti trial, 106, 107

- Saco, 352  
 Sagamore, 239, 240  
 Sage, Mrs. Russell, 309  
 Saint-Gaudens, Augustus, his  
     Shaw Memorial, 123; me-  
     morial to, 440-442  
 St. George's School, 93  
 St. Gregory the Great,  
     School of, 98  
 St. Johnsbury, 455, 456; Fif-  
     teen-Mile Falls Dam, 456  
 St. Paul's School, 433, 434  
 Sakonnet Point, 98  
 Salem, 186, 190-207; Pio-  
     neers' Village, 190; found-  
     ing of, 190-192; witchcraft,  
     194, 195, 197; House of the  
     Seven Gables, 196; Essex  
     Institute, 200-202; Pea-  
     body Museum, 205, 206  
 Salisbury, 336, 337  
 Sampson, Deborah, a Revolu-  
     tionary soldier, 284, 285  
 Sanborn, Franklin B., 338  
 Sandham, Henry, his "Dawn  
     of Liberty," 164  
 Sandwich (Mass.), 240-244  
 Sandwich (N. H.), 425, 426;  
     Home Industries, 425;  
     Quimby School, 426  
 Sandwich Glass, 242-244  
 Sankey, Ira, 308, 309  
 Sargent, Charles Sprague,  
     109  
 Sargent, John, 314  
 Sargent, John Singer, 128,  
     150  
 Sargent, Porter E., quoted,  
     34, 35, 75, 108, 340  
 Saugus, 214  
 Saunderstown, 76, 77, 89  
 Schaff, Rodman, the Rod-  
     man Gallery, 438  
 Schley, Capt. Winfield Scott,  
     335  
 Schneider, Hannes, 414  
 Scituate, 224, 225  
 Scott, Willie, and Lincoln,  
     459, 460  
 Scudder, Horace E., 422  
 Scabrook, 337  
 Seal Harbor, 384  
 Sears, Clara Endicott, 182-  
     184  
 Sebago Lake, 364, 365  
 Sedgwick, Ellery, 128  
 Sedgwick, Nathalie, 322  
 Sergeant, Rev. John, 319  
 Sewall, Judge David, grave  
     of, 348  
 Sharp, William, describes  
     Thoreau, 181  
 Shaw, Quincy, 126  
 Shaw, Robert Gould, 123  
 Sheffield, 315, 316  
 Shelburne (N. H.), 403  
 Shelburne Falls (Mass.),  
     310, 311  
 Shepard, Mrs. Finley, 309  
 Shepard, Odell, 40, 42, 184  
 Sherman, Roger, 28, 61  
 Shore Line, through Connec-  
     ticut, 12-36  
 Shuckburgh, Dr., author of  
     "Yankee Doodle," 18  
 Siasconset, 278, 279  
 Sidney, Margaret (Mrs. Lo-  
     throp), her *Five Little*  
     *Peppers*, 169  
 Sill, Edward Rowland, 43  
 Silvermine, 60  
 Simmons, Franklin, 358  
 Simsbury, Pettibone Tavern,  
     40  
 Skiing. *See* Winter Sports  
 Skowhegan, 394  
 Slater, Samuel, 82, 83, 89  
 Smibert, John, 92  
 Smith, Capt. John, 210, 236-  
     238, 338, 377; names  
     Charles River and New  
     England, 131, 132  
 Smith, Oliver, 297  
 Smith, Sophia, 297

- Smith, Winchell, 42  
 Smith College, 297  
 Smugglers' Notch, 458, 459  
 Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, 126, 301, 342; work of, 515  
 Somers, The Maples Inn, 40, 41  
 South Egremont, 317  
 South Mountain Music Colony, 326  
 South Truro, 254  
 South Wellfleet, 251  
 South Yarmouth, 266  
 Southwest Harbor, 384  
 Spalding, Albert, 321  
 Spencer, Joshua, murder of, 292  
 Sprague, Charles, 120  
 Sprague, Phineas W., 355, 356  
 Springfield, 301-305; *Springfield Republican*, 301; Duryea Motor Wagon Co., 301-303; churches, 304  
 Springfield College, 304  
 Squam Lake, 426  
 Squanto, interpreter for Pilgrims, 236  
 Squirrel Island, 377  
 Stamford, 17  
 Standish, Josiah, 273  
 Standish, Capt. Miles, 220, 235, 238, 242, 255; at Duxbury, 228-230  
 Stanton, Adam, 46  
 Stanwood Park, 394  
 Stark, John, at Bennington, 469-472  
 Stark, Molly, 470  
 Stiegel, Henry William, 243  
 Stiles, Ezra, 92  
 Stockbridge, 318-324; early days of, 319, 320; Mission House, 319, 320; Berkshire Playhouse, 320, 321; Berkshire Symphonic Festival, 321; hotels, 321, 322; famous residents, 322-324  
 Stockton Springs, 381  
 Stoddard, Richard Henry, quoted, 317  
 Stoeckel, Carl, 67  
 Stone, Fred, 49, 50  
 Stonington, 57  
 Storrow, Mrs. James J., 305  
 Storrowton, 305  
 Stow, Stephen, 24  
 Stowe, 457-459  
 Stowe, Calvin E., 372, 373  
 Stowe, Harriet Beecher, 39, 40, 189, 290, 363; her *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 372, 373  
 Stratford, 12, 22, 23  
 Stratton, Charles S. *See* Thumb, Tom  
 Street, Julian, 16  
 Stuart, Gilbert, 77, 91, 92  
 Sudbury, 184-186  
 Sugar Hill, 408, 411  
 Sullivan, Eugene, inventor of Pyrex, 243  
 Sunapee, 448  
 Surriage, Agnes, stories of, 189  
 Swampscott, 187  
 Swan's Island, 380  
 Swanzey, 439  
 Swift, Gustavus F., 244  
 Szechenyi, Countess, 95
- TALLMADGE, COL. BENJAMIN, 66  
 Tamworth, 422, 423; Barnstormers, 422, 423  
 Tarbell, Arthur Wilson, 246, 259, 260  
 Tarbell, Ida M., 221, 222  
 Tarkington, Booth, home of, 351  
 Teague, Col. Henry N., 392  
 Thaxter, Celia, 300, 341

- Thayer, Abbott, 436  
 Thayer, Judge Webster, 107  
 Thomas, Augustus, 11  
 Thomaston, 378  
 Thompson, Denman, grave of, 439  
 Thompson, Edward Herbert, 269, 270  
 Thomson, Elihu, 187  
 Thoreau, Henry D., 175, 177, 180; his experiment at Walden, 181, 182; his *Cape Cod*, 245, 250, 252, 255, 256, 259, 263  
 Thumb, "Gen." Tom, 20-22  
 Ticknor, George, 119, 158  
 Ticknor, W. D., 427, 428  
 Torrey, Bradford, 181  
 Touro, Isaac, 92  
 Town, Ithiel, 29, 34  
 Towne, Charles Hanson, 48, 49  
 Trails. *See* Hiking  
 Treadwell, Prof. Daniel, 185  
 Trinity College, 39, 40  
 Trumbull, David, 54, 55  
 Trumbull, John, 33  
 Trumbull, Jonathan, 54-56, 73  
 Truro, 254  
 Tufts College, 215, 216  
 Twain, Mark, 39, 40, 47, 60, 154  
 Twin Lakes, 63  
  
 UNDERHILL, CAPT. JOHN, 16, 17  
*Unspoiled Vermont*, 479, 480  
 U. S. Naval Training Station (Newport), 96  
  
 VALLEE, RUDY, 363, 364  
 Van Dyke, Henry, 66; his description of Emerson, 173  
 Van Dyke, Tertius, 66  
  
 Vanderbilt, Cornelius, 94  
 Vanderbilt, W. K., 95  
 Vassall, Major John, 158  
 Vassal, Leonard, 219  
 Vergennes, 476  
 Vermont, introduction to, 450-453; books on, 452, 465; routes to, 453, 454, 459, 460; northern, 454, 455; early history of, 462-466; sports and recreation in, 479-483; homes for sale in, 484  
 Vermont, University of, 476, 477  
 Verrazano, Giovanni, 96  
 Vineyard Haven, 276  
  
 WADSWORTH, LIEUT. HENRY, 356, 360  
 Wakefield, 75  
 Walden, Thoreau at, 180-182  
 Walford, Thomas, 111  
 Walker, William, 202  
 Wallace, Lewis, 40  
 Wallingford, 37; Choate School, 37  
 Walpole, 439  
 Waltham, 300  
 Waramaug, Lake, 62  
 Ward, Elizabeth C., 202  
 Ward, Gen. Frederick T., 202, 203  
 Ward, Samuel, 129  
 Warner, Charles Dudley, 39, 311  
 Warren, 101, 102  
 Warren, Gen. Joseph, 135  
 Warwick, 78, 79  
 Washburn, George, 293  
 Washington (Conn.), 66  
 Washington, George, 9, 10, 12, 19, 22-24, 38, 43, 54, 77, 78, 82, 89, 92, 94, 108, 120, 154, 156, 159, 164,

- 190, 238, 292, 301, 341,  
343, 348  
Washington, Mt., 416, 417,  
419  
Watch Hill, 74  
Waterbury (Conn.), 64  
Waterbury (Vt.), 457  
Watertown, 299, 300  
Waterville, 390  
"Wayside, The," 168-173  
Wayside Inn, 184-186  
Wayside Museums, Inc., 182,  
183  
Weathersfield (Vt.), 466  
Webster, Daniel, 36, 133,  
143, 268, 293, 364, 375,  
406, 427, 445; in Marsh-  
field, 225-228; birthplace  
of, 430; his early life, 430,  
431  
Webster, Fletcher, 117  
Webster, Noah, 30, 292, 293  
Weeks, John W., his work  
for White Mountains, 407,  
419  
Weirs, The, 428, 429  
Welles, Samuel, 288, 289  
Wellesley, 288-290  
Wellesley College, 288, 289  
Wellfleet, 251, 253, 254  
Wellfleet Harbor, 252, 253  
Wellington, Roger, 163  
Wells (Me.), 350  
Wells (Vt.), 474  
Wenham Lake, 213  
Wentworth, "Long John,"  
425  
Wesleyan University, 37, 38  
West Burke, 457  
West Cornwall, 63  
West Springfield, 305  
West Swanzey, 439  
West Tisbury, 275  
Westbrook, 46  
Westerly, 74  
Westfield, 305, 306  
Westminster, 466  
Westmore, 457  
Westport, 18  
Wethersfield (Conn.), 38  
Weygandt, Cornelius, 425;  
quoted, 401  
Weymouth, 222, 223  
Weymouth, Capt. George,  
378  
Whalley, Edward, 25, 29  
Wharton, Edith, 306  
Wheelock, Eleazer, 444, 445,  
447  
Wheldon, Ford H., quoted,  
446  
Whipple, Mrs. Naomi, 102  
White, Peregrine, 225, 228,  
231, 232, 255  
White Lodge Forest Camp,  
421  
White Mountains, 405-420;  
hotels, inns, cabins, 408-  
416; in early days, 418,  
419; preserved by efforts of  
Weeks, 419  
Whitefield, 408-410  
Whiting, 385  
Whitman, Toll House, 282,  
283  
Whitman, Samuel, 42  
Whitman, Sarah Helen, 85,  
86  
Whitney, Eli, 30, 34, 35  
Whittemore, John and Betsy,  
graves of, 405, 406  
Whittier, John Greenleaf,  
129, 213, 337, 338, 425,  
432; his story of Skipper  
Ireson, 188, 189; his "Ex-  
iles" quoted, 277; his house  
in Amesbury, 335; his  
*How the Women Went  
from Dover*, 336  
Wickford, 76, 77  
Widener, Harry Elkins, 157  
Wiggin, Kate Douglas, at  
"Quillcote," 352, 353; her  
*Child's Journey with*

- Dickens*, 353, 354; grave of, 355  
 Wiggins, J. Gregory, 39  
 Wilkins, Sir Hubert, 49  
 Willard, Emma, 475  
 Williams, Col. Ephraim, 312  
 Williams, Roger, 72, 90, 153, 192; founder of Providence, 80, 81, 84, 85, 114  
 Williams College, 311, 312  
 Williamstown, 311, 312  
 Wilmington, 468  
 Wilstach, Paul, his *Richard Mansfield*, 122  
 Winchendon, 308  
 Winchester, 215  
 Windsor (Conn.), 43  
 Windsor (Mass.), 299  
 Windsor (Vt.), 462-465  
 Winnepesaukee, Lake, 428, 429  
 Winslow, Gov. Edward, 228, 232  
 Winslow, Hon. Isaac, 228  
 Winter Sports, in Connecticut, 71; in Rhode Island, 104; in Maine, 400; in New Hampshire, 449; in Vermont, 482, 483  
 Winthrop, Gov., 52, 112, 114-116, 118, 129, 132-134, 139, 190, 192, 220, 238  
 Wiscasset, 375, 376  
 Woburn, 214, 215  
 Wolcott, 42  
 Wolcott, Oliver, 65  
 Wolcott, Oliver, Jr., 65, 66  
 Wonalancet, 424, 425  
 Wood, Gen. Leonard, 268  
 Woods Hole, 270-272, 279  
 Woodstock, 460-462  
 Woodworth, Samuel, 224, 225  
 Worcester, 290, 291  
 Worcester Polytechnic Institute, 291  
 Worcester Turnpike, 288-291  
 Work, Henry Clay, 38  
 Woronoco, 306  
 Wren, Christopher, 49  
 Wrentham, 97, 102  
 YACHTING. *See* Boating  
 Yale, Elihu, 30; epitaph of, 32  
 Yale, Samuel, 37  
 Yale University, Berkeley's gift to, 91. *See also* New Haven  
 Yarmouth, 246, 247  
 York Harbor, 347, 349  
 York Village, Old, 347-349  
 Youth Hostels, American, 330, 331

















UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY



124 581

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY